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PAMELA's

CONDUCT

IN

HIGH LIFE.

Publiſh'd from her

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

To which are prefix'd,

Several Curious LETTERS written to the *Editor* on the Subject.

LONDON:

Printed for WARD and CHANDLER, at the *Ship* without *Temple-Bar*; JOHN WOOD and CHARLES WOODWARD, at the *Dove* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and THOMAS WALLER, in the *Middle-Temple* Cloyſters.

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THE

INTRODUCTION.

Madam,

" I HAD laſt Night the Honour of
" being in Company with your Spouſe,
" the Converſation happening to turn
" on the excellent Character of *Pa-*
" *mela*, (now made publick) he ſaid
" Mrs. *Jervis* the Houſe-keeper, mentioned in
" thoſe Letters, was Aunt to his Wife, who had
" others by her, found among the Papers of Mrs.
" *Jervis*, written by *Pamela* to her Aunt, Co-
" pies of others to different People, and Originals
" of ſeveral which ſhe herſelf had receiv'd, ſuffi-
" cient to furniſh a Volume, if not more, and to
" compleat her Life.

" This Account, Madam, occaſions you the
" Trouble of my Addreſs, as it would be an In-
" jury to the Memory of that incomparable Lady,
" and to the Publick, which ſtands in need of
" ſuch Examples of Virtue, to let them longer lie

" in Oblivion; beside, Madam, you may make " the poor *Pamela* be a Relief to the modeſt " Poor (even after her Death) by ſuffering theſe " Pieces to be printed: A Profit will certainly " ariſe from their Sale, the Town being ſo ſur- " prizingly (conſidering our preſent Degeneracy) " prepoſſeſs'd in her Favour by the two Volumes " of Letters which are publiſh'd, and as your " eaſy Fortune ſets you above applying to your " own Uſe ſuch unexpected Money, you may " ſucceed your Aunt in the Poſt of Almoner, as " you did in that of Houſe-keeper to the illuſtrious " *Pamela*.

I am, Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

To Mrs. Mary Brenville. B. W.

SIR,

" IN Anſwer to the Favour of yours, I aſſure " you I ſhall readily come into any Propoſal " which may contribute to the perpetuating the " ſweet Odour of my late ineſtimable Lady's Me- " mory.

" Mr. *Brenville* informed you truly, with re- " gard to the Letters I have by me, but I am " no Judge as to their making either one or more " Volumes.

" I did indeed ſucceed my Aunt in the Care " of the Family in *Bedfordſhire*, but you will " obſerve in peruſing the Letters in my Poſſeſ- " ſion, that I had the Honour of being admitted " to that exemplary Lady's Service ſome Time " before the Death of my Aunt *Jervis*. I am mentioned

"mentioned by my Maiden Name, *Vaughan*, "House-keeper at the *Lincolnshire* Estate after "Mrs. *Jewkes* was dismiss'd.

"Beside the Letters you mention in yours I "have some loose Notes, which, possibly, with "what I may be able to recollect of Passages "while in her Service, to her Death, (a Period, "when it occurs to my Memory, which will still call "forth my Tears) may enable you to compile the "Life of that Pattern of Humility and Piety.

"Whenever you please to fix a Day, I will "put all the Papers I have into your Hands for "your Perusal, and if you think they may be of "use to the Publick, and an Advantage to the "Necessitous, I shall chearfully resign them to "your Discretion.

"If you are not of Opinion that they will an-"swer these Views, I must insist on your re-"turning them, I prize these Papers greatly, and "have been the better for often reading them. "Indeed some of my Acquaintance who have read "this literary Correspondence, have said it was "with Pleasure and Profit, that they contain "such excellent Instructions for our Conduct in "this Life, as, if follow'd, may secure our Happi-"ness both here and hereafter.

"The Reverend Mr. *M*——, to whom "I lent them, said, for he knew my Lady, "that none but herself could so well have "drawn her Picture: She was what she ap-"pears in her Writings, a dutiful and loving "Daughter, a most observant and obliging "Wife, a humane and considerate Mistress, and "a tender Mother to the Poor. I do not "mention, continued the Divine, her Prudence "with regard to her Children, though I was

" an Eye-Witness of it, because the Papers you " have hitherto favoured me with do not reach " to that Period of her exemplary Life.

" You may observe, Sir, there is at the End " of the second Volume of my Lady's Letters " already publish'd, a summary Account of her " Life, what Papers I have by me may, I be- " lieve, help you to one more satisfactory. You " will in one of her Letters find the Lady *Davers*, " notwithstanding the Resolutions she had made, " notwithstanding the great Affection she had " for her Brother, and the Apprehensions she " had of his Resentment; notwithstanding her " Complaisance for her Lord, and the Danger " of incurring the Censure of all Persons of good " Sense, and Admirers of Virtue, could not, " when at my Lady's House (out of her Bro- " ther's Sight and Hearing) get the better of " her Pride, and treat her on a better foot than " she did her own Woman.

" My Lady's good Sense and exemplary Hu- " mility would not allow her to resent or com- " plain of this Treatment; so far from it, she " took more Care to conceal it from her Hus- " band than Lady *Davers* did from her Brother, " for even before him she made appear a visible " Reluctance to be barely civil. My Lord, on " the other hand, who was no Stranger to this " unreasonable Haughtiness of his Lady, shew'd " his charming Sister, such he commonly called " her, the Respect due to a Lady of the first " Rank for Birth; for which, when he was " once called to an Account by Lady *Davers*, " he answer'd, that his charming Sister's Virtue, " her Piety, and excellent Temper commanded " not only his, but the Love and Respect of all " who know her, except one senseless, haughty

" Lady

" Lady of his Acquaintance, to whom he " wish'd half the (by her) despised *Pamela's* " Merit.

" My Lord one Day said to my good Lady, " charming Sister, were you not the Quintes- " sence of (what we call) Goodness on Earth, " you could never away with my Wife's insulting " Temper.

" She answered, My Lady is very good; but " did she use me in the most cruel Manner, " what would your Lordship think of my Gra- " titude to my Benefactor, my dear Master, could " I resent even the worst Treatment from his " Sister?

" It is true, my Lord, that good Lady can- " not as yet prevail on herself to distinguish be- " tween the Brother's Wife, and her Mother's " Servant. But is this wonderful? Has not " my dear Master, in doing me the greatest " Honour, given her Ladyship the highest Pro- " vocation? Time, my Lord, which allwages " Grief, will, I hope, with my observant Re- " spect, abate her Ladyship's Anger.

" My Lady *Davers* herself would often gaze " with Pleasure on her Beauties; nay, when by " themselves praise her Virtue, and of a sudden " fold her Arms round her Waste, kiss and protest " she loved and admired her: In a Moment af- " ter, as if recovered from a Trance, push my " Lady away, and cry, *Pamela*, leave the Room, " thou makest me demean myself. I love thee, " but it does not become my Character that " the World, or even thou should'st know it. " Go, Wench, complain of thy rigid Stars that " gave thee not a more conspicious Birth, or " cruel Custom and my elevated Rank, which " will not, with Decency, allow me to reward

thy

" thy Merit and oblige my dear Brother by shew-
" ing how much I prize and esteem it.

" My Master one Day reproaching her Lady-
" ship for not calling my Lady Sister, she an-
" swered, Dear Brother, I have already gone
" great Lengths to please you, which really I
" blush at. Allow me Time, I may still go far-
" ther, but I cannot, as easily as you have done,
" forget the vast Difference there is in our
" Births. I acknowledge your *Pamela*'s good
" Sense, Humility, and Virtue; nay, I think
" her the most beautiful Creature that ever I
" yet set my Eyes on. But when I reflect up-
" on the Meanness of her Origin, that Thought
" effaces all her Perfections.

" My Master who knew the Temper of both
" these Ladies, answered, My dear Sister, I will
" leave you to my Wife to work a Cure.——I
" am sure the good Sense of *Pamela* must prove
" too hard, at long run, for the groundless
" Pride of the Peeress.

" But I am got upon a Subject which gives
" me so much Pleasure that I shall grow tire-
" some. What I have just now written I had
" from my Aunt, who was an Ear and Eye
" Witness of what I have set down.

" Mr. *Brenville* who desires to give you this
" himself, will do me the Favour to let me
" know the Day you will please to appoint,
" and I will certainly be in the Way and have
" the Papers ready.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

M. Brenville.

To

To Mrs. Brenville.

Madam,

"MR. *Brenville* did me the Favour of the Letter your good Nature and Regard for the late amiable Mrs. *B——*'s Memory obliged me with. If it is not inconvenient, I will wait on you this Day sev'nnight. I take so long a Space that you may not hurry yourself in collecting your Papers.

"I return you Thanks for your ready Compliance with the Request of,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant.

B. W.

To Mrs. Brenville.

Madam,

"SINCE you favoured me with the Sight of your Papers I have applied myself solely to the reading them. Indeed, I could not any where have met with so agreeable an Entertainment. The lovely *Pamela* writes with Solidity and Judgment much beyond what can be expected from her Age, for these Letters which you have obliged me with mention her first Pregnancy only; and we may gather from the Volumes already published, and her Journey into *Kent*, with which these Papers commence, that it must have been pretty soon after her Marriage, and she was, we learn, married at the Age of Sixteen.

"Her

"Her Religion check'd her natural Vivacity, "or (I discover by her Writing) she could have "been very facetious. 'Tis visible the Lady "wanted neither Wit nor Spirit, and as evi- "dent, that they were both subjected to reason "and good Nature.

"Your Aunt, good Mrs. *Jervis*, observes in "her Notes that her Lady left *Bedfordshire* and "set out for *London* and *Kent*; as the first Let- "ter shews, a few Days after Lord and Lady "*Davers*'s Departure. That Mr. *B*——— re- "sented so far that Lady's Obstinacy in her re- "fusing to own his Wife a Sister, by giving "her that Appellation, he could not, by even "the Entreaties of his dear *Pamela*, be prevail'd "upon to write to her, till after she was tho- "roughly reconciled to that charming Lady. "That they, Mr. *B*——— and his *Pamela* leaving "*Lincolnshire*, staid at the Seat in *Bedfordshire* "till the beginning of *January*: That about "the *Michaelmas* before her Ladyship was grati- "fied in the Desire she had of Miss *Goodwin* be- "ing committed to her Care. That she was "extremely fond of the Child, neglected no- "thing for the forming her Mind and giving "her a virtuous and genteel Education. That "she never visited any where without her, "and kept her constantly in her Sight. That "as on the one Hand Mrs. *B*——— was as a "tender and prudent Mother to her, so on the "other, Miss behaved as a dutiful and fond "Daughter to her reputed Aunt.

"I have consulted a Bookseller, who, I dare- "say very justly, bears the Character of a Man "of great Probity. He looked over the Papers "you have entrusted in my Hand, said they may "make about thirteen or fourteen Sheets of

"Print,

"Print, on the same Letter, and the same fized "Paper with the two Volumes already published; "and if they were writ with as much Spirit, and "the same elegant Ease as those which have ap- "peared, and been so justly admired, he would "be a Purchaser.

"I am now to ask your Permission, Madam, "for his reading them. I answer for their being "safely returned."

I am, Madam,

Your very humble Servant

W. B.

SIR,

"AS I know your own, I cannot doubt his "Probity, whom you speak a Man of Worth. "You may let the Bookseller you mention pe- "ruse the Papers; and if he proves a Purchaser, "I wish him good Luck in the Sale, may he reap "a Profit and the Readers Benefit.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

M. Brenville.

P. S. "I leave you to agree about the Price, "as I can't doubt your doing me that Favour, "if the Papers are approved by your Acquaintance.

Madam,

"I thank you for the Loan of your second Pac- "quet, which I read with great Pleasure. I "shewed it the Bookseller with whom I agreed "for the first Parcel. He is of Opinion they will "make another Volume; but is willing to see "how the first is received by the Publick before "he purchases the second: For although the "Town has done Justice to the Virtuous *Pamela*

"in

"In receiving the first Volumes with great Indulgence, yet there have appeared so many sensual Censurers of that Work; so many have made it their Business, either through a malevolent Nature, or to appear more penetrating than the rest of Mankind, or from an Apprehension that Virtue may charm, by the lovely Figure she makes in those Letters. So many, I say, have risen up to depreciate them, that he doubts the Volume which he has already put to the Press meeting with the same favourable Reception. Indeed, I can't say but he has Ground for his Apprehensions; for Vice has more Advocates than Virtue, and from whatever Cause it may proceed, we find the Generality of Mankind more ready to listen to Detraction and spread Calumny, than to join in and propagate the Praise due to Virtue. I have heard several criticise in publick Companies the two First Volumes; but, who were the Men? Young Fellows and Old Letchers, of most profligate Lives, who always made Religion the Subject of their Ridicule. I never yet heard a Person of good Sense and sound Principles mention those excellent Letters but with the Character they merit and have acquired among People of Virtue and Judgment.

"Two Pieces have appeared in Print to depreciate the Esteem they have justly gained, both however visibly calculated with the primary View of being paid for the Dirt they fling. The first of those, I mean, that which is entitled *An Apology*, &c. has some low Humour adapted to the Standard of a *petit Maitre's* Capacity; but, I believe, the Author, whoever he is, has not got much Reputation by this

"Pro-

" Production, except among the Weak and " Vicious.

" The Second has for Title *Pamela censur'd*; " and is a Piece of *Curlism*; the greater Part a " Transcipt from *Pamela*'s Letters. Indeed, it " is below Notice; however, I shall say thus " much of the Author, that he is unfair in his " Quotations, and gives us such an Idea of his " own vicious Inclination, that it would " not (I fear) wrong him to think the Shrieks " of a Woman in Labour would excite his Pas- " sions, and the Agonies of a dying Woman en- " flame his Blood, and stimulate him to commit " a Rape. He discovers so much of the Satyr, " I mean not in his Wit, that I think his Book " deserves the Executioner's Hand to convey it to " the Flames.

" I shall pass by his Contradictions with Re- " gard to the Character he draws of the Editor, " or as he will have it *Author*, who appears in " his Party-colour'd Writing a very *artful, silly* " Writer, a Man of fine Sense, and excellent in " his Method of conducting the whole Piece, " but at the same time vain, ignorant, and in- " correct.

" This Author's first Remark, Page 26, is too " poor to censure. 'Tis down-right *silly*. His " next, p. 28, is like the *Roman* Persecution of " the Christians, who sowed them in Bears Skins " and then baited them. How unfair he is, and " how much of the Goat he has in his Consti- " tution are visible. Pamela *says*, " *I just re-* " *member I got into the Room; for I know nothing* " *further of the Matter till afterwards: I fell* " *into a Fit with my Fright and Terror, and there* " *I lay, till he, I suppose, looking through the* " *Key-hole,* ESPYED ME LYING ALL ALONG,

" STRETCH'D OUT AT MY LENGTH; *and*
" *then he called Mrs.* Jervis *to me, who, by his*
" *Assistance, bursting open the Door, he went away,*
" *I seeming to be coming to myself; and bid her*
" *say nothing of the Matter, if she was wise.*
" *Poor Mrs.* Jervis *thought it was worse.*"

" What is there immodest in this Account,
" what to excite any Passions but those of Pity
" for a virtuous young Creature, and Indigna-
" tion to a tyrannical lewd Man of Fortune?
" How do the Fright, the Terror, and Appre-
" hensions of a defenceless Virgin kindle Desire?
" and when they have deprived her of Sense,
" how can we fairly from the Words of *Pa-*
" *mela*'s Letter gather, that she fell in an in-
" decent Posture? Well, but the Warmth of
" Imagination in this virtuous Censurer supplies
" the rest: He can't suppose that she could
" possibly fall but as he has painted her, and if
" the Editor has been defective in CONVEYING
" THE MOST ARTFUL AND ALLURING
" AMOROUS IDEAS, if the Letters do not a-
" bound with Incidents which must necessarily
" raise in the unwary Youth that read them
" EMOTIONS *far distant* from the PRINCIPLES
" of VIRTUE. If they are not replete with
" *Images* to *enflame*, the Censurer endeavours to
" repair the Fault he, not the Editor, contrives
" to give an Idea of *Pamela*'s hidden Beauties,
" and would have you imagine she lies in the most
" immodest Posture, such a one as Mrs. *Jervis*
" thought Things had gone farther, but can this
" be gathered from *Pamela*'s Account, or is not
" this virtuous Censurer endeavouring to impress
" in the Minds of Youth that read his Defence of
" Modesty and Virtue, *Images* that may *enflame?*
" *Was not*, says he, *the 'Squire very modest to*
" *with-*

" withdrew? *for she lay in such a pretty Posture,*
" *that Mrs. Jervis thought it was worse.* Why
" did Mrs. *Jervis* think this from the pretty
" Posture? Nay, how could she think it from any
" Posture? when the same Account tells us she and
" the 'Squire were obliged to burst open the Door,
" *for Mrs. Jervis* to get in to her Assistance.
" Is it not more reasonable for Mrs. *Jervis* to
" conclude as she did, from the unruly lawless
" Passion with which she knew her Master tor-
" mented, from the Obstinacy of his Temper,
" and from the Hopes he might entertain, being
" Master of a large Fortune, that he might, born
" up by that, stem the Tide of Justice, and per-
" petrate the greatest Villainy with Impunity?
" We are told in the Letters that she fainted
" away, and fell on the Floor stretch'd at her
" Length, and as her Gown was caught in,
" and torn by the Door, she must fall too near
" *it*, in whatever Posture, to shew any *latent*
" Beauties, but what is there indecent in this
" Relation? Is there any particular Posture de-
" scribed? Oh, but the Censurer lays her in
" one which may *inflame*, you must imagine as
" lusciously as he does; if the Letter has not dis-
" cover'd enough, the pious Censurer lends a
" Hand, and endeavours to *surfeit your Sight* by
" lifting the Covering which was left by the Edi-
" tor, and with the Hand of a boisterous Ra-
" visher takes the Opportunity of *Pamela*'s being
" in a Swoon to——But I am writing to a
" Lady, and shall leave his gross Ideas to such
" as delight to regale their Sensuality on the most
" luscious and *inflaming Images.*

" As to his Question, whether the 'Squire was
" not modest? I answer, the 'Squire shews he
" had some Humanity, and was touch'd with
" Remorse

" Remorse at the Distress he himself occasioned.
" This, no doubt the Censurer, who seems as
" much divested of Humanity as a Stranger to
" Virtue or even Decency, blames the 'Squire
" for in his Heart, thinks him a silly Country
" Booby, a half-paced Sinner, a Milk-sop to be
" capable of Compassion, and no doubt would
" gladly have had him gone thorough, that he
" might have had the Pleasure of imaginary
" Pimping, and have *surfeited his Sight*.

" But this unfair Censurer fearing he has not
" yet warm'd the Imagination of his Readers,
" lays *Pamela* in a Posture, and particularizes
" her latent Charms, *P.* 31. and then charges
" his own luxurious Fancy on the Author, as he
" calls the Editor.

" *Pamela* talks very rationally to Mrs. *Jervis*,
" foresees Consequences, and concludes, *she that*
" *can't keep her Virtue ought to live in Disgrace*.
" At this our Censurer cries out, *Fine Instruc-*
" *tions truly!*

" But it is impossible with Decency to follow
" this luscious Censurer, really I had scarce Pa-
" tience to read, and therefore you will not ex-
" pect me to rake longer in his Dirt. I have
" written enough to shew you of what Stamp are
" all the Calumniators of the virtuous *Pamela*.
" How sensual and coarse their Ideas, how inhu-
" mane their Sentiments, how immoral their
" Principles, how vile their Endeavours, how
" unfair their Quotations, how lewd and weak
" their Remarks. I am,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

B. W.

PAMELA's

PAMELA's CONDUCT IN HIGH LIFE.

Dear Mrs. JERVIS,

NOthing material happen'd on our Journey. The Road and Inns are ſo well known to you, that I may very well paſs them by without Notice. On *Friday* we arrived, without any croſs Accident, in Town, which my dear Maſter ſays is now Empty, though by the Number of People thronging the Streets, I thought, and innocently asked Mr. *B*---, if it was Market-day, at which he laugh'd very heartily, to my no little Surprize, for I could not then comprehend how that Queſtion could excite his Mirth.

I need not tell you that my dear Maſter's Houſe in *London* is very fine, though not to compare with either of his Country Seats; but then the Furniture is much richer; what aſtoniſh'd me was, there is not an Ounce of Plate to be ſeen, except a few Silver Spoons. I took an Opportunity to ask *Jonathan* the Reaſon of this, and he

 anſwer'd,

answer'd, that the Town-plate is always left at a Goldsmith's, while his Master is in the Country, and said he, as he does not intend to stay longer than necessary, to recover your Ladyship from the Fatigue of your Journey; for this Reason it is not sent for. He designs to see Nobody, either at home, or abroad, and has ordered that none of the Domesticks appear in his Livery about the Streets, to prevent Visits.

Saturday Morning, a very handsome Coach, the Coach-man out of Livery came to the Door at about Eleven, while we were at Breakfast, of which Mr. *B*—— having Notice given him, he said, come my *Pamela*, I will give you a transient View of the Town. I was dress'd, as you know I always am before that Hour, and my dear Master, the Tea-table being removed, took me by the Hand, saying, what may be an Entertainment to you, would I know be a Fatigue to your Parents, who will find no Novelty to amuse them: Madam, continued he speaking to my Mother, Dinner will be ready at three; if we should not be return'd, by that Time, don't expect us till Evening, and making a very respectful bow to my Father and Mother, handed me into the Coach.

We drove from his House, in *Arlington-street*, to *Westminster-Abby*. I was surprized to see so large a Town, and such a Number of Inhabitants, which exceeded the Ideas I had form'd of both. As we pass'd *Charing-Cross*, my dear Master made me take Notice of the Statue of King *Charles* on Horse-back; he told me, that after the Murder of that pious Monarch, this Statue was taken down and sold to a Copper-Smith at the Rate as old Metal is sold; that the Man, into whose *Hands it* came, being a Loyalist in his Heart, buried the Statue

Statue in the Ground, and *it was thus* preſerved and replaced after the Reſtoration.

Being come to the Abbey, I was ſhewn the Tombs, *the glorious Circumſtances of the Dead*, as Sir *Thomas Callicoe* ſays in Sir *Courtly Nice*. This Sight cauſed my reflecting on the ſhort Duration of all worldly Glory, and the Folly of Ambition.

Having had an Account from the Man (who ſhews the Repoſitory of the Remains of our Monarchs, as *they* ſhew *ſtrange* Beaſts in the Market Towns, to make a Penny) of every particular Tomb, My dear Mr. *B*—— ſhew'd me the Houſe of Lords, Houſe of Commons, and *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

He then put me into the Coach and ordered it to ſtop at the *New-Exchange*, where we alighted. He handed me to a Milliner's Shop, and asked the Miſtreſs, if ſhe thought it afforded any Thing worth the Acceptance of his little *Charmer*, who he had promiſed ſhould be her Cuſtomer, and now ſaid he, I come to make you an Eye-Witneſs of my Happineſs, and to deſire in your hearing that ſhe will make good my Word. I anſwer'd, that his will wou'd always be a Law to me.

The Milliner, a very pretty Woman, and well bred, free from the Mean fulſome Rote of Dealers, who by a flow of meanleſs Words, flatter themſelves they can impoſe upon your Judgment, and make you pay for their fair Speeches, made me a ſhort Compliment upon what Mr. *B*—— had ſaid, and then anſwer'd him, that ſhe was ſatisfied, the Change cou'd afford nothing which the Beauty of his Lady would not be a Diſadvantage to, for who looked upon her cou'd not but overlook the richeſt Ornaments of Dreſs. Indeed,

Madam, replied my dear Master, what you say is a Proof of an excellent Judgment. The Works of Art will never come up to those of Nature: but let us see what you have that is curious.—— Thought I, if I am really happy enough to appear thus lovely in the Eyes of my Lord and Master, and if what the Milliner says should not be a Complement, if the Almighty has, in his Mercy, given me an agreeable Form; O may he also grant his Assistance that I may not, by any foolish Vanities, intoxicated by my Exaltation, and by Example of the Thoughtless, make an ungrateful Return to my Creator, or to my dear Master, the Canal through which has flown his surprizing Mercies, by forgeting to pay my incessant Thanks to, and Adoration of the divine Goodness, and by neglecting that observant Duty which I owe to my Benefactor, the indulgent Mr. *B*——. Alas! how soon will this Beauty, which is now admir'd, become loathsome to the Sight, and intolerable on the Face of the Earth, be mix'd with its kindred Dust, and Food for Worms! What now avails the great *Henry* the Vth, his Conquest of *France*, whose Tomb I just now saw, and how are the Bones of the beautiful Queen his Consort, whose Charms were more prevalent than all the *French* Forces, exposed and handled by the meanest Peasant! O Death, thou art a great Leveller.

I was, I may say, buried in these Reflections, while the Milliner was busied in turning over some Boxes, and Mr. *B*—— examining the fineness of some Lace; which was making up for the Dutchess of *M*——. I believe I should have carried them farther, had I not been rouzed by Mr. *B*——, who taking me by the Arm, said, what, my *Pamela!* you seem pensive; you won't, I hope,

hope, disappoint me; I brought you out to divert and agreeably entertain your Thoughts.

You have, Sir, said I, in a most instructing Manner. What means my Charmer? Else where I will be more explicite, this is not a proper Place. He took me by the Hand, and whisper'd, I hope that Fiend Jealousy has not taken Possession of you, to disturb our Peace. I answer'd in the same low Voice, No, I call Heaven to witness, I am a Stranger to every jealous Thought. I know your Love of Truth, said he, and am satisfied. ——

The Milliner open'd a Box, and shew'd my dear Master some very rich Handkerchiefs of *Turkish* embroidery: he desired I would chuse a Couple that were most agreeable to my Taste. I left the Choice to him, saying, that his liking them would enhance their Value with me.

He pick'd out two of the richest, paid seven *Guineas* for them, and leaving the Milliner, return'd to our Coach, which he order'd to drive to the *Royal-Exchange*. There said he, my *Pamela*, I will shew you the Props of the Nation, and the Fountains whence flow the publick Treasure, and support the Glory of the *British*-Name, as the Nerves of War, and Bands of Peace, to which under God, ought in Justice to be attributed all the Success of those glorious Campaigns, which have immortalized the Name of *Marlborough*, which are, in a Word, the Cause of that Plenty we enjoy, when the Olive Branch succeeds to the Laurel Wreath.

Pray, Sir, who, or what do you describe as the Author, or Authors of so many publick Blessings? How! can my penetrating dear *Pamela* be ignorant that I have been talking of the Merchants, and Traders? These for the transacting their Business

siness meet at the *Royal Exchange* every Day, and according to the Countries, to and from which they Trade, are to be found in particular Parts of that *Area*, or, under the *Piazza's*, distinguish'd by the Names of different Nations, as the *French* Walk, the *Italian* Walk, *&c.*

When we came to the *Exchange*, Mr. *B*—— handed me up a pair of Stone Stairs, which led us to Galleries built round the Area, here and there were a few Shops. This place, said he, when I was a Boy, was full of Tradesmen, and vacant Shops were gaped after with as much Avidity, by Dealers, as the Death of a cruel avaritious Parent, by his Son and Heir.

Oh, Sir, said I, 'tis a cruel Reflection that of a Child's wishing his Death from whom he derives his own Life. My dear, replied Mr. *B*——, when Parents set the Example, and the Love of Gold banishes Nature, no wonder, if Necessity has the same Effect on their Children, and makes them wish their Death, as it is the only End they can see of their own Miseries.

When we had passed through the Galleries I mention'd, and which doubtless you have often seen, Mr. *B*—— ordered *John* to open the Door of a Balcony. We went into it, and looking down, I saw such a Number of Men throng'd together, that I fancy'd one might have walk'd upon their Heads, yet, Mr. *B*—— said, there were not so many as on another Day. I heard one continued hum or buzz, proceeding from the different Discourse of those below, but in which no one articulate Sound cou'd be distinguish'd.

These, said my dear Mr. *B*——, are the Supports, the Props of our Country, to whose Industry we owe every Thing we hold dear, with regard to this Life: nay Liberty itself, the great-

est

eſt Bleſſing in it, may be ſaid to be preſerved by theſe; for theſe have been found of Weight to curb the Ambitious Views of wicked and corrupt Miniſters at Home: and theſe, by their Induſtry, are our Protection againſt any Attempts from Abroad, of making us groan under a foreign Yoke. The Trade theſe valuable Men, theſe uſeful and worthy Members of the Society, the Trade, I ſay, *theſe* carry on, is the Nurſery of our Sea-men, by which the Royal Navy is ſupplied; and our Naval Force is the Bulwark of our Nation, it is I may ſay our Barrier Towns.

Methinks, ſaid I, theſe Gentlemen repreſent a Hive of Bees. They may be well compared to that Induſtrious Flie, replied Mr. *B*——, their Induſtry produces excellent Honey: But in this, the Compariſon will not hold good. The Bee won't allow any lazy Drones to partake of the Fruits of their Labour, and the publick Advantages which *flow* from the Merchants, ſupport a great many *who* deſerve no other Appellation.

We return'd to the Coach, and Mr. *B*—— ordered *John* to bid drive to the Tower: Here I was ſhewn a great many ancient Records, and ſome old Engliſh Coins, the Magazine, the Arms taken from the Spaniards in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time. In the Window of the Room where theſe were kept, lay a ruſty Ax, with which I was told *Mary* Queen of *Scots* was Beheaded. What a ſlender Bulwark, a poor Defence is the higheſt Rank, nay Royalty itſelf againſt the Viciſſitudes to which our Lives are ſubjected! and what a Leſſon does this Ax read me, not to relie on my preſent happy Situation, and puff'd up with the Bleſſing, imagine it not ſubject to a Change, which may make me altogether as Wretched, as I am now Happy! Theſe and ſuch like Reflections

employed

employed my Mind, till Mr. *B*——, taking me by the Hand, said, my *Pamela*, I must now shew you the Regalia. Having seen these, and got again into the Coach, he ordered it to drive to *Brawn's*.

In the Way, he told me this *Brawn* was the most celebrated Cook in *England*, and his House frequented, not only by the most eminent Merchants, but by the greatest Quality: That he formerly was Cook in the Kitchen of the House, of which he is now Master: That on the Death of the Vintner, some Gentlemen who had long frequented that House, and remark'd his Diligence, lent him a considerable Sum to take it and purchase the Furniture and Stock: That he has by a Continuance of the same Industry and an obliging Behaviour, raised a considerable Fortune, with a clear Reputation, and without Envy. Indeed, continued he, some attribute a great Part of his Wealth to his good Fortune at Play, for he will hazard a thousand Guineas a-night, and is so little moved with his Losses or Winnings, that no one, by his Countenance, can discover whether the Dice have turned for or against him. Few who play deep, and have the Luck to win, have also the good Fortune to preserve their Character. *Brawn*, however, is one of these happy Few, for he never had the least Reflection thrown on him, or the least Insinuation to the Prejudice of his good Name.

When we alighted, the Master of the House, who saw Mr. *B*——, came up and paid him his Compliments, saying, he could not have expected the Honour of his Company at this Season of the Year, concluding he was at his Country Seat.

Mr. *Brawn*, said my dear Master, I wou'd not have it known that I am in Town, as I leave it again next *Monday*. I have been to shew my Wife, whom you see, and who is a Stranger to the Town.

Town, what is moſt worthy of a young Lady's Notice; and having ſhewn her your Houſe, and the elegant Manner in which you receive your Gueſts, I think ſhe has ſeen all.

Sir, anſwer'd Mr. *Brawn*, you make me a Compliment, to which I can make no Reply, and *which* I attribute to your good Nature, willing to be pleaſed your ſelf, and glad to ſee others ſo. Will you *give* me Leave to ſhew your Honour a Room? With all my Heart, anſwer'd Mr. *B*——, for I have a Favour to ask you. You know, Sir, you command your humble Servant. Saying this, Mr. *Brawn* went up Stairs, and we followed him into a Room very finely furniſhed. Now, Sir, ſaid he, give me Leave to wiſh you and that fair Lady all poſſible Joy in a married State, and to deſire the Honour of your Commands.

Mr. *Brawn*, reply'd my dear Maſter, in the firſt Place you will order me a Manchet and a Bottle *of* Champaign; in the next, three or four ſmall Plates, I leave you to make the Bill of Fare; but the Favour I have to ask is, that you will your ſelf prepare us a little Fricaſſee. Sir, ſaid he, with great Pleaſure. I aſſure you no one ſhall intermeddle in the Dreſſing any thing for your Dinner, I will my ſelf have the Satisfaction of doing it. Saying this, he took his Leave, and Mr. *B.* and I chatted on what he had ſhewn me, till Mr. *Brawn* return'd, follow'd by three Servants. He ſet the firſt Diſh on the Table, and the Servants ſet on that, each reſpectively brought.

The Dinner was a very rich Soupe, four Ortelans, a white Fricaſſee of two ſmall Chickens, and a Ragout of Veal Sweet-breads. Every thing was elegantly dreſſed, and all the Service Plate, with the fineſt Damask Linnen. The Fricaſſee was exquiſite; it excelled, by much, any that I have taſted,

taſted, ſince Mr. *B*—— has raiſed me from my humble Condition.

We ſate about half an Hour after Dinner; in which Time, preſſed by Mr. *B*——, I drank three Glaſſes of *French* Wine, which the Maſter of the Houſe aſſured Mr. *B.* was right *Pontac.*

We return'd home; and on my ſhewing an Inclination to retire to my Chamber, my dear Maſter engaged my Father and Mother at Cards; and gave Orders, that every Thing ſhould be ready to ſet out on *Monday.*

I ſend you this by the Poſt, and you may depend on my complying with your Deſire of writing often and minutely. I ſhall, by every Opportunity which offers, acquaint you with all that paſſes worth your reading. Writing I was always fond of; but I aſſure you it affords me a ſingular Pleaſure when it is to Mrs. *Jervis* that I am addreſſing. I ſhall never forget the Obligations I owe you; and my preſent Happineſs will never, I hope, ſo far intoxicate my Brain, as to make me forget what I ſo lately was; the Friendſhips you have often ſhewn me in many Particulars, and the good and parental Advice which you as oft have given me. Theſe, my dear *Jervis*, will always continue me what I profeſs my ſelf, with great Sincerity,

Your obliged Friend,

PAMELA B——.

My dear, dear Mrs. Jervis,

WE are, juſt now, my incomparable Maſter, tender and tenderly beloved Parents and ſelf, ſafely arrived at the Farm Houſe, which the Indulgent,

dulgent, the benevolent Mr. *B*—— our common Maſter, our generous Benefactor, has allotted as a Refuge for my aged, poor, but honeſt and grateful Parents, from Labour, Want, and Contempt.

Oh! how ſhall I expreſs my Gratitude to my ineffably, bountiful Creator, but by the moſt hum*ble* Proſtrations, and Tears of Joy; but by conforming all my Thoughts, Words, and Actions to his *Divine* Will, (from a Principle of grateful Love for the many Mercies he has ſhewn, the many Bleſſings he has ſhowered on me, moſt unworthy) but by an Imitation of his inexhauſtable Goodneſs, as far as a finite Creature can copy after Infinity, to the Extent of that Power he has put into my Hands, and by my unfeign'd, inceſſant Praiſes and Thankſgivings, which, though Words are too poor to expreſs, my compaſſionate Creator, the Shield of my Innocence, will read in a Heart ſwelling with Joy, and the moſt humble Acknowledgments, and exulting in his Goodneſs and *Mercies*; the Memory of which, I hope his divine Grace will too deeply impreſs ever to be obliterated by Vanity or the ſtrongeſt Temptations.

Oh join me, my dear *Jervis*, join me in my Thanks and Praiſes; join me, thou once prudent and reſolute Defence of my Virgin Innocence; join me all ye Angelick Hoſts, ye Celeſtial Choirs, *bliſsful* Miniſters of the great Jehovah, in the humble Oblation of my ſincere Thanks, my unfeigned Praiſe.

Oh, my dear *Jervis*, Fears and Perſecutions once ſupplied the Fountains of my Eyes; but now (bleſſed be the ſupreme *Being* of *Beings*) Joy and Pleaſure ſupply the Torrent. My Heart is big within me, and I have ſtolen away thus to give it ſome vent, by imparting a Share to you; for I

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am satisfied you cannot know my Transports without an uncommon Satisfaction as I am not ignorant of your Worth.

Yes, my dear, dear *Jervis*, I know too, you will join my Prayers, that the Almighty may pour his choicest Blessings on my indulgent dear Lord, my Husband, my Master; but these Appellations, Lord, Benefactor, Master, Husband, do not satisfy my fond Heart, or are they adequate to his inexpressible Goodness and obliging Tenderness; may the eternal Mercy continue to me his Regard, and bless him with a long, a healthful, a peaceful Life; may he live beloved and revered; die, O cruel Thought! universally lamented, and be eternally rewarded for his Virtues.

Oh, may Angels guard this dear Instrument of infinite Benevolence from all Dangers, all dreadful Incidents and Vicissitudes, to which the uncertain momentary Lives of us poor Mortals are permitted to be exposed, nay, even the best among Men! ---But——

The Ways of Omniscience are inscrutable—— let us not presume to enter into the secret Decrees of the Almighty. *Hath not the Potter Power over the Clay?*——

I am called, my dear *Jervis*, to Supper. I must hide this, lest the real Sentiments of my Heart, if left carelessly, may be construed Art.——Oh, how unjust, how ungrateful a Suspicion has escaped my Pen! Adieu — for a while.

When I broke off, my dear *Jervis*, my Heart was so full of Joy, and the most delightful Sentiments of Gratitude, that I could not enter, as I intended, upon a Particular of our Journey. I was hurried away by these transporting Passions of the Soul, which would allow nothing inferior to possess my Thoughts.

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So I am conscious that I have, with true Sincerity, return'd my humble Thanks to my great Benefactor, and paid my Acknowledgments, rather with Tears of Transport, than with Words, to his generous Almoner, who, in so human, and so engaging a Manner, deals out his Benevolence, my Spirits are more compos'd; my Heart's in part discharged of the oppressive Joy, by the Performance of my Duty and by imparting to you, as well as I could, the Emotions of my Soul, for I have not Words to give you a just Idea of the Transports I felt. As I say I am now more composed, my dear, dear *Jervis*, I shall give you (remember if I am tedious 'tis at your Request) an Account of our Journey.

On *Monday*, at Five in the Morning, we being all ready, one of *Blunt*'s Coaches with six Horses came to the Door, where Mr. *B*——'s had waited about a quarter of an Hour.

On Notice given to that Model of Humility, as *well* as of true Greatness of Soul our dear Master, he rose, and taking my Mother by the Hand said, come Madam, allow me to perform the Duty of a Son, and be your Support; Father, you will follow, and excuse my Fondness, if I desire you to leave that our common Darling, your Daughter, till I return and conduct her, for I dare not trust my Treasure, in other than my own Hands.

This excessive Respect and Tenderness, made the Tears gush out of my poor Mother's Eyes; my Father could not restrain his, and indeed I accompany'd them very savourily.

My dear Master handed my honour'd Mother into *Blunt*'s Coach, and when my Father was got in, made a very respectful Bow, and did not leave the Coach Door till they drove off, preceded

by *Abraham* and good old *Jonathan* on Horseback. My dear Master's Humanity would have left *Jonathan* in Town, but he begg'd so earnestly not to be shut out as an Invalid, that he was allow'd to follow his Inclinations.

When my beloved Sir came back, he took me in his Arms, and kissing me, with an eager Fondness, said, your good Parents are driven off, and have left, I hope, all their Cares behind them; for it shall be ever mine. (Should the Misfortune which would prove the greatest Trial of my Fortitude befal me, the Loss of my dear *Pamela*, which merciful Heaven avert) to make the Remainder of their Lives as tolerable as such a severe Infliction upon them would admit; and they should find me Executor to their dear Daughters filial Piety.

I fell on my Knees and embracing his, said, expect not other Return my dearest Master, my Life, my All, but that of a dutiful Observance, and an inviolable Affection, which could it admit Definition, would fall vastly short of what I feel, and what your Goodness exacts.

He took me up, clasped me in his Arms, and cried oh my *Pamela!* that will make me always your Debtor, and while you are my *Pamela*, my charming, endearing tender *Pamela*, I shall never be able to answer what I owe you.——While I am! my dear Protector, while I am! oh can you think it possible, that the minutest Part of your Goodness can slip from the Memory of your poor *Pamela!* oh that *while* was somewhat cruel. Never my Soul, O never wound mine with another Word which can betray the least Suspicion of your grateful *Pamela*, swerving from that Love and Duty your Bounty has riveted in her Heart. I know my Life, we ought not to build on our own

own Strength, but I have had such surprising Instances of the Protection and Goodness of indulgent Heaven, on which alone I rely, that while I am constant in my Duty to my Creator, which I hope, thro' his Mercy never to neglect, I can promise that your *Pamela* will never be guilty of any Thing which shall give her dear Lord and Master one Moment's Displeasure.

I believe thee my *Pamela*, my dear, dear *Pamela*, in using the Word *while*, I intended only to convince thee that I should always be thy Debtor: For I am satisfied thy Goodness can never alter.——But come my Dear, let me put thee into thy Coach. He then called *John*, and asked if the two Maids were got in? He answer'd, yes Sir, every Thing is ready.

What Sir, said I, do they go with you, when there was Place for them with my Father and Mother? Pray Madam, said the dear Dispenser of Joy and Gladness, our dear Master,——What Relation is there between your Parents and me? That Sir said I of a generous Patron and of humble Clients; that of a liberal forgiving Creditor, and Bankrupt Debtors. You had been right in the latter, had you said Creditors and Debtor: For I shall always think myself theirs, from whom my *Pamela* derived her Being. But my Dear, why did you not add that, between Parents and a Son? I shall honour them as my Parents, cherish them as my Parents, and be circumspect in my Behaviour to them as to Parents, and therefore, my Life, as I thought it would fall short of the Respect due to Parents, to put your Servants into their Coach, I order'd them to take their Places in your own.

My Servants! my Coach! yes, yes, my *Pamela*, as I am yours, yours entirely, yours in-

violably, for ever yours, all that can be called mine is, and shall be yours. Come my Jewel let me hand you to your Coach.

I was going to reply to this Tenderness, but he stopp'd me, by giving me several Kisses, and taking me by the Hand said, come along Prattle-box, if I don't stop that enchanting Tongue, I take such Delight to hear thee, we shan't set out To-day.

He lead me down Stairs, put me into the Coach, and order'd *Robin* to drive carefully, and softly over the Stones. As we set out, some of the Horses neighed, and my dear Sir said, *Hannah*, I think this little Angel, this Mistress of yours, inspires Joy wherever she is. On my Conscience one would say, her Horses are proud and elated in drawing such a precious Burthen.

Oh Sir said I, the minutest Accident will give you an Opportunity to add to the vast Debt of Goodness I already owe you.

Dear Madam, said *Hannah*, I am sure my honoured Master thinks he can never do enough for you, and all the World are of the same Opinion, that I ever heard mention your Ladyship.

I am sure all his Servants hourly bless the Day he gave us so humane, so reasonable, and so good a Mistress: I am sure we are all the better for it, and are obliged to pray to Heaven to bless him for it, which I fear some of us were too negligent in doing, till your pious Example shamed us into our Duty, and made us reasonable Creatures, by considering that there is a future Life.

Thus Madam my Master has, by you, not only provided for the Ease and Joy of his poor Servants, while they remain in his Family, which I hope, we shall none of us deserve to be driven from, as

long

long as we live, but also for their Happiness in the other World.

Indeed Madam, said *Rachel*, *Hannah* only tells you what we all think and say, since you have been our Mistress we have not had the least Squabble or Broil in the Family; and though you are so good and gentle to us all, yet we stand more in *Awe of* you, than ever any of us did of any other *Master* or Mistress: I believe it is because we all love you dearly, and fear, for that Reason, to offend you. I am sure that's the Reason that every thing you command is done with Chearfulness; for if you but speak we fly, striving who shall have the Pleasure to serve you, and indeed it is a Pleasure, because you are willing and easy to be pleas'd.

Indeed we all love and respect you so much, that I believe a Frown from you would go to the Heart of the Servant that had deserved it. I am *sure* I should make lighter of a Slap on the Face *from* some Mistresses, than the going from you without the Reward of an obliging Smile of Approbation, with which your Goodness cheers our Hearts.

I dare answer, said my obliging Master, the Wenches speak the Sentiments of their Hearts; for 'tis impossible to be about my Charmer, and not love her to a Degree almost of Adoration. I speak from Experience.

Indeed, Sir, said *Hannah*, so do I, and from Observation too; for all our Neighbours in the Country love and admire Madam, and I have heard Ladies say, when I have come out of Church, Mrs. *B*—— *clipses* us all. I ask'd Mr. *Longman* the Meaning of that Word, and he told me it was as much as if one should say, she puts us all down; and by my troth, Sir, and so my Lady

does, and yet we have a great many fine Gentlewomen about your Honour's House in *Bedfordshire*.

Thou say'st true, Girl, replied my dear Master, she does put them all down, and if any of them envy her, they are afraid to shew the least Signs of it, such commanding Power has Beauty, adorned with Virtue, over the Minds of all.

Oh, Sir, said I, do not tempt me to be vain; the strongest Trial of my Humility is Praise from you.

Thou can'st not, replied he, embracing me, be other than Angelic. Thou hast a Soul too elevated for so mean a Vice to rise to.

But won't you think, my dear Friend, that I am realy vain in giving you this Detail.——No, you are too good, and I am sure you will rather attribute it to the real Motives; the doing Justice to my dear Master's tender engaging Affection, and the giving you the Satisfaction you required of me at my going to *London*; but to proceed in my Journal.

My dear Master endeavour'd to make me insensible of the Length of the Way by saying a Number of obliging Things, and making several agreeable Remarks on what we saw in the Journey.

When we were off the Stones, *Robin* drove at a round rate, but yet we did not overtake *Blunt*'s Coach, which we found at an Inn, we turn'd into about Eleven o'Clock. This made me reflect on the Danger of losing Time in any Affair, since 'tis always, (if retrievable) recovered with Difficulty. How then, my dear Friend, ought we to husband that allotted us on Earth to secure our future Happiness? How chary ought we to be of it! Since the Grave, to which each Moment leads us on, admits of no Repentance. Death

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putting an End to our Time brings us to Account for the Use we have made of it, and 'tis that Use which will determine our irrevocable Sentence.

To proceed with my Account, my Parents met us at the Door on our alighting, and we went into a Parlour, where the Care of Monsieur *Calbrand* had provided Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Diet Bread, Rusk, Bread and Butter, and butter'd Toasts for Breakfast, as he call'd it, tho' we had taken Chocolate before we began our Journey.

Mr. *B*—— enquired very tenderly after my Mother's Health, and told her if she was fatigued he hoped she would thoroughly recover, as he did not intend to proceed any farther that Day, the Heat being intense might endanger her's, and his *Pirtole's* Health; if it had not that ill Effect, continued he, it would however be troublesome.

If Mr. *Andrews* and I were by ourselves we should not much regard it, my Mother said he was always obliging, my Father answered, he had been so long exposed to Summer Sun, and Winter's Storms, in his daily Labour, that he was inured to all Weather. Well, Mr. *Andrews*, replied my dear Master, I hope your future Life will make you call to mind your past Toils with Pleasure. Then turning to, and embracing me tenderly, he enquired how I found myself. I answered I should always find myself well in his Company. *Colbrand*, said my dear Mother, till the Maids come in; you and I, Mr. *Andrews*, will take a Turn to the Larder, see how that's furnish'd, and then we'll go to Breakfast.

The Maids came in, my dear Husband and Father return'd in about half a Quarter of an Hour after them; we breakfasted, and Mr. *B*—— was (indeed when is he not?) very entertaining Company.

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At his coming into the Parlour, he said Monsieur *Colbrand*'s Diligence made our Tour to the Larder useless. At what Hour will you dine? My Mother replied, that she believed his usual Hour would be most agreeable. I am glad, said he, that you think so; Monsieur *Colbrand* will be obliged, as 'twill allow Time for a Soupe; and he'd think he made a sorry Dinner without it. *Rachal*, tell the Cook that we desire Dinner may be on the Table exactly at Three, and *Colbrand* that he may order a Soupe.

The Breakfast being removed, he asked my Father if he play'd at Back-gammon; upon his answering he could, he desired my Mother and me to go up and lie down to rest ourselves an Hour or two; for, said he, I am sure you must both be somewhat tired with a Journey of twenty-five Miles, so far are we now distant from *London*.

My Mother was not displeased at, and I was glad of, the Propofal. The Landlady was called, who shew'd us the Way. Mr. *B*—— would hand my Mother to a Chamber, and coming back to take me, said, Mr. *Andrews*, I will return immediately, and endeavour to make the Time as little tedious as possible.

I was indeed pretty much fatigued, tho' I endeavoured to hide it, and after having paid my Adorations to, and implored the Protection of Heaven, I threw myself on a Bed, and slept till Mr. *B*—— awakened me with a tender Kiss. My dear Life, said he, I was very loath to disturb so calm a Sleep, but fear'd you would spoil your Appetite.

I thank your incessant Care; but sure I have not been very long asleep? No, my Dear, not above two Hours and a half. How! cried I, jumping off the Bed, is it possible? He step'd to the Table, and bringing my Watch, bid me take

my

my Information from my own Eyes. Look-ye, said he, 'tis a Quarter past two, and you came up a little before twelve. I hope my Charmer is refresh'd by her Sleep; tell me, were you not pretty much fatigued? Indeed, my dear Sir, I was. And are not you a naughty little Chit not to tell me so, we would have spent less Time at Breakfast; your Mother has been with us an Hour; I fear the old Gentlewoman was too much tired to be refreshed with a short Nap. *Rachel*, see if your Lady wants your Help, I'll come up again, and fetch my Angel. Don't venture to come down by yourself.

In about five Minutes he return'd, and handed me down Stairs to the Parlour: At three an elegant Dinner was served upon Table; as the Soupe was set on, I knew, said Mr. *B——, Colbrand* would take Care that a Soupe should not be wanting.

I take Notice of these little Particulars, as they shew our dear Master's Regard for my aged Parents and Self, and speak his innate Goodness, which finds a Pleasure in obliging, even his menial Servants.

When my dear Mr. *B——* tasted, he disliked the Wine, and sent for the Master of the House; he came in, and saying he really had not better, Mr. *B——* asked Leave to drink his own, and he would allow him Six-pence a Bottle. Sir, answered the Man, you command here, it would look saucy in me to refuse your Offer; but were I to have expected your paying any thing, I should have less Conscience than I profess to have.

I mention this, as an Instance of our dear Master's Forecast, (he having ordered a Dozen and half of *French* Wine, *Burgundy* and *Champagne*

pagne, to be put into the Seats of the Coaches, and as a Proof of his Considerateneſs.

We chatted at Table, after Dinner, till it was paſs'd five, my dear Maſter and Father drank, with a little of my Mother's and my Aſſiſtance two Bottles; the Table was then brought with Coffee and Tea; having drank three or four Diſhes a Piece, Mr. *B*—— propoſed, as it was a lovely inviting Evening, to take a Turn or two in the Garden of the Inn, which is kept in very good Order.

Our Landlady, who opened the Door, asked Leave to wait on us. We diverted ourſelves here in walking and gathering Flowers: I made a Noſegay of the moſt fragrant, and the moſt beautifully colour'd, which I preſented to my dear Mr. *B*——. He told me in receiving it, that I was injurious to thoſe agreeable Productions of the Earth, ſince I eclipſed them both in Beauty and Fragrancy.

Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, your obliging Compliment gives me unſpeakable Pleaſure, I dare not queſtion your telling me your Sentiments; and I hope you will always think as you now do; but alas! theſe Flowers are too juſt an Emblem of periſhing Beauty; they will ſoon wither, and what is now agreeable in me, will as certainly wear off.

Time, I acknowledge, replied he, is an Enemy to the Beauty of an outward Form; but then it makes us more than amends by ripening the Judgment, forming, and adding greater Embelliſhments to the Mind, which, notwithſtanding the irreſiſtible Charms of your Perſon, gives the greateſt Luſtre to my *Pamela*'s Character, and is the ſtrongeſt, nay, the indiſſoluble Band of my Affections; but my Life, my Angel, 'tis Time to

go

go into the Houſe, the Dew will ſoon fall. We went in, and my dear Maſter invited the Landlord and his Wife to Supper, which was anſwerable to Mr. *B*——'s Fortune, and refined Taſte.

My Landlord praiſed the Wine, and I dare ſay ſpoke his Thoughts, as he call'd for it often. My Landlady is extremely obliging in her Carriage, yet has nothing of that Servility in her Behaviour, ſo remarkable in moſt Inn-keepers. She has good Senſe, entertained us with the Characters of the neighbouring Gentry, and I obſerved did not mix in with her Diſcourſe the leaſt detracting Word: She ſpoke them all Perſons of Probity, Honour, Hoſpitality, and Œconomy, or would mention only ſuch of them as deſerved the Characters.

Though we went pretty early to Bed, we did not ſet out next Day till ſeven. We drove at about four Miles an Hour, till eleven; when we came to an Inn where Monſieur *Colbrand*, who ſet out two Hours before we did, was at the Door to receive us. We ſtaid here till five, having but ten Miles more to our Journey's End, which we drove in little more than two Hours and an Half.

About half Way between the Inn and the Houſe, where we now are, Mr. *Longman*, with about thirty Farmers, met and complemented us. Some of theſe are Mr. *B*——'s Tenants, ſome of them hold of the Manor, which he has now purchaſed.

They accompanied us to the Door, where they would have immediately taken their Leaves; but my dear Maſter, thanking them for the Regard they had ſhewn, deſired they would firſt refreſh themſelves with a Glaſs of Wine, and ſaid, I will take the Liberty, Gentlemen, to invite you all to dine here next *Sunday*; you ſee my Father and

Mother,

Mother, whom you will find valuable and honourable Neighbours.

There were two clean lusty young Servant Maids, and two Husband-like Men, at the Door, to receive us. To these Mr. *Longman* said, that elderly Gentleman and his good Spouse are your Master and Mistress, for whose Service you are hired: Pray take Care that your Behaviour credit my Judgment, by their approving my Choice. They bow'd and courtesy'd by way of Answer.

My dear Master and Father are just return'd from taking a View of the Estate, and *Hannah* come to call me. I must therefore break off.

Saturday Morning. Remember that, I am now come to *Wednesday*, tho' not my Narrative, and beg Pardon, my dear *Jervis*, for leaving you so long without shewing you into the House; I brought you to the Door; *Hannah*'s Message, just at that Instant, was the Cause of my ill Manners, for I could not let our common Master wait for me; but you are too good not to excuse me. Pray walk in, I am now in a pretty compact Hall, which has on the one Hand a neat small Parlour and Store-room; on the other a pretty large Kitchin and a Stair-case; the former leads to Out-houses, where are a Scullery and Dairy, which make one Side of a Court-yard, surrounded with Cow-houses, Stables, Sheds for Waggons, and other Implements of Husbandry. In the Hall is a large Table, at which twenty People may dine, *Russia* Leather, and two *Windsor* Chairs; 'tis hung round with Maps, and the Chimney has handsome And-Irons, with Appurtenances all quite new, and extremely neat.

The Parlour is plainly, but very neatly furnished, with two easy Chairs on Brass Trucks, the others are with matted Bottoms, and I guess them

them about three half Crowns a Chair. The Window Curtains of Ruſſel, there is a Table will ſerve for eight, a Card and a Tea-Table, a Chimney and a Pier Glaſs, and a genteel Braſs Hearth for Wood, with neat Tongs, &c. there are a great many pretty Prints hung round the Room in Pear-tree black Frames edged with Gold, and Glaſs over the Pictures. In the Store-room there are ſeveral Neceſſaries, among others a Rack laden with Flitches of Bacon, and Hams, and a large powdering Tub filled with ſalted Beef and Pork; four Sacks of Flower, one of them of the fineſt Sort; ſome Hampers of Wine, and Boxes of Candles.

In the Kitchen is every individual thing neceſſary for a Family, even to Larding-Pins; the Dairy is alſo well furniſh'd, and has now in it the Butter and Milk of thirty fine Cows of theſe two laſt Days Meals; the Stable-Lofts are full of Hay, and the Binns of Corn; there are four ſtout Cart-Horſes, beſides the Pad that my dear Mr. *B*—— gave my Father; in the Stables a Waggon and Cote, that is a ſmall Cart, Wheel-barrows, Ploughs, Harrows, &c. in the Sheds: Here is another Yard ſurrounded with Barns; little in them but Straw.

In a Word, there is nothing wanting; but let us now go up Stairs. No, I think we had better firſt viſit the Cellar, as 'tis called, 'tis in a Wing, which our dear Maſter has added to the Houſe, containing that, and a pretty Brew-houſe, furniſh'd thoroughly: The Cellar is well ſtock'd with ſmall and ſtrong Beer, a Door opens into it out of the Hall, and another into the Brew-houſe from the Fore-Court-Yard.

Now give me your Hand, we will go up Stairs together, they are wide enough for two a-breaſt;

these too our dear Master has new built, and furnish'd with Maps; here's a handsome Half-Space, and good Landing, which leads us to four pretty Bed-Chambers, neatly, but plainly furnish'd with every thing necessary, clean and good. In my Parents Room, beside other Necessaries, there is a handsome Chest of Drawers, and two large Trunks covered with red Leather, full of Sheets and Table Linnen. Up one Pair of Stairs more are the Servants Rooms furnish'd.

You see my dear Master is not beneficent by Halves; How does his Goodness bind me to him by the indissoluble Bands of Love and Gratitude? What Observance of mine, what Affection can make him, in Part, amends! may the great Fountain of Mercy who has given him, reward this generous Heart, and keep me ever stedfast in that Duty I owe to both the first bountiful, and the second tender Cause of my present Happiness. How happy am I! but we will now take a Turn into a neat little Garden, at the End of which Mr. *B*—— has built a pretty Summer-House, and stock'd it with well chosen Books. The Orchard is large, and planted with a Number of good Fruit-Trees.

I fear leading you thus thro' the House, Out-Houses, Court-Yards and Gardens has tired you, (tho' my Spirits are so raised I am insensible of any Fatigue) wherefore having shewn you the agreeable Retreat my dear Master has given to my aged Parents, I return.

At the Tenants going away Mr. *B*—— said, Mr. *Longman*, we are come to turn you out of Possession. I very gladly, replied he, give it up. My beneficent Master handed my Mother into the Parlour, where saluting her, and embracing my Father, he said, this House is yours, and may

you

you both live many Years happy in it: That you may not think you have any Obligations on you, I shall desire Mr. *Andrews* to manage this Estate for me; the whole is 500 *l. per Annum*, one Hundred I desire he will accept yearly for his Trouble, and should you be streighten'd, I entreat you will make use of what farther Money may answer my View, of rendering your Lives entirely easy. My Father was going to speak, when he prevented him, by adding, if you will thoroughly oblige me, return me no Thanks for performing Part of my Duty; you are my *Pamela*'s Parents, and I can never do enough for those whom she so tenderly loves, or repay you the pious Care of her Education, which has made me the happiest Man breathing.

I threw myself on my Knees, clasp'd his Legs; but a Flood of Tears, which better spoke my Joy and Gratitude than Words, prevented my saying more than, O my lov'd Lord and Master: He took me up, holding me in his Arms, and every now and then kissing me, said to Mr. *Longman*, I hope nothing necessary is wanting? I hope not, Sir, replied he; here are the Keys of the Drawers and Trunks; give them to Mrs. *Andrews*; and, Father, continued he, we will leave our Wives awhile, and visit your House; come, *Longman*, let us see how you have furnish'd it.

They return'd in a little time, and Mr. *B*—— told Mr. *Longman*, he would be so free, as he was his Guest this Evening, to desire we might have Supper pretty early. My Mother, said he, and my *Pamela*, are, I believe, a little fatigued. Father, you know your Bed-Chamber, if you don't prefer another to it; wherefore I won't give Mrs. *Andrews* the Trouble of going to see it, till she withdraws for the Night.

Sir, replied the good old *Longman*, your Supper will be upon the Table by Nine. That's obliging, rejoin'd our dear Master; but will you allow me to say, that I thought Mr. *Longman* both more polite and more hospitable, than I find him. Pardon the Pun, but I think you give us a dry Reception; Mr. *Andrews* and I could dispense with a Glass of Wine, and I am sure it would be right in my Mother, and my Charmer, to keep us Company.

Really, Sir, answer'd the good old Man, I was so overjoy'd to see you all here, and my Lady looks so pleased, that the Pleasure I found, put it out of my Thoughts, or rather would not allow me to think at all; but I'll instantly repair my Fault.

He was going out, but Mr. *B*——, catch'd hold of his Sleeve, and bid me ring a Hand-Bell that lay on a Table, near my Chair; *Colbrand* came, and my dear Master asking Mr. *Longman* the Name of his House-maid; he replied, *Margery*. Then, *Colbrand*, said he, send *Margery* here, and let *Jonathan* give her a Bottle of *Burgundy* to bring in. You have Glasses, I suppose, Mr. *Longman*. Yes, yes, Sir, she knows where to find them; bid her bring some, Mr. *Colbrand*, on a Salver, said Mr. *Longman*.

The Maid brought in the Wine and Glasses, but the good-natured Mr. *B*—— seeing her in Confusion, would not let her fill for us; but ordered her to set them on the Table, which she did, and was, I believe, heartily glad of being dismiss'd; for I know, by what I have myself experienced, the Pain a raw Girl feels when before Persons greatly above her; such are struck with an Awe, which renders them still more awkward, and their Over-Diligence, and Desire to do right,

make

make them do wrong. I communicate sympathize with them, and am as glad as they, when they are discharged from attending.

We had Supper upon Table exactly at Nine; at half an Hour past Ten we prepared for Bed, my dear Master, Mr. *Longman*, and Self, having seen my dear Parents into their Chamber, Mr. *Longman* said, you are now, Sir, and my dear Lady, Mr. *Andrews*'s Guests henceforward during your Stay here; but 'tis Time I should allow you some Rest, and here break off. To-morrow I will resume my Journal, and wish my Account may be as entertaining to you as the Reflection on the Mercies I have experienced, and my dear Mr. *B*——'s tender Goodness and Bounty is grateful to me. May the *great Being* of *Beings* preserve you, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

My dear Friend *Jervis*;——our dear Master, Mr. *Longman*, and my Father, rode out to look at the Stock, and visit the Grounds. I was up before my Mother, and having paid my Duty to my bountiful Creator, for me doing to read the Lessons of the Day, the 103d was one of the Psalms; I could not help endeavouring to versify it. As I know you are too indulgent to me to be a severe Critick, I send it you without Apology.

PSALM CIII.

DO thou, my Soul, thy grateful Tribute bring,
And thank the Praises of th' eternal King:
And O, may ev'ry Faculty of mine,
To bless his glorious, holy Name, combine.
In grateful Notes, my Soul, Jehovah *bless,*
And may his Benefits thy Heart possess:
May naught his Goodness from thy Mind erase,
And thou invite incessant Love and Praise.
All thine Iniquities does he forgive;
Cleanses thy leprous Sins, and bids thee live.

From dire Destruction thou'rt by him preserv'd,
Tho' from his Laws too often thou hast swerv'd,
Yet has his loving Kindness crown'd thy Days,
And tender Mercies giv'n thee Theams for Praise.
'Tis he has blest thee, both with Ease and Wealth;
Giv'n thee the Eagle's Strength, and florid Health.
Th' oppress'd with tender Eyes doth God regard,
And righteous Judgment still their Wrongs reward.
To Moses *did he shew his wond'rous Ways,*
And his great Acts excited Israel's Praise.
O, merciful's our God, and gracious too,
In Mercies plenteous, but to Anger slow.
Our gracious Lord will not for ever chide,
Nor will he always let his Wrath abide.
Th' Almighty's Vengeance have our Crimes call'd down,
Yet has he Mercy, not his Judgments frown.
Altho' we sin, yet does our God forbear,
Tho' we provoke, yet does Jehovah *spare.*
Who is't can mete the mighty Space, which lies
Betwixt Earth's Surface, and the spangled Skies?
Great as this Space, th' Almighty's Mercies are
To such as pay him reverential Fear.
Far as is East *from* West, *his tender Love*
Does from his Sight our scarlet Sins remove.
As tender Parents feel their Bowels yearn,
And eye their Offspring with a fond Concern;
So does our God with deep Compassion view
Such, as for him an awful Reverence shew.
For the Almighty knows our brittle Frame,
And calls to Mind that from the Dust we came.
For as to Man his fleeting Days all pass,
Like the short Verdure of a Summer's Grass.
What is his Glory? what his Pomp? no more
Than transient Beauties of a Meadow's Flow'r

Blasted

Blasted with Wind, its glowing Beauty dies,
And the gay Weed in dark Oblivion lies.
Not so God's Mercies, they can know no End,
To Children's Children will his Grace descend,
Of such as fear against his Will t'offend:
To such, as from his Covenant dare not swerve,
And his Commands religiously observe.

In the Empyreal Heav'n the Holy One,
(Himself all Regal) has prepar'd his Throne,
And all Dominions his Dominion own.

Ye pow'rful Angels, who his Voice obey,
To distant Worlds his high Behests convey;
Bless ye the Lord, with grateful Songs proclaim
The Majesty of great Jehovah's *Name.*

Bless him, ye Hosts, whose Ministry fulfil
The Mandates of our great Creator's Will.
Ye Works of his, the Praise of God record,
In Worlds innumerable bless the Lord:
And thee, my Soul, let Gratitude inspire
To bless thy God, and join th' angelick Choir.

Look back on what I was, my dear *Jervis*, consider my present Situation, and say, could I read this Psalm unmoved?

Well, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, my Master return'd just as I had finish'd my Versification, and was gone to my Mother's Room, who was dress'd ready to go down. We breakfasted, which was hardly over, when a Coach and Six stopped at the Gate. It was Sir *Simon Andrews* and his Lady, who came to welcome us upon our coming into the Country: As he is a Knight of the Shire for this County, Mr. *B*—— was acquainted with him in Parliament. They have a good Estate about five Miles from hence; are a lovely Couple, have good Sense, and are very polite.

Their

Their Visit was but short, Mr. *B*—— would have prevailed on them to stay Dinner, but Sir *Simon* said, he expected Company at his own House, that was not however sufficient to make him delay doing his Duty in paying his Respects, as soon as he had Notice of our Arrival; that he hoped though our Stay was but short, we would do him the Honour to take his Soupe, and that he should have a good Neighbour of his Name-Sake.

They shew'd great Civilities to my dear Parents, to whom my dear Master has always paid a surprising Respect, especially before Strangers, which no Doubt the dear Man does to exact a Regard for them from others.

Mr. *B*—— promised Sir *Simon* to return his Visit, but begg'd to be excused from dining with him, as he had but little Time to settle a pretty deal of Business. Well, replied Sir *Simon*, I must not be so unreasonable, as to seek my own Satisfaction, preferably to my Friend's Conveniency.

Sir *Simon* and his Lady had not left us half an Hour, before we saw three Gentlemen and Servants at the Gate, who asked for Mr. *B*——, Mr. *B*—— invited them in, and they just staid to make us a few handsome Complements of Course, and said they did not design this as a Visit, but taking the Opportunity as passing near the House, they thought it their Duty to turn half a Mile out of the Road, to pay their Respects in enquiring after our Welfare. That they would take another Opportunity, when good Mr. *Andrews* was more settled, and not be troublesome so soon after the Fatigue of a Journey.

These Gentlemen being gone, my dear Master with the two Companions of his Morning's Airing, got again on Horseback, and did not return till Dinner:

ner: In which Time my Mother and I examin'd the Contents of the Drawers and Trunks, of which I have already given you an Account.

When Dinner was over, the Curate came to pay his Respects to Mr. *B——*, and to welcome him into the Country. I staid about a quarter of an Hour, but on my Dear Master's calling for a fresh Bottle, my Mother and I withdrew to the Summer-House, where we diverted ourselves with examining the Books, which are most of them on Subjects of Morality, there are some of History, and some Treatises of Gard'ning and Agriculture. We had not been here an Hour, before honest old *Jonathan* came and told my Mother, that his Master would be obliged to her for a Dish of Tea, and the Favour of her Company; and yours too my dear Lady, if I interpret right the Word *Darling*.

We sent Word, that we'd instantly wait on him. After Tea the Curate was taking his Leave, but Mr. *B——*, who has a great Value for the young Gentleman, would keep him to Supper, and gave him a general Invitation (with Mr. *Andrews*'s Leave as he said) while we continued in *Kent*; Adding he should take it very ill if he refused the first Favour he had asked him.

The young Gentleman return'd a very pretty modest Answer, which spoke good Sense, and his having been accustom'd to good Company. I was very agreeably entertained by the young Clergyman, who behaved with Ease and Decency. I perceived, by what pass'd between Mr. *B——* and him, that he had lost no Time in his Studies, he was very chearful, and at the same kept up to the Dignity of his Cloth, shew'd a good deal of Wit, without the least Tincture of ill Nature: His Complaisance favour'd of no Meanness, and his

Gravity

Gravity sat easy upon him, for he seem'd to be under no Restraint, there was nothing affected in any one Part of his Carriage.

Soon after Supper I withdrew to my Chamber, to tire dear Mrs. *Jervis* with a tedious Account of Particulars, which cannot equally affect her and me; but it will be a Warning to you, for the future, not to put a Pen into the Hand of one who loves Scribling. I wish you a good Repose, for I hear my Master ring, and I expect one of the Maids to let me know, (to use his own Words) that he attends my Leisure.——Just as I said! here comes *Rachel*. Well, dear, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, once more, good Night; pray for my generous Benefactor, and your obliged *Pamela*.

Next Morning, when Breakfast was removed, my dear Mr. *B*—— proposed returning Sir *Simon*'s Visit: As we readily came into it, (my Father and Mother with a Satisfaction, which both my dear Master and I took notice of) Dinner was ordered to be on Table at One; somewhat to be got for the Servants by Twelve, and the Coaches at the Door ready, when we should rise from Table.

My Father asked why one Coach was not sufficient? to which the endearing Man replied, I am always sick if I sit backward: In my *Pamela*'s Condition (this Word, and his staring full in my Face with a Smile, made me blush, and cast down my Eyes, as that Condition is visible) it may have the same Effect on her; and I will never so far fail in the Respect due to the Parents of my Charmer, as to allow them to sit there.

Sir, said my Father, the Parents of *Pamela* are too much honour'd in being allow'd any Place near you; but to make short, suppose now Dinner over, and that we are at Sir *Simon*'s.

That

That Gentleman handed me in, and my dear Mr. *B*—— my Mother. The Lady met, and conducted us into a large Parlour. The Conversation turned upon no one Thing in particular; we discours'd on general Heads, and soon as the Lady called for Tea, and Sir *Simon* for Wine, we in a manner made two Companies.

Among other Things, as the Glass went round, Sir *Simon* said, I hope I shall have a sociable Neighbour of my Name-sake. I am certain, replied Mr. *B*——, you will have a worthy one. I don't doubt it, subjoin'd the Baronet. May I take the Liberty to ask you, Mr. *Andrews*, of what County you are?

Sir, answered my Father, I am an *Englishman* by Naturalization only; I was not born in this Kingdom.

Pray what are the Arms of your Family? This Question put me a little to the Blush.

I don't know, Sir, if you are serious; for I can't suppose you ignorant how much Mr. *B*—— descended to raise my Daughter: However, Sir, what my Family bears, are *Gules*, a *Lyon Passant*, *Or*.

They are, said Sir *Simon*, our very Arms. Yes, replied my Father; and if your Family Pictures are still remaining in the long Gallery, on the *North* Side this House, I can shew you among them, his, who derived to me a Right to bear those Arms.

We were all, except my Mother, vastly surprized at this Answer.

Sir, cry'd Sir *Simon*, you surprize me very much; you seem acquainted with this House—— I am, Sir; but have not been in it since your Father was in Coats——I believe, Sir, you have awaken'd the Curiosity of us all——No, Sir, not my

my Wife's——The Pictures are in the same Order my Father found them: I am very careful to preserve them: Will you give me Leave to wait on you to the Gallery——Are the Rooms not alter'd——No, Sir, I am too fond of Antiquity.——Then, if you please, I'll conduct you thither.

I am satisfied none of the Company was more astonish'd than I was: We all follow'd my Father, who, as he went up Stairs, pointed to a Room, and said, that was the Apartment of the good old Gentleman your Great-Grandfather; the Furniture of his Bed-chamber, I well remember, was a green Velvet Bed and Chairs. They are there yet, said Sir *Simon*.

My Father went forward; led us to the Gallery, and, pointing to a Picture, told Sir *Simon*, that was your Great-Grandfather; the three after him were his Sons; *Humphry*, your Grandfather; *Henry*, his second Son; and *John*, his third.

This last died unmarried; he was called to the Bar, and there made a considerable Figure for his Time. *Henry* took to the Sword, and went to *Sweden*, where he married the Daughter of Baron *Strome*, Lieutenant-General, by whom he had one Son; his Wife dying in Child-bed, he sent this Son to his Father at the Age of five Years.

The old Gentleman was very fond of him, which gave Mr. *Humphry* some Umbrage; for which Reason he was consign'd to the Care of Dr. *Jinks*, Rector of this Church, who bred him up.

This Doctor of Divinity was the second Son of Esquire *Jinks* of *Broom-hall*, about ten Miles off. That Gentleman had also three Sons; the eldest and second had University Education; the former of which was sent to travel, and return'd an Honour to his Country.

Here

Here Lady *Andrews* made a Curtesy, and said, that was my dear Grandfather, whom I remember with Gratitude to his Memory, for his Tenderness of me in my Infancy.

The third, continued my Father, was bound Apprentice to a Silk Mercer in *Pater-noster-row*, where he afterwards set up, lived creditably, and died in good Circumstances.

The second Son, Doctor of Divinity, and Rector of this Advowson, was design'd for the Law, but inclining more to the Study of Divinity, by his Father's Indulgence, took Orders.

He had not been six Months a *Deacon*, when the then Rector, being killed by his Coach overturning, your Great-Grandfather (Sir *Simon*) presented him to this Living.

Humphrey married, and had three Children in the Life-time of Sir *Hugh*.

When this latter (I mean Sir *Hugh*) died, his Grandson, Son of *Henry*, was about ten Years of Age; Sir *Hugh* left him in the Guardianship and Disposal of Dr. *Jinks*, and by his Will ordered two thousand Pounds to be paid to the said Doctor in three Months after his Decease, as a Provision for this Boy.

The Doctor, who was married to a Relation of his Patron's, Mrs. *Dorothy Andrews*, had one Daughter about the Age of the little *Swede*; there was a great Friendship between these two, which encreased with their Years, and rose to an unalterable Affection.

The Boy, at the Age of fourteen, was put Apprentice by the Doctor to his Brother the Mercer in *London*; having serv'd out his Time, received his Fortune, and entered into Trade, he asked the Doctor to give him his Daughter in Marriage, which, having consulted her Inclinations, he rea-

dily did, with fifteen hundred Pounds for her Portion.

The new married Couple lived very happily for some time; but Misfortunes, a Detail of which is too long to trouble you with at present, brought them to extreme Poverty; they had several Children which they brought up, but none liv'd to be married; at length, in the fiftieth Year of their respective Age, Heaven bless'd them with a *Pamela* to be the Support and Comfort of their old Days, and by her means has brought them back in the Decline of Life to the Country of their Forefathers.

I could not help crying out, O, how inscrutable, how wise, how merciful are the Ways of the Almighty! I thought nothing could have added to that Happiness, which the generous Mr. *B*—— has rais'd me to, from a most abject Scituation; but I own, as this Discovery must necessarily give him a particular Satisfaction, by the World (which often judges by Prejudice) looking on me as more worthy of the Honour he has conferred on me, I feel a Joy unspeakable: This indeed is the principal Source; not, Sir, but I am very sensible what Honour and Advantage it is to me to be own'd the Relation of so worthy and ancient Families as Sir *Simon*'s and his Lady's.

My Lady was pleased to say, that Mrs. *B*—— would do Honour to the greatest.

Sir *Simon*, my Lady, and my dear Spouse embraced us all very tenderly. Mr. *B*—— said, the World, govern'd by Custom, may esteem and respect you more, when this is known; but it is impossible for me: my dear *Pamela* had before engross'd my Heart, I doated on her Beauties, honour'd (and was honour'd by) her Virtues; (as her Parents) you, Mr. *Andrews*, and my Mother,

thee, commanded my Respect, and your Merit gained my real Esteem.

I hope, said Sir *Simon*, Cousin *Andrews*, since we are thus nearly and doubly related, we shall often be together; that you'll command me in whatever may be for your Service; in a Word, that we shall not live like modern Relations. Sir, continued he, speaking to Mr. *B*——, I am proud of the Honour of your Alliance; but I hope, Cousin *Andrews*, you will favour us with your Story more at large.

I will obey you, Sir *Simon*, with a great deal of Pleasure, and give you authentick Proofs of the Truth, when I have the Honour to see you at Mr. *B*——'s House, which his Humanity has allotted for my Residence.——I believe there are some old Persons in your Village, who may call us to mind, especially Mrs. *Andrews*, who resided at her Father's fifteen Months soon after my Misfortunes overtook me. Is old *John Guyver* alive? He is, replied Sir *Simon*——Pray oblige me in sending for him.

We went back to the Parlour, and the old Man was brought to us. Honest *John*, said my Father, I am glad to see you look so hale; don't you remember that old Acquaintance of yours? pointing to my Mother.

Ha! answer'd he, What! why sure! can I believe my Eyes? Good Madam *Andrews*, our worthy Doctor's Daughter! Remember you quotha! aye, by'r Lady, an it were but Yesterday. Good Madam *Andrews* how dun you? and how han ye done these many Years? by my troth I am hugely pleas'd to see ye, thof ye grow somewhat auld; but we han been young as well as other Volks. My Wife *Jane*, your auld Maid, will be main glad to see you: And by my troth, if I

am not miſtaken, this is Maiſter *Andrews* your good Husband——You are right, honeſt *John*, replied my Father, and I rejoice to ſee you——Law ye, law ye, Maiſter *Andrews*, how Things will come about, we all here thouten ye were both diade; truly I am mainly glad to ſee you well, and my good Madam.

Thank you kindly, Goodman *Guyver*, ſaid my Father, we are as glad to ſee you.----Well, Maiſter *Andrews*, 'tis many a Year ſince you and I play'd at Cricket in the Church-yard in good Sir *Hugh*'s Time: Lord, Lord, how Time ſlips away; ſome are born that was not thouten of, and others are diade, that we donno miſſen, auld Friends are forgotten; how many Children han you?----Only that one you ſee there---By my troth, and a dainty one too---but methinks ſhe looks a little plumpiſh about the Hips, an as if ſhe would make you a Grandfather. I bluſh'd at this, and Mr. *B*---- laughing, ſaid, I hope ſhe will, Goodman *Guyver*.----Is ſhe your Worſhip's Wife an pleaſe you?----Indeed is ſhe, Goodman. ----Than I dare ſay your Honour is very happy; ſhe is a ſweet Madam, and has Goodneſs in her Looks; God bleſs you both together. I thank'd the good Man, and ſaid he was extremely complaiſant——By my troth noa---I ſpeaken as I think. Indeed, replied Mr. *B*---, you do her no more than Juſtice.

Law-ye, I thout ſo. My Mother ſaid ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee his Wife---Ah! poor *Jane*, ſhe's auld and crazy, ſhe canno ſtir out, or I am ſure ſhe'd come with Joy——I will go to her---Will you? that's koind; nay, you were always good, I'il ſay that for you thof you were a hundred Mile off.

My

My Father ask'd if *Will. Mullet* was alive? Ay, and hearty; honeſt *Will!*——Come, ſaid my Lady, I will wait on my Couſin *Andrews* to ſee her old Servant.

By my troth do, Madam, an I will give you a Cup of as good Ale as any out of your own Houſe. Well remember'd, cried Sir *Simon*; Mr. *Andrews*, you have not made your old Acquaintance drink yet; my humble Service to you, Sir, pray drink to your left Hand Man, (which was Goodman *Guyver*.) Sir *Simon*, I donno care for Wine, an you will order me a Cup of good brown Beer——One Glaſs won't hurt you——Noa, noa, hurt me, there's no Danger of that; but, troth, I donno like the Taſte, and I love to drink a good Draught.

When the old Man had drunk his Mug of Beer, he ſaid, come, Madam *Andrews*, an you'll ſee auld *Jane*. I'll ſhew you the Way to my poor Habitation as I may ſay. My Father ſaying he would keep her Company, Sir *Simon* propoſed that we ſhould all walk down the Village, which Mr. *B*—— conſented to——Well, hark-ye then, Sir *Simon*, donno come till I have told *Jane*, that ſhe may get herſelf a little tydy you know. I am ſure I ſhall make her hugely glad, when I tell her that her auld Miſtreſs is here, and coming to ſee her; ſo I'll go firſt, you know the Way, and ſo do Maiſter and Madam *Andrews*. Sir *Simon* anſwered, it ſhould be as he liked.

Goodman *Guyver* had alarmed the Village, and my dear Parents were ſtopped to receive Compliments, (ſome of them accompanied with Tears of Joy) at leaſt a dozen times by old Men and Women, who had formerly known them. Goody *Guyver* embrac'd, kiſs'd, and wept over my Mother, and expreſs'd the tendereſt Affection to both

her and my Father; she kiss'd me over and over, and call'd me a little Angel; We staid near an Hour, for all who knew my Parents resorted thither——It was a Scene which highly delighted me, and Mr. *B*—— said he never was so well pleased with any.

Here, said he, is Gratitude, and friendly Affection among these honest People, without any Mixture of selfish Views; it is their Heart, not their Interest, which instructs their Tongues; and their Caresses are so many authentick Proofs of your good Parents worth. Pray when we go desire your Mother will slip these five Guineas into honest *Jane*'s Hand.

Soon after we were in Goodman *Giyver*'s House the Bells were set a ringing. On my asking the Reason, he said they rang for his good Master and Madam *Andrews*, and if so be that they had not rung he would have cut the Bell-Ropes. Mr. *B*—— sent the Ringers two Guineas.

We return'd to Sir *Simon*'s, where we staid at his earnest Request as long as we conveniently could to get home before it was dark. At our taking Leave he and his Lady promis'd to spend a whole Day with us very soon.

In our Return, this Discovery of my Father's was the Subject with which Mr. *B*—— entertain'd me; he was pleas'd, among other handsome Things, to say that my Parents concealing their Family, under the Necessities they were driven to, shew'd a sublime Way of thinking, and a Greatness of Soul, which spoke them both above giving their Esteem to any thing which was not of intrinsick Value; and he was satisfied they look'd upon Virtue alone as deserving to be so term'd.

Well, my dear *Jervis*, we got home safe, and I am sure the Satisfaction this Account must give

you

you will atone for the Length of this Diary. I wish my Lady *Davers* might be still kept in Ignorance of my Family, as Mr. *B*——— has already stood the Shock of her Reproaches, till I have by an observant Behaviour gained her Esteem, and she thinks me worthy to be call'd her Sister; to the End when she does me the Honour of that Appellation, her Brother may place it to the Account of her own Humility, and a tender Regard for him; I shall entreat him to conceal it from her, for this Reason.

She is a good Lady, tho' somewhat too violent; however, they are like hasty and sudden Showers, which are short, and follow'd by Sun-shine; set aside this Failing, and what Mortal is perfect? she is an excellent Lady, and a real Friend to the Poor.

I shall never forget her Goodness in offering to take me from her Brother to be the Shield of my Innocence; may she be rewarded for it hereafter; her Scituation sets her above any Returns I can make, but those of my Thanks and Prayers, which shall constantly be offered for her at the Throne of Grace. That good Lady's Charity will I doubt not cover the little, and only Defect that can be lain to her Charge.

O, what Rewards attend the liberal Hand, and bountiful Heart; nay, were there no other than the Satisfaction found in relieving the Wants of the Wretched, in making glad the Mournful, bidding Joy succeed to Grief, it is alone sufficient to overbalance all the insipid (falsely term'd) Pleasures the World affords.

Often have I, though, at that Time, but the Distributer of my Lady's Bounty, felt my Heart swell with inutterable Pleasure, with Joy unspeakable, which has broke forth in Tears, when her Charity has cloath'd the Naked, filled the hungry,

and sent seasonable Relief to the modest Poor, who chose rather to suffer than expose their Wants: and when I have heard their grateful Prayers offered to Heaven to draw down Blessings on their generous Benefactress.

O my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I have often reflected on the Blessing promised to the Rich in the Words, *the Poor shall not cease from among you.* They shall always have Opportunities of doing Good, and in giving Comfort, be immediately rewarded here with inward Satisfaction, and hereafter with immortal Glory.

Were it possible for the Miser to know the Pleasure which arises from conscious Virtue, he would think it cheaply purchased at the Price of much of that useless Gold he imprisons in his Coffers, and which in Revenge (as it were) imprisons him, for his Heart is locked up with his Hoards.

While I was in the midst of these Reflections my dear Master came in and surprized me; What are you writing, my dear *Pamela?*——A Letter to Mrs. *Jervis*, Sir.——Won't you indulge me with a Sight of it, you know I take a Pleasure in reading your Productions.——What can you imagine, Sir, can be entertaining in the trifling Accounts I give her of my Journey hither?——My dear *Pamela*, oblige me; may I take up and read this?——Sir, I wish you don't repent the Loss of Time you will bestow on it.

He read that Part first which I last wrote; and said, you are very good, my Angel, in forgiving my Sister thus generously; I own 'tis with Difficulty, though I love her tenderly, that I copy your Example.

O, my dear Sir, you are of too generous a Nature to be long angry. I have read that the Brave are the most humane, and I believe it, not only from

from what I have obſerved in your Temper, which my Duty obliges me to ſtudy; but alſo from the Reflection of a brave Heathen——What is that Reflection?——He ſays, that notwithſtanding the Perſon diſobliging him is not of the ſame Fleſh and Blood with himſelf, yet is he near of kin to him, as both their Minds are extracted from the ſame Deity: He is of Opinion, that it is not in the Power of any Man to do him a real Injury, and the Reaſon he aſſigns for it is; that no Man can force him to misbehave himſelf; wherefore he cannot find in his Heart to hate, or be angry with one of his own Nature and Family.

We are all, continues he, made for mutual Aſſiſtance, no leſs than the Parts of the Body are for the Service of the whole; from whence it follows, that Claſhing and Oppoſition are quite unnatural, and ſuch an unfriendly Diſpoſition is imply'd in Reſentment and Averſion.

By the Good-nature which reigns in this Heathen, I gueſs your Author is *Marcus Antoninus*; but, my dear Jewel, don't expect to find me rival the Virtues of that incomparable Prince——Why not, Sir, you have an Advantage over him?——I take you, my Darling; but he was a Heathen Chriſtian, and we are Chriſtian Heathens.

Don't include yourſelf, my dear Sir; the Age is too wicked, but there are a Number of good, and, no doubt, 'tis owing to their Piety that we feel not the avenging Wrath of a provok'd and tremendous God; yet ſo merciful, ſo compaſſionate, that could *Sodom* have afforded but ten righteous Perſons, he would have averted the impending Judgment, by which it was dreadfully deſtroy'd.

But, my dear Sir, you have made me digreſs from the Subject: Can you let a Heathen go beyond you in a Chriſtian Virtue; nay, the moſt amiable,

amiable, the Conqueſt of our Paſſions, in forgiving Inſults or Injuries?

No, my little dear Oratrix; I forgive my Siſter, and ſince you plead in her Behalf, I will be thoroughly reconciled ſooner than I intended.

I deſign'd to make her Pride ſuffer ſome Time, for fear of a Relapſe; but I can deny nothing, where ſuch Beauty and Goodneſs join in a Requeſt. ——I am ſure, Sir, my Lady's Goodneſs would not have allow'd your Reſentment to have been of long Duration. 'Tis true ſhe behaved with a Paſſion which did not become her good Senſe, or her Birth and Rank; and afterwards with a Haughtineſs, a Diſtance which was not ſuitable to the Character of your Wife; though my Lord made me amends in his Condeſcenſions to *Pamela*, and Complaiſance to her as Mrs. *B*——; but then, Sir, how great Provocation had you given her? when you reflect on the Cauſe, you will eaſily forgive the Effects.

Well, but my pretty Pratler, won't you let me ſee what you have written to Mrs. *Jervis*?—— Tho 'tis my Duty and Pleaſure to obey you, yet I own I would rather you would not look into this Trifle; beſide——beſide what? I dare ſay you have not treated me as harſhly in this as in your former Letters. No, Sir, but I am afraid you will be angry at one Expreſſion with regard to you, which I chid myſelf for.——Nay, you muſt not ſuffer twice for one Fault; if you have taken my Part againſt *Pamela*, I ought to reſt fully ſatiſfied. Is this Sheet I ſee all? no, it cannot be. Let me, my Charmer, have the foregoing Part.—— You ſhall have them all if you won't read them while I am by, and will promiſe me to ſhew them to no one elſe.——I except your Father and Mother.

I gave him the Papers, and he tenderly embracing me put them in his Pocket, saying they should be his Morning's Entertainment till Church-time.

Rachel is come to tell me Supper is going upon Table. Adieu, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

Friday and *Saturday* I staid at home; Mr. *B*—— diverted himself with sometimes taking the Air, sometimes reading; we had no Visitors.

Sunday my dear Master was up very early, and in about an Hour after he had been dressed, the Horses were ordered to the Door, and he and my Father took an Airing round the Grounds, as they have constantly done every Morning since we have been here: They return'd, and we sat down to Breakfast a little after Eight.

We chatted on different Things, till the Table was removed, when Mr. *B*—— said, my dear *Pamela*, you will I am sure be agreeably entertain'd at Church, for our young Curate is admired by all who hear him preach.

Sir, replied I, I had much rather be instructed in my Religion, and improved in my Morals, by Orthodox Doctrine, than have my Ears tickled with smooth Periods, and quaint Metaphors, delivered with proper Emphasis and Action.

But, my dear Critick, won't you allow that sound Doctrine deserves to be deck'd with all the Flowers of Rhetorick: Is a fine and a virtuous Lady less engaging if richly dress'd? In Answer, Sir, I must say, sound Doctrine does not want these Ornaments, these Flowers of Rhetorick. It's Sublimity sets it above all Embellishments, as Truth is most beautiful when naked. There is a majestic Loftiness in the plain Diction of the holy Scriptures, which none of your florid Orators can come up to: Your Simile I think a very good one; for as the Glare of Jewels and rich Cloaths will attract

track the Eyes of such as are surprized by their Lustre, in Prejudice to native Charms; so the Jingle of Words will draw the Attention of the Ignorant, who regarding the Smoothness of Stile, overlook the Instructions of the Doctrine convey'd in it.

You have turn'd the Simile against me; I find you are for a plain Discourse.

I must own I am pleased to see a Man of Learning descend to the Capacity of his Hearers, and more zealous for their Edification, than anxious for the Character of an eloquent Preacher.

I am then satisfied you will approve our young Curate, whose Diction carries with it this Beauty, it is intelligible to the meanest Capacity, and at the same time engages the Attention of the Learned; he never employs a foreign Word, if he can find an *English* one which carries the same Meaning; for Example, he would not use the Word *insuperable* for *invincible*, which every one is acquainted with; his Allegories are such as all understand, his Metaphors just, easy, and intelligible. Controversy, as it will not edify his Parishoners, he never meddles with. Metaphysicks he knows is of no Use to Husbandmen, and that it is his Duty to make them live up to the Dignity of human Nature, not his Business to puzzle them with abstruse Philosophy, and speculative Divinity.

That he may comply with this Duty, the excellent young Divine proves his Belief of the Doctrine he teaches by living up to it: He is ready at all Hours of the Night, without consulting the Weather, to attend and pray by the Sick; he visits his Parishoners often, examines their Families, instructs the ignorant in their Duty, catechises the Children every Week; if he hears of any Dissensions in the Parish, he makes it his Business to mediate

dote Peace, by representing to each Party what is required of them as Christians, whose Profession is Meekness, Forbearance, brotherly Love and Charity; and what they ought to do as Men of Sense, who will maturely weigh the probable Consequences before they undertake any thing.

He shews them the Inconveniencies and Expences of the Law, and lets them know they may as well decide their Difference, by leaving it to the Arbitration of honest and judicious Neighbours, as pay Attorneys Bills, Counsellors and Office Fees, to have the Sentiments of a Court: He is entirely void of Avarice, a rare Example of Humility, and charitable to the Extent of his Power.

The Rector of this Parish is extremely old, and as the Advowson is now in me, I intend to shew I admire his Virtues by encouraging them with the Living, (which is two hundred Pounds a Year) on the Death of the present Incumbent.

Pray, Sir, of what Country is this good young Clergyman?

He shall tell you himself, when you find a proper Opportunity to introduce the Question——What has he for serving the Cure?——Thirty Pounds; but my Lord —— to whom he is Chaplain, and who is very fond of him, allows, for his better Support, fifty Pounds a Year more.

When it was Time, our whole Family went to Church. I was dressed, because such was the Command of my dear and honour'd Master, in the richest Suit his Bounty had given me, and with all that Profusion of brilliant Diamonds derived to me from the same dear and liberal Hand.

Mr. *Brown*, which is the Name of this young Curate, so justly admired, read Prayers with great Devotion, and with an audible Voice; he afterwards made a fine Discourse on these Words. *So*

God created Man in his own Image, in the Image of God created he him: Male and Female created he them, which is the twenty-ſeventh Verſe of the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*.

He ſhew'd from this Text the Dignity of human Nature, and how Men ſink beneath that Dignity by Repinings or Murmurings at the Decrees of Providence; by Envy, Hatred or Revenge; by being ſubject to their Paſſions, by mean Evaſions, Tricks, or Falſhood; by not acting ſteadily, and with prudent Forecaſt, and by preferring temporal to eternal Advantages.

This Part of his Sermon he contraſted, and ſet to-View an oppoſite Procedure; he then ſhew'd how nearly all Mankind were related, having the ſame Origin, and their Souls being an Emanation from the ſame divine Breath: From hence he enforced the Duties of Humanity, Brotherly Love and Charity; and laſtly, he took an Opportunity from the latter Part of his Text, to admoniſh married People of their Duty.

This is a Summary of his Diſcourſe, delivered in a plain, but energetick Stile, which I thought beautifully engaging, his Action was eaſy and modeſt, and he ſeem'd eager that his Hearers ſhould practice the Chriſtian Virtues he had recommended (with a becoming Zeal.)

After Sermon, the Tenants and Free-holders, whom Mr. *B*—— had invited, came to our Houſe to Dinner; they were thoſe who had met us on the Road. Mr. *Brown* came and made a ſhort Compliment, but would have declined dining with us, as we had ſo many Gueſts. Mr. *B*—— however prevailed upon him.

A very plentiful Dinner was prepared, and every Man had his Option of Wine or ſtrong Beer. The Cloth being removed, Grace ſaid by Mr.

Mr. *Brown*, Bottles and Glaſſes were ſet upon the Table, and my Mother and I having drunk the Grace Cup, withdrew. Mr. *Brown* ask'd me, if he might intercede for a Diſh of Coffee. I anſwer'd, I fear'd Mr. *B*——— would be loath to part with ſuch good Company.

You ſay right, my Dear, replied my dear Maſter, were it not to oblige you: Order ſome Coffee, and when 'tis ready I will ſhew you I prefer your Satisfaction to my own, by ſending Mr. *Brown* to you. Sir, ſaid the Clergyman, you make me a Compliment which I cannot anſwer.

I ordered Coffee to be made as ſoon as poſſible, we having been ſo long at Table it was near Church-time.

Mr. *Brown* came, and I ask'd him if he intended us the Favour of an Afternoon Diſcourſe. He ſaid it was not cuſtomary; but as he had heard of the Invitation Mr. *B*——— had given the Tenants, knew they would return to the Houſe after Prayers; and apprehended the Effects of Mr. *B*———'s Hoſpitality on the one Hand, and the Greedineſs of the lower Claſs of Men for Liquor, when to be had at Free-coſt, on the other, he thought it incumbent on him to guard againſt theſe Effects, by keeping them as long as he could at Church, and to ſhew the Sin, Odiouſneſs, and (often fatal) Conſequence of this Swiniſh Vice, which debaſed the rational Man below the brute Creation, Swine only excepted: Wherefore he had compoſed a Diſcourſe on theſe Words, *Who hath Woe? who hath Sorrow? who hath Contentions? who hath Babling? who hath Wounds without Cauſe? who hath Redneſs of Eyes? They that tarry long at the Wine, they that go to ſeek mix'd Wine*———which are the twenty-ninth and thir-

tieth Verse of the twenty-third Chapter of *Proverbs*.

I thank'd *Mr. Brown* for the excellent Discourse he had given us in the Forenoon, and my Mother joined her Commendations: He answer'd, that our Approbation was very grateful to him, as he thought us above the mean Vice of Flattery; but indeed that he was a Subject too low to fear any Attack from that Quarter.

In his Afternoon Sermon, which cannot be too much commended, I took particular Notice of a pretty Remark, very properly introduced; namely, that the Name of *Bacchus*, the Heathens God of Wine, came from a * *Hebrew* Word, which is pretty near of the same Sound, and signifies *weeping*, or *Tears*; and that probably the Heathens had taken the Worship of *Bacchus* from the *Jews*, who they imagined worshipped that fictitious Deity, induced to that Belief by the golden † Vine weighing a thousand Talents, placed in their Temple, in Memory of that brought on two Men's Shoulders; this, said he, a *Roman* Author (whom he named) hints ‡, saying that *the Jews were supposed to worship* Bacchus, *the Conqueror of the East, because their*

* 'Tis possible this was one of the following,

בכות
בכות
בכו
בכית
} *Fletus.*

to which alludes the *Greek* Βαχχος *Ejulatus*.

† Numbers, C. xiii. v. 23.

‡ This Author we suppose is *Tacitus*, he has the very Words. *Sed quia sacerdotes eorum tibia tympaniſque concinebant, vitiſque aurea in templo reperta, liberum patrem coli domitorem Orientis quidam arbitrati ſunt.*

their Priests sang in Concert with Pipes and Timbrels, and a golden Vine was found in their Temple. Besides the Acclamations in the *Bacchanalian* Revels *Eleleu*, *Eleleu*, was probably from the *Hebrew Hallelujah*, and the *Greek** Word which signifies to keep the Feasts of *Bacchus* was derived from the *Hebrew Sabbath.*

The good Clergyman's Precautions were eluded, our Company came back, supped, and sat into drinking. My Father relieved Mr. *B*——, Mr. *Longman* relieved him again, and about twelve o'Clock the Company took Compassion on the Family, or more properly could drink no more; for several of them, as I have since heard, took a Nap on the Road, and let their Horses go home without them: had they gone home sober, Mr. *B*—— says, not one would have thought he had been made welcome.

Tho' my dear Mr. *B*—— had not drunk to intoxicate him, yet his regular Hours make him sensibly feel any accidental Excursion; he lay till twelve the next Day, and when he was dressed look'd I don't know how-ish: 'Tis a terrible Thing, said he, that a Man must be enslaved to a Custom, which makes him a Slave to Brutes; had I not kept these Hog-troughs Company, and given them as much *Wash* as the Swines could suck up, I should have had the Character of a proud and a stingey Man. How, my *Pamela*, does your worthy Father, poor Gentleman, I am sure he suffered upon my Account? Have you heard any thing of honest *Longman?* I saw he too had Compassion on me. I told him neither of them had appeared.

Just as I had made this Answer my Father came into the Parlour. Dear Sir, said Mr. *B*—— I

* No doubt βακχεύειν, *bacchari.*

thank the Charity you shew'd me last Night; but I fear you have suffered by it. —— Really, Sir, I pity'd you, and though I abhor drinking to Excess, I thought it might do me less hurt than you, as my Blood, cooled with Age, is not so soon inflamed: I did pretty well; for the honest Farmers did not mind how I fill'd my Glass, though they every one in particular took care to fill Brimmers, which both Mr. *Longman* and myself encouraged, as we were by Turns upon Duty, for we saw they would be drunk, and I thought the sooner the better, that the Family might go to rest.

Indeed, Mr. *Andrews*, this is being *sadly merry*. My lovely *Pamela*, won't you give us some Coffee? *Jonathan*, (he happened to go through the Hall, and my dear Life saw him, for the Door was open) see if Mr. *Longman* is awake. Go softly, and don't disturb him if he sleeps: If he is stirring, tell him we are going to drink Coffee. *Jonathan* return'd, and said Mr. *Longman* was dress'd, and coming down: Then order the Coach, we'll take an Airing on —— Heath, and let Dinner be ready by Four; do you hear, speak to the Cook. My dear *Pamela*, you and your Mother will dine at your usual Hour, you ought not to suffer for the Debaucheries of your Husbands.

I am glad to see you so pleasant; how many Ladies would be overjoy'd to hear their Husbands call your last Night's Compliance with Custom a Debauchery; We will dine with you if you please, and take an Airing too in *Blunt*'s Coach. —— No, my dear, I believe your own may be the safer of the two. Mr. *Andrews*, *Longman*, and I will go in *Blunt*'s, and I'll beg the Favour of Mr. *Brown* to keep you Company, he has travelled, and if you put him upon giving you an Account of his Observations in *France* and *Italy*, it will by so much

much be more entertaining than what you may hear from other Travellers, as you may be satisfied he will tell you nothing but what is strictly corresponding with the Truth.

Father, your Daughter has never seen *Maidstone*; what think you if we should give ourselves a Loose, drive thither, and dine at the Star?——Sir, that is just as you shall please: I am sure my Daughter will agree chearfully to whatever is agreeable to you.——I know her so good, I dare say she will. Mr. *Longman* came; *John* was sent to entreat the Favour of Mr. *Brown* to make this little Excursion with us; *Colbrand* ordered to go to the Star at *Maidstone* to bespeak a Dinner to be ready at Four; we sat down to our Coffee. Word being brought that the Coaches were ready, Mr. *B*—— bid them wait at the Gate to prevent Visitors, at least long Visits; and as only the Servants which were hired for my Parents, and one of my Maids were to stay at home, the design'd Dinner was forbid, there being a great Abundance of cold Meat in the House, which Mr. *B*—— ordered to be given to the Poor, after they had dined.

The Rev. Mr. *Brown* was so complaisant that he came with the Messenger. The first Compliment pass'd, he enquired after our Healths with a friendly Concern. I am afraid, said he, your Family suffered last Night. Really, Sir, replied Mr. *B*——, I wish my Guests had had more regard to your Doctrine.——I was afraid your Cellar, Sir, would prove too hard for my Pulpit.

When we were in the Coach I told Mr. *Brown*, that Mr. *B*—— had inform'd me of his having travelled, that doubtless he had made some curious Remarks, which would be very entertaining, if he would please to communicate them.

Madam,

Madam, replied he, my Judgment was not ripe enough to make Remarks worthy of Relation. I set out at Eighteen, and was indeed three Years making the Tour of *Europe*, with the present Lord ——, to whom I have the Honour to be Chaplain. His Lordſhip's Father was then alive, and to him (whoſe Memory will be ever dear to me) I owe my Education; his Charity took me from my Parents, (who could have brought me up to Day Labour only) and gave me a liberal one, which, with the preſent Lord's Bounty, is not only a comfortable, but a genteel Support: But what Remarks could my Youth make worth reading?——Are you then of this County, Sir?——I am, Madam, and the Son of a poor Farrier, by my late Lord's Charity taken into his Houſe; by his Humanity, enjoining his Chaplain to take Care of my Learning, brought up in the Study of polite Literature, and nurtured in the Paths of Virtue, and by his extenſive Liberality ſent to *Oxford*, to perfect my Studies, where his Lordſhip allow'd me every thing neceſſary to that End.

At Eighteen he recall'd me to wait on his Son in his Travels, a farther Inſtance of the Goodneſs of my Patron, whom I had not the Pleaſure to ſee again; his Lordſhip paying the Debt of Nature, when his Son, the worthy Inheritor of his Virtues, as well as Eſtate and Title, was at *Paris*.

To this young Nobleman's Bounty I ſtand alſo greatly indebted: May the Almighty repay his Goodneſs with every temporal Bleſſing, while on Earth, and crown him with eternal Glory hereafter. Theſe my ſincere grateful Prayers will, I hope, be heard, as my Lord's good Senſe, and virtuous

Education

Education make him prefer the permanent to the perishable.

He lives as one who has always his End in View, and I dare say his Lordship has. He is extremely just in his Dealings; so remarkable for his Veracity, that his Word is looked upon infallible; no Tradesman ever asked him twice for his Money; no Tenant ever complain'd of Hardships, and no Poor ever went unrelieved from his Gate.

He has indeed a great Estate, and puts the better Part of his Revenue every Year to Interest: I mean, Madam, he distributes it in Charity, for he looks upon himself rather the Steward of the Poor than the absolute Lord of his Possessions.

I am quite charmed with the Character you have given of this young Nobleman, as I am satisfied, from that Mr. *B*—— has given the Rev. Mr. *Brown*, it is without Mixture of Flattery, and what my Lord has really merited.

Madam, could I be guilty of that groveling Vice, which is the Indication of a weak and servile Mind, or were I, on the other Hand, capable to be awed into Silence, when the Interest of Religion, the Service of my God bids me *cry aloud, and spare not*, I should be unworthy the Cloth I wear.

Really, Sir, our degenerate Age has need of resolute Monitors.——Madam, I am of Opinion, from what I have observed in the small Compass of my reading, that the World has been pretty much the same. *Solomon* reproves many Vices and Follies, now daily practised, and I believe this Generation is as virtuous as the preceding, or more properly speaking, not more vicious; but we are more affected with what we see and feel, than by what we read, and are therefore apt to

compliment

compliment the paſt Age at the Expence of the preſent.

Indeed, Sir, ſaid my Mother, my Obſervation in a long Courſe of Years has convinced me of the Truth of what you ſay.——But, Sir, ſaid I, won't you favour me with ſome Account of your Travels, I am almoſt aſſured you took Notes.

I did ſo, Madam; but I ſhould be aſhamed any but myſelf ſaw them. However, to ſhew your Ladyſhip with what Readineſs I ſhall always obey any Commands of yours, I will tell you a remarkable ſhort Story, in which you will find my good Lord and Patron the Inſtrument of divine Providence to relieve and reward diſtreſs'd Virtue. On my Saying he would highly oblige me, he began as follows.

Venaſſin is a Country under the Juriſdiction of the Pope, bordering on *France*; the Metropolis is *Avignon*. There are Courts of Juſtice eſtabliſh'd for the terminating all Diſputes, but the Sentence paſs'd in them is not without Appeal to the Superior Court of Judicature at *Rome*, which occaſions ſuch who think that they have not had Juſtice done them to repair thither.

A certain Lady of Diſtinction, litigious and violent in her Nature, having loſt a Suit, and thinking herſelf greatly injured, lodged her Appeal, and ſet out for *Rome* to ſolicit her Cauſe in Perſon, attended according to her Rank and Fortune.

She went to *Marſeilles*, and took Shipping for *Genoa*, deſigning from thence to take Advantage of ſome other Veſſel to paſs to *Leghorn*, or to *Civita Vecchia*; ſhe remain'd ſome time at *Genoa* before ſuch an Opportunity for her Paſſage offered, which, as ſhe was impatient under Diſappointments, made her grow intolerably peeviſh, and vent her Paſſion upon her innocent Servants.

At

At length she met with a Vessel, and agreed for her Passage, on the Master's assuring her he would depart in few Days; but he, who had not got his full Lading, and minded his Interest more than his Word given, procrastinated so long, that the Lady was quite out of Patience, for which, as I have said, her poor Servants suffer'd.

One Day the Girl who waited at her Toilet, named *Beatrix*, did not dress her Head to please her, which occasion'd a Storm of hard Words to shower on the Offender, who at length provoked, having more Spirit than Prudence, answer'd, that it was in vain to endeavour at pleasing her Ladyship; that she had tried all possible Means to do it, but she seem'd resolv'd to find Fault with every thing.

The Lady was so irritated with the Pertness of this Answer, that she rose in a Passion, and began to cuff the poor Servant, who took to her Heels to avoid the Effects of her Fury.

The Lady with Rage, in Pursuit of her flying Servant, did not see, but tumbled over a Stool that stood in the Way, and cut a deep Gash over one of her Eyebrows, against the Corner of the Chamber Door.

This Misfortune was charged to the Account of the poor *Beatrix*, who, she insisted, had purposely placed the Stool in her Way. Her Resentment was so very great, that she not only refused to admit her to her Presence; but when the Vessel was ready to set sail, her Baggage being all on board, she departed, leaving *Beatrix* behind, without paying her Wages, or ordering any thing to carry the poor Girl to her Parents. This was a severe, if not a cruel Punishment of a Servant's Sauciness.

Her

Her Miſtreſs, and the other Servants gone, pennyleſs *Beatrix* was turn'd out of Doors by the good-natured Inn-keeper, with whom her Lady had lodg'd and dieted, while ſhe waited for a Paſſage.

She was in a very melancholy Situation, a Stranger to the Language and Country, beſide without one Penny of Money to aſſiſt her, turn'd into the Streets to ſhift as ſhe could. She burſt into a Flood of Tears, and recommending herſelf to the divine Protection, to that God who never fails thoſe who put their Truſt in him, reſolved to go to the Hoſpital; in viſiting the Town with her Lady, as ſhe had been to view that, among other publick Buildings, ſhe luckily remembred the Way.

When ſhe got thither, ſhe was carried to the Governors, being known a Stranger: Upon entering the Room ſhe threw herſelf upon her Knees, pour'd forth a Torrent of Tears, wringing her Hands, and when her Grief would allow Utterance to her Words, told her deplorable Story in *French*, and begg'd they would charitably take her into their Protection, till ſhe could find Means to return to *Provence*, her Country, with ſome ſingle Lady or Family of Credit.

None of the Governors underſtanding *French*, they ſent for one of the Invalids, who was a *Frenchman*, and ſpoke good *Italian*, he ſerved her both for an Interpreter and Solicitor.

When he had recounted her Misfortune, he repreſented the Dangers to which her Beauty (ſhe was indeed very pretty) might expoſe her Innocence, ſolicited on the one Hand; and impelled by Want on the other, if their Humanity did not take her into their generous Protection.

The

The Governors answer'd, that none but the Diseased and Wounded could be admitted into the Hospital; as neither of these was her Case, it would be a Breach of Trust in them to receive her. However, as they heartily commiserated her unhappy Circumstances, they would, out of their own particular Purse, take care that she should want no Necessaries of Life, and put her into the Hands of a devout old Woman, where she might be skreen'd from all Dangers apprehended, till an Opportunity offered for her returning to her own Country in Safety.

This News changed the Cause of her Tears, which now flow'd from Joy and Gratitude; she begg'd her Interpreter, as she was at a Loss for Words, to express the Sense she had of their Generosity, for her, in Terms, if such there were, adequate to their Bounty and Compassion, and to her Thankfulness.

The Governors sent for an old Woman, who used occasionally to attend the Sick in the Hospital, and was remarkable for Devotion, Industry and Poverty, having no Support, but from her Labour, or nursing of sick Persons.

To the Care of this Woman, who spoke *French*, the Governors recommended the poor lately deserted *Beatrix*, giving her Money, bidding her see she wanted nothing necessary to support Nature; to be frugal in her Management, acquaint them when the Sum they then gave her was expended, and they would furnish her with more.

The thankful *Beatrix* took Leave of her good Benefactors, and with a light Heart follow'd the old Woman, who was called *Mona Bencoglio*, to her House, which, though meanly furnish'd, was in very neat Order. *Mona* signifies Dame or Goody.

The first thing *Beatrix* did after she had enter'd this Azyle, was to throw herself on her Knees, and thank her Creator, whose Providence is over all his Works, for having inspired her with the Thought of applying to the Governors of the Hospital, and them, with Compassion for her distressed Condition.

As she was going to the Hospital wringing her Hands and crying, several with seeming Pity offered her, by Signs, a Retreat in their respective Dwellings; but she fear'd this outside Shew of Humanity might be a Covering to some Design upon her Virtue, and therefore continued her Way, resolved rather to perish by Want than live with Infamy. Glorious Resolution, cried I! and such as can never fail of Protection and Reward from the God of Purity.

The Sequel, Madam, of this little History will make good the Justness of your Observation. *Beatrix*, who was a Stranger to the *Italian* Manners and Customs, where Lubricity is cover'd with a Veil of Modesty, behaved as if she had been in her own Country, where the Women are gay and innocent; the little Freedoms they take are not imputed to their Levity, and where it is found a greater Difficulty to corrupt a young Girl, who will accept of a Treat and the Fiddles, than an *Italian* Matron with her Rosary in one Hand, and Manual in the other.

Beatrix, I say, Madam, behaved with that Liveliness and Gaiety peculiar to her Nation, went to Church Mornings and Evenings, and exposed herself at the Window, not dreaming of any Consequences attending this Procedure that could give her Uneasiness.

As she was (I have already told your Ladyship) very pretty, she soon had a Number of Admirers, who

who by her Behaviour (as at *Genoa* a Woman shewing herself to a Man at a Window, is interpreted to be an Approbation of his Pursuit) flattened themselves they should succeed in their Views.

Mana Bencoglio, who observed what passed unregarded by the innocent *Beatrix*, let her Interest prevail over her Devotion, or more justly speaking, thinking that by the means of *Beatrix* she might put an End to her Poverty, judged it a proper Time to take off her religious Mark, and sell her Cloak of Hypocrisy to the best Bidder.

Among others whom she observed enamoured of the pretty *French* Woman, watching her Window, and following her to and from the Church, she particularly remark'd two young Gentlemen of considerable Fortunes; Signor *Varini*, and Signor *Palavicino*.

These she singled out as the properest for her Turn, and resolved of these two, to favour him who should be the more generous in his Offer.

They were a couple of young Rakes, inseparable Companions, and made a Glory of their Debaucheries. These two, finding themselves Rivals for the Favour of *Beatrix*, agreed to leave it to the Choice of their Idol to determine which of the two should be the happy Man; engaging, when he who had the Preference should be satiated with the Possession of her Beauty, that he should resign her to the other.

This Engagement being entered into, they were to take their Turns to endeavour to gain the old Woman, that they might have Admittance to *Beatrix*, whom they esteemed an easy Conquest, if the Obstacle of her Guardian could be removed.

Mona Bencoglio having taken the above Resolution, was determined to lay hold of the first Op-

portunity that offered to speak to one or both of these Gentlemen. The next Morning, as she wish'd, she saw Signor *Varino* follow her and *Beatrix* at a little Distance: When they were near the Church Door, she bid her *Ward* go in, and turning to *Varino*, said,

It is some time, Signor, that I have observed you very vigilant about my House, and a constant Attendant on me and my Ward to and from Church. I have not lived to this Day ignorant of the Designs of lewd young Gentlemen upon innocent and handsome Virgins; but give me Leave to tell you, that your Pursuits are here as vain as they are surprizing; for if the Freedom of that young Creature's Behaviour, which is natural to her Country, may have given you some Encouragement, the known Severity of *Mona Bencoglio*'s Life, one constant Series of Acts of Devotion, ought to have dash'd your presumptuous Hopes.

Heav'ns! cried *Varino*, are you the pious *Mona Bencoglio*, that Model of Christian Virtues? I am said she, and as you know my Character, I hope you will desist from your wicked Intentions, and put an End to the Trouble you cause me, in being always upon my Guard: Saying this, she turn'd from him, and went hastily into the Church, and kneeled by *Beatrix*.

At their Return home *Mona Bencoglio* said, my dear Child, you innocently do a great deal of Mischief. It is impossible for the Men to see, and not be enamoured with your Beauty; wherefore I advise you not to be so often at the Window, for I assure you there are more than one deeply in Love with you; when I desired you to step before me into the Church I reproved one of them.

Here

Here she told *Beatrix* what I have related to your Ladyship of her Discourse with *Varino*; 'tis from the Mouth of that Girl that I learn'd it. ——The old Woman proceeded, I sent one home with a Flea in his Ear.

'Tis true he is of a good Family, handsome in his Person, very rich, very much in Love; and with all your Beauty you are left forlorn in a strange Country, supported by a scanty Charity, which is but sufficient to keep in Life; but notwithstanding the Strength of the Temptations on one Hand, and the low Condition to which you are reduced on the other, I have such an Opinion of your Virtue, that I dare say you will continue to relie on the Protection of Providence.

'Tis true, my Dear, you may set what Price you will on your Charms, keep a luxurious Table, be deck'd in Jewels, have your Servants and your Litter to attend you, and your present Wants would in great measure, if not entirely, excuse you to the World; but then, my dear Child, what are all these Vanities, they will pass away as a Dream, and we must die at last. God sees, and we must account for our Lives.

'Tis true, you may say that he sees your Wants too, and if you take a false Step in providing for your present Ease and Plenty, you may repent Time enough; indeed there is much in that; no doubt very great Sinners have gone to Heaven by means of Repentance.

Well, 'tis hard; I should be loath you should lose a present Advantage, and hinder your stepping out of Penury into Plenty; but then, my dear Child, Eternity! Well, I shall not trouble you with Advice, remember we are to live hereafter. I commit you to the Protection of the

Saints; let nobody come into the House in my Absence, I am obliged to go out on Business.

Saying this she shut the Door after her. The chequer'd Discourse *Mona Bencoglio* held to *Beatrix*, and in which she fancy'd she saw more of the Devil than the Saint, gave her some Alarms, but again, when she reflected on her constant Devotions, her honest Industry, and great Poverty, she flatter'd herself the mention of her Wants on the one Side; and of Advantages, on the other, was only to make Trial of her Virtue.

Returning from Church, the next Day *Varina* came up to them, and said, *Mona Bencoglio*, I beg the Favour of a Word with you in private. Go Tempter, replied the old Woman, I know the Naughtiness of your Heart, and that you can have no Business with me that's good; consequently not worth my Attention, Thorns bring forth not Figs.

Remember, answer'd *Varina*, that it is the Duty of a Christian, to judge favourably of our Neighbour. If my former Life has given you Ground to judge disadvantageously of my Morals, I have never acted after a Manner, that would give the World Reason to think, I want common Sense, and I am sure no one that has common Sense, would dare to offer any Thing to the devout *Mona Bencoglio*, but what the most austere Virtue might listen to: But, since you will not do me the Favour of speaking to you in private, which Request proceeded from my being unwilling to sound a Trumpet when I give Alms, I must tell it you before this *Signora*.——O you may say what you will in her hearing, she does not understand one Word in twenty.——Adieu dear *Jervis*.

Thursday.

Thurſday. I muſt then tell you, virtuous *Benedoglio*, that ſtung with Remorſe on a Retroſpection of my paſt Life, I immediately went, and made a general Confeſſion of all my Follies and Immoralities. My Father Confeſſor order'd me for Penance, to give an hundred Crowns in Charity.

Now, as I know not where to beſtow this Money, that it may be diſtributed among the greateſt Objects of Compaſſion, I beg you will take it, as your Charity makes you daily viſit the Diſtreſs'd, and beſtow it where you think it is moſt wanted.

Believe me, *Signore*, I have much ado to refrain from Tears of Joy, at the bleſſed Change. O may you never relapſe.——I hope not, and the Way to keep ſteady in the right Path, is often to converſe with ſuch, whoſe Lives are an Example worthy to be copied after, and as there are none excel you in good Works, I beg you will ſometimes allow me, to pay you a friendly and religious Viſit.

Signore, *Signore*, have you no other View in this? Is not this ſudden Change to impoſe upon my Credulity, and to carry on ſome wicked Deſign againſt this Innocent, who is under my Care?——*Mona Benedoglio*, your over-Care makes you uncharitable. I own to you, I look upon her Beauty with Pleaſure and Surprize; but with Thoughts pure as a Veſtal. Nay, the viewing her inſpires me with Thoughts divine, and when I look upon her Beauty, it makes me reflect with religious Fear on the Giver of it. Who can contemplate any of the beautiful Works of the Creation, without giving Glory to the Creator? No, good *Mona Benedoglio*, I carry my Views beyond tranſitory Pleaſures, and I can ſee the Charms of your whole Sex, as in this *Signora*, united in one, without

without Desire; at least any, but what is allow'd holy and honourable. Wherefore, I hope your Suspicions will cease, and you will allow me to profit by your Conversation.

Really *Signore*, you speak with such Zeal, that I must, I will believe you,——give me Leave then to send in a Supper to your House this Evening.——Why this Evening?——Because as I have lately seen my Errors, and resolved upon a new Course of Life, your Conversation will conduce to confirm me in it.——Well *Signore*, since that is your Reason, I can't refuse you.

To convince you of the Sincerity and Purity of my Intentions, I will, if you permit it, bring with me *Signor Polcevicino*, who also, grown satiated with the Extravagancies of Youth, designs to leave the World, and retire to a Convent. He has Brothers to inherit his Estate, and keep up his Name: But I who think it possible to lead a religious Life, though in the Hurry of the World, and am the only Male of my House, should injure our Family, if I did not endeavour to perpetuate it, by entering into the holy State of Matrimony.

Your offering to bring your Friend, is to me, a farther Proof, that you have no ill Designs, he shall be welcome.

When they got Home, *Mona Bencoglio* repeated to *Beatrix* all that had pass'd in this Conversation, and added, I would have willingly refused his Supper, but then I should have shewn a Distrust of your Virtue, of my own Vigilance, and of his Sincerity. Besides, as you are but poorly kept, and have no Diversions, I thought a good Supper and chearful Company, might enliven you, and compensate for your being confined to that alone of an old Woman, whose Mind being more on

Heaven

Heaven than on Earth, cannot be very entertaining to one of your Age. Well, Heavens be praised for this miraculous Reformation. Miracles are not ceased, as the Protestants say, here is a Proof to the contrary.

Beatrix said, the Devil, I have heard, can transform himself, and appear as an Angel of Light, and there are Men, ay, and Women too, who are wicked enough to have God in their Mouths, while they have *Lucifer* in their Hearts; who, make a stalking Horse of, and cover themselves with Religion, to perpetrate the greatest Villanies. I greatly doubt this sudden Fit of Devotion, in two young Gentlemen who have not, you acknowledge, liv'd up to the strictest Morals. Don't attribute my Apprehension of a Design to any Vanity, I am not so silly as to think my Form any Thing uncommon, neither am I so ungrateful to Providence, not to thank him, that I am not deform'd or ugly: It is to the Character young Gentlemen bear, who give the Reins to their Passions, that you ought to impute my Fears. Youth with such, will compensate for the Want of Beauty, and if once a Desire is kindled, which I have been told they rather indulge than endeavour to stifle, and thus blow it to a Flame, they will stick at nothing, however unlawful, to gratify their Inclinations. I wish I may be deceived in my ill Opinion of the Gentleman who gave you the Gold. You have heard the Proverb, *when the Fox preaches beware the Geese.*

Well replied *Mona Bencoglio*, your Fears, tho' I hope ill grounded, are of this Advantage, they will make me more circumspect; and if they are just, our young Gentleman will have the Confusion to find his Mine countermin'd, and that Hypocrisy

pocrisy is too weak to oppose real Virtue and Piety.

If he has any base Design, the greater will our Triumph, and his Mortification be, but I think it impossible. Sure no Man, notwithstanding the Characters given you, can dare to make Use of Religion to mask his sensual Appetites: For, as there is none stupid enough to deny a God, so they must fear an avenging Thunderbolt from Heaven, to punish the Affront done to divine Majesty.

But my dear *Beatrix*, his Behaviour this Evening will put us out of Doubt, and determine our refusing or admitting his Visits for the future. Perish his Entertainments, if the Devil must enter with the Sop.

This Discourse removed the Suspicions *Beatrix* had entertain'd to the Disadvantage of *Mons. Bencoglio*, and she believed her the pious good Woman she endeavour'd to be thought.

I am afraid, my good Lady, my repeating this little History so minutely, may make it savour of Romance; but that it may not lose its Credit, or I the Opinion you honour me with of a Regard for Truth, I am to inform you that these Confabulations were all repeated by *Beatrix* to an Interpreter, and by him to the Magistrates, while I was present; so that I heard them twice, once in *French*, once in *Italian*; that I have a happy Memory, and being touch'd with the Story, I committed it to Paper.

If it was not presuming too much, replied I, upon your Complaisance, I should beg a Copy of it. Madam, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, you can't oblige me more, than in offering any Opportunity of contributing to your Satisfaction.

Poor

Poor *Beatrix*, said my Mother, I am under some Apprehensions for her. But, dear Sir, continue your Story, I assure you it is very entertaining.—Indeed, Madam, replied Mr. *Brown*, 'tis a Pleasure to me to hear you say so, and in Hopes the Sequel will not be less agreeable I will proceed, if you had not rather defer it to our Return; for we are not far from the Town, and I may be obliged to break off in the most affecting Part of my Story.

That, said I, would be a little mortifying, besides as I sympathise with poor *Beatrix*, who appears a Girl of good Sense, and as I fear the Difficulties her Story will make her struggle with are near at Hand, I would methinks retard them some little Time, lest, as you say, Sir, our Arrival at the Town may make you leave off, before she has overcome them, (as I conclude she did from the Beginning of your Story) and given me the Pleasure of sympathising with her, in the Joy of her Deliverance.

Madam, said he, you will see the visible Protection of Heaven, which is the Shield and Avenger of injured Innocence, in the unexpected Succour given this Maid, when she, in a Manner, despaired of all. But as the wise Man says, *the Eyes of the Lord are in every Place, beholding the wicked and the good.*

Did we all seriously reflect, Madam, on this Omnipresence of God, his Power to punish, and his Goodness to reward, what Harmony would such a Reflection introduce? None would then harbour a Thought which ought to shun the Light, as we should always bear in Mind, that all the Secrets of our Hearts lie open to the Sight of the Almighty, whose Eyes can behold no Impurity.

Meek-

Meekneſs, Brotherly Affection, and Charity would baniſh from the World, Pride, Hatred, Revenge, and all Selfiſhneſs. Why, my dear Madam, we ſhould become new Creatures, and I don't know if our Virtues would not, even in this Life, admit us to the Converſation of Angels, of which, it has been the Opinion of ſome learned Men, our Sins alone debar us.

Sir, ſaid my Mother, I fear ſuch a Reformation is rather to be wiſh'd than expected.

Yet, Madam, anſwer'd *Mr. Brown*, if we would follow the Dictates of our Reaſon, every Man ought to endeavour at this Reformation, as it is both eaſy, and for his preſent and future Intereſt. Certainly the good Man is much the happier Man, even in this Life.

A good Conſcience is a continual Feaſt. With how much more Peace of Mind muſt the honeſt fair Man paſs his Life, than he whoſe Villanies always employ his Brain for Shifts and Tricks to conceal them; and is forced to plunge into new Crimes, to cover former Rogueries. Such a one muſt be conſtantly uneaſy in his Mind; muſt be on the Rack, alarm'd by Apprehenſions, and guarding againſt Detection. He can never enjoy comfortable Reſt in his Bed. But, Madam, as there is no ſolid Body, without its attendant Shade, ſo is there no Vice without its certain Puniſhment, even in this Life; this is ſo well known, and Vice has made ſo many (I may ſay) Martyrs to the Devil, that I need not deſcend to Particulars.

'Tis, Sir, replied my Mother, but too melancholy a Truth, that ſome ſuffer more to go to the Devil, than any of the Hermits of former Ages did to gain Heaven.

How

sibly enough to procure you a Ship.----Sir, I don't know how to thank you for this Goodness; and to convince you, that I believe 'tis from a Man of Honour that I receive the Invitation and Offer of Service, I will do my self that, of paying you my Respects.

The Officer wou'd stay no longer than the drinking a single Bottle after Supper. We went to Bed early, and were in the Coaches by Seven in the Morning. When we had got off the Stones, I desired Mr. *Brown* wou'd give us the Sequel of *Beatrix*'s Story.

Madam, said he, I left *Beatrix* in a good Opinion of *Mona Bencoglio*; the Discourse which I have already repeated, ended; they went together to *Vespers* or *Evening Prayers*. Soon after their return home, an elegant Supper was sent in, which *Varino* and *Palavicino* immediately followed: They behaved with great Decency, and their Conversation (for which *Bencoglio* served as Interpreter) was modest and lively; they withdrew early, and desired Leave to repeat their Visits. To this *Beatrix*, who began, from their Behaviour, to dismiss her Fears, was not averse.

Just before they took Leave, *Palavicino* said, Good *Mona Bencoglio*, your virtuous Life and low Circumstances are so well known, that I have wonder'd, the one being so much admired, the other should not be bettered; but the Generality of Mankind are more ready to give their Praise, than part with their Money; wherefore I beg you will accept this Purse, which your Merit gives you a just Title to,——preferably to many others who find Relief, from their want of that Modesty which prevents your Application for Relief.

Mona Benceglio had the Modesty to accept the Purse, as she knew it would have been ill Manners to dispute the Commands of a Superior.

After the two Gentlemen were gone, she told *Beatrix* in what a handsome Dress *Palavicino* had cloathed his Charity, and counting the Contents of the Purse, found fifty Crowns.

That Night, the Praise of these young Gentlemen employed her Tongue, till it was silenced by Sleep. The next Day they went to Church pretty early, *Varino* kneel'd near them, and held *Mona Benceglio* in discourse all the Time of Mass; it afterwards appear'd, that then she struck her Bargain for the betraying *Beatrix* into *Varino*'s Hands; for he and *Palavicino* had drawn Cuts who should first have Possession of her, and Chance had determined for him. The Price she stood upon, and paid her, was four hundred Crowns.

At their Return home, *Benceglio* told *Beatrix* that *Varino* had proposed to her a little Party of Pleasure on the Water, as far as *Sestri*, about five or six Miles from *Genoa*, where he had a fine Country House, but that she had rejected the Proposal; for, my dear, said she, though I am with you, and should be a sufficient Protection against any base Designs, (I dare answer the good Gentleman has none) yet if this innocent Excursion should be talk'd of, as the World is extremely censorious, our Innocence would clear neither you nor me, and we ought to take Care, not only to be virtuous, but also to save Appearances.

Beatrix reply'd, that she had done mighty prudently; and her Precaution was such as might be expected from her Character. My dear, said she, we can't be too much upon our Guard. Reputation once lost, is hardly, if ever, retrieved. Indeed, Virtue is in the Opinion of some, no other

than

than the Judgment the World makes of our Conduct: That is, in other Words, all Virtue consists in Prudence. A Woman who is really innocent, if her Behaviour causes the Censure of the World is no longer virtuous; whereas she who gives a Loose to her Passions, and gratifies Desire, or indulges to her Interest, while she acts with Precaution, shall carry the Reputation of a Vestal to the Grave with her.

True, *Mona Benceglin*, we ought to give no Ground for Censure, replied *Beatrix*; but I think we ought also to have as much Complaisance and Regard for ourselves as for the World, and do nothing which may bring us under the Reproach of our own Conscience.

Ay, my Dear, that thing call'd Conscience has often given me occasion for Reflection, for what is represented by it as criminal with one, is not view'd in the same Light by another.——I mean that the Conscience of another shall either think it no Crime, a Matter of Indifference, or possibly lawful, nay commendable: for Example, a zealous Turk would think it a very great Crime to drink Wine; a Christian esteems the drinking Wine lawful: Again, the Conscience of a Christian, who had married two or more Wives, while his first was living, would reproach him as having committed a very heinous Crime; and the Conscience of a Turk, who had as many Wives as he could maintain, would be very easy on this score. The Conscience of a *Roman* Catholick would trouble him if he neglected Confession at *Easter*; the Conscience of a Protestant tells him 'tis a political, unnecessary Imposition; whence I conclude, and I think, with Reason, that Conscience is the Prejudice of Education; were it other, it would be the same in all Men, of what-

ever Sect or Nation. I may lay the same of Virtue; I mean Chastity in our Sex, which we prize so highly, that many among us to preserve it will suffer all the Inconveniencies of Life. In the *East-Indies* I have heard that a Widow who takes a second Husband is esteem'd as infamous, as with us the most common Prostitute, and yet in *Europe* she who has had three or four Husbands suffers nothing in regard to her Chastity, notwithstanding these repeated Marriages are, to me, a strong Indication of Lubricity. Concubines were allow'd among the *Jews*, the chosen People of God: *David*, who is particularly distinguish'd as a Man after God's own Heart, and his Son *Solomon*, deem'd the wisest among Mortals, had a great Number of these kept Mistresses; and we may conclude, that neither the religious, nor the wise King would have entertain'd them, if it had been criminal in the Sight of God, on either their or the Women's Side.

Beatrix, who repeated to me this Harangue, knew not well what to answer; tho' she made a right Judgment from it of *Mona Bencogni*. She replied, that if others were in Error, they had the more Reason to thank God, who had afforded them greater Light. That if there were any People who now worshipped Stones, Reptiles, or the Works of their own Hands, it could not be made use of as an Argument, that a Christian ought to follow an Example, which should move his Pity for their Blindness. That before her Argument could be admitted, the Christian Religion must be given up; and as to the Point of the *Jews* being allow'd Concubines, she might remember that temporal Enjoyments were, under the Law, the only Promises of Reward for their Virtues; but that revealed Religion taught a more sublime

Doctrine,

Doctrine, and rewarded such as adhered to it not with transitory, but eternal Blessings.

Signor *Varino* came in as *Beatrix* had done speaking, and *Benceglio* told him the Subject they were upon. He came up pretty close to the Object of his Desire, and by his Interpretress said, that he never found Religion had the Power to get the better of a natural Byass, even in those who made Profession of conquering their Appetites, carrying on an incessant War against Sensuality, and retiring from the World, had vow'd Obedience, Chastity and Poverty: for he had observed as much Pride, Luxury, and Concupiscence among the profess'd Religious, as among the most profess'd Libertines. All the Difference he had remark'd was that the former acted with Caution, the latter without a Mask; and consequently, if it is a Crime to gratify the Passions which Heaven has given, the Libertine is less guilty, as he is not a Hypocrite.

He sat him down next to *Beatrix*, and after a little Space, by his Interpretress, said, forgive, charming Creature, a Fault, if it is one, which you yourself have occasioned; but, can it be criminal to love what is beautiful? Beauty cannot be seen without Surprize, I mean such as you are blest'd with, and not insensibly stealing into the Heart. I am proud to own you have full Possession of mine, and that my Happiness is entirely dependent on you.

Beatrix answered by the same Canal, that such a Discourse was very improper for her Ear; Fortune having placed so wide a Distance between them, that she should be vain or criminal if she listened to it.

Mona Benceglio, when she said this to her in *French*, replied, you could not make a more pru-

dent Answer; he is really desperately in Love with you, and the more Difficulty he finds the better Bargain you may make.

This was extremely shocking to *Beatrix*, who found her Guardian leagued against her: She had by this Speech left no room to doubt the base Design form'd against her Honour.

My dear Master is just come in, I must run to receive him; so good Night, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, may Heaven ever protect and reward you; for had the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* been in your Place at a certain Time, I should possibly (but Providence is all-powerful) been the wretched, despised, instead of the now happy *Pamela*.

Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I always set down with Pleasure to converse with you, who are never out of the Eyes of my Mind. Tho' we are severed by a Space of many Miles lying between us, yet you are, while I write to you, in some Manner, present. As every one is apt to indulge to themselves, and are commonly selfish enough to pursue their own Satisfaction, without considering what the Consequence may be to others, you will easily account (if I am tiresome) for the long Detail I send you. However, my dear *Jervis*, bear with me, because the Trouble I give you is the Effect of a sincere Esteem and Affection.

I broke off with *Bencoglio*'s shewing herself in her genuine black Hue. Mr. *Brown* proceeded, *Varino* offered to make a Settlement which should enable *Beatrix* to make a Figure answerable to the Beauty of her Form; that is, said he, such a one as shall cause the Envy of the greatest Ladies. To give her a Sum of Money down, send her to *Sostre*, where she should be received and attended as his Wife, which he would acknowledge her to be,

be, and give her a Bond of four thousand Crowns never to marry.

The Devil's Agent having interpreted these Offers which she term'd extremely generous, added, What is there more that you can require, except a political Ceremony? your own mutual Consent it is that makes the Marriage, not the Priest's pronouncing you Man and Wife; for it is not in his Power to do more than to read the Contract by which you engage to become such. This is so true, that if either Party is ever found incapable of making good this Engagement, the Law allows of a Divorce.

Beatrix answer'd, that she knew the Laws of God and Man had instituted Marriage; and however subtle *Benceglio* might be in her Arguments, or *Farino* lavish in his Offers, she would be neither talk'd nor brib'd out of her Innocence.

Go, reply'd *Benceglio*, you are a Fool, you will by this Obstinacy (if it is not rather Cunning) ever-stand your Market; don't carry the Jest too far; you'll repent it: for, should the Gentleman recover that Reason your Beauty has deprived him of, you must never hope such another Opportunity of being raised from your Poverty and servile Condition. Let me rather suffer the greatest Want, answer'd the virtuous Maid, than Infamy. I trust in God for Deliverance, and will not seek it of the Devil.

Then said *Benceglio*, this Resistance is real: It is not the Result of Art. I will die, reply'd *Beatrix*, to keep my Resolution, which is fix'd on the solid Basis of Religion.

'Tis enough, my dear Child, I am thoroughly satisfied of your Virtue; but I fear I have carried my Tryal too far to easily regain your good Opinion; let me embrace you; lay aside your Fears; you

you have no Reason to be under any farther Apprehensions; you have stood the Test, and have come out as refined Gold. *Benceglio* then turned, and spoke some Time to *Varino*. After he had answered he gave her a Purse of Gold, which the old Woman chinking in her Hand, said, Signor *Varino* offers this Purse as a Reward of that Virtue, which it was brought to corrupt, and has promis'd to desist from any farther Pursuits; wherefore he begs you will not refuse it.

Beatrix would not receive the Gold, tho' earnestly press'd to it by the old Woman; she suspected some deep Design, some villainous Handle might be made of it to her Ruin.

Varino seeing she could not be prevail'd on to accept his Present, took his Leave and left them. *Mona Benceglio*, who saw *Beatrix* alarm'd, did all she could to recover her former good Opinion, protesting in the most solemn Manner, that she was not guilty of any sinister Design; that Appearances indeed were against her, but she would, by the Sequel, be convinced she had only her Good in View. I have, continued she, I acknowledge, to procure your Happiness, ventured to incur Censure, and appear to *Varino* the wicked Woman he wish'd me. I have deceived you both; and I hope for the Advantage of both; for your temporal, and his eternal Welfare. I am certain you will both thank, and reinstate me in your good Opinion. I know him in Love with you to Distraction, and thought the allowing his Visits, and seeming to become the Instrument of the Wickedness he design'd, and I was resolved, he never should have Opportunity to perpetrate, would rather more enflame him; and when he had Proof of your Virtue, of which I never once doubted, he would (as the vilest among Men re-

vere,

vere, though they will not practice it) become as much enamour'd of the Beauty of your Mind, as he is of that of your Person, and rather obtain you on your own honourable Terms than for ever lose you. That this, and this alone she had in View, she attested all the Saints.

Beatrix knew not what to think of these Protestations, which did not however entirely remove her Fears; if they were true, her Suspicions wrong'd the Woman who wish'd and endeavour'd to procure her Welfare; if she confided too much in them, and they were only a Cloak to cover some farther Design, her Security might contribute to her Ruin. She resolved therefore to behave as if she believed them, put her Trust in the Protection of Heaven, and be as much as possible upon her Guard. Having taken this Resolution, she beg'd Pardon of *Mona Bencoglio* for having wrong'd her Virtue in her Thoughts, and thank'd her for her good Intentions.

Two or three Days being pass'd, and *Varino* not appearing, either at the House or in their Way to and from, or even in the Church, *Beatrix* began to think *Mona Bencoglio*'s Protestations real, and that she had been deceived in the Passion she had fancied *Varino* possess'd with; but this Opinion soon gave place to fresh Apprehensions. One Morning an elderly Woman knelt by her at Mass, and whisper'd in *French*, you are in the Hands of a Devil incarnate; I am your Countrywoman, and having by Accident heard Signior *Varino*'s Passion for you, and your Resistance, am obliged in Charity, as well as in regard to your being a *Frenchwoman*, to bid you apprehend the worst Design you can figure to yourself. She having said this slip'd a Note into her Hand, removed to a farther Distance, and seem'd intent on her Prayer.

Mass

Mass being ended, as *Beatrix* and *Bencoglio* went out of Church, the *Frenchwoman* pass'd them. Said *Bencogli*, that Woman, who just now went by us, if I may judge by her Devotion, and the Alms she daily gives, is an Example of true Piety. I don't know who she is, but I see a great many good Religious shew her great Respect, by which, and her Charity, I believe she is in good Circumstances.

Beatrix made no Answer. When they got home she opened her Note, which was to the following Purpose: I have heard that *Varino* will, this Night when you are asleep, be let in by *Bencoglio*, and you will suffer all that can be dreaded from Lust and Violence; be at Vespers this Evening, I will kneel near you; and, if 'tis possible for you to deceive the Vigilance of the old Dragon who watches you, follow me and you will find an Asylum in the House of her who pitys you, and is

Your Friend,

DU-PINE.

P. S. The Governors of the Hospital are incens'd against you by false and villainous Reports made of your Conduct.

Mona Bencoglio lived in a little House in a narrow Street, where, as Force was resolved upon, other Means being inefficacious, the Neighbourhood might be alarmed by her Cries; wherefore, it was necessary to remove her by Stratagem to a more convenient Place, to perpetrate the Villainy intended.

Beatrix, like one in a Ship on Fire, knew not whether she had best run the Risque of staying where

where she was, threaten'd with impending Ruin, or venture to put herself into Hands, where possibly she might incur as great Danger. She look'd upon *Bencoglio* as a most vile Hypocrite; and there was a Possibility this Advice might proceed from the Charity of her Countrywoman. She resolved to trust in God, whom she heartily invoked, and rather confide in a Woman, who might possibly be good, than in one whom she knew to be positively wicked.

Accordingly, when at Vespers, she look'd round for her (at least pretended) Protectress; but she came not in till the Service was almost ended, and kneeling near, ask'd, What was her Intention? she answer'd, to rely on Providence and you. You'll find your Account in it, reply'd t'other, and withdrew to a little distance.

Mona Bencoglio, seeming to be more watchful over *Beatrix* than usual, made her despair of giving her the Slip, and resolve, let what would be the Consequence, to rely on the Protection of Heaven, which she religiously implored, and refuse to return to her House: However, a Woman, after Prayers, saluting (luckily as the destined Victim thought) *Bencoglio*, and engaging her in Talk, she followed the *French* Woman.

Beatrix, who apprehended Danger from every Quarter, observed all the Streets and Turnings, and remark'd particular Buildings, that she might know a little of the Town, as such Knowledge might possibly stand her in Service. At length her new Protectress led her into the Street in which was the Hospital, whither she had flown for Succour. In the next adjoining to it the *French* Woman enter'd a large House, *Beatrix* followed, though with an aching Heart, and sincere Prayers to Heaven to protect her. Only one Servant, a

Woman

Woman about Forty appeared. The Mistress called for a Glass of Wine and Water, drank to *Beatrix*, and after a little Space of Time, the Girl refusing to drink, enquired how she came into the Hands of that wicked Woman, that Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing *Mona Beneoglio*.

Beatrix told her the Manner of her Mistress's leaving her, and that the Charity of the Governors of the Hospital had placed her with *Mona Beneoglio*. I heard, indeed, said she, that they had sent you thither; but as there is no trusting to Report, I was willing to have it from your own Mouth. That wicked Woman had a vile Design upon you. Did nothing in her Behaviour give you Reason to doubt her outside Devotion corresponding with her Heart? In answer to this Question, *Beatrix* related all that had pass'd in *Mona Beneoglio*'s House. Well, my dear, replied *Du Pine*, you have narrowly escaped Ruin; but you are now in Safety. She then enquired after her Parents, pretended to be, or really was, of *Provence*; for she named several Families in *Montpelier* (which is within half a League of the Village where *Beatrix* was born) and seemed to rejoice, that they were well when *Beatrix* left *France*. They had a Chicken for Supper, tho' it was pretty late before they sate down to Table: After Supper her new Protectress entered into a long Detail of her Family, and by what Accident she came to and settled in *Genoa*. About Eleven at Night somebody knock'd at the Door, the Maid opened it, and came in, followed by Signor *Varino*.

Poor *Beatrix* gave a great Shriek at the Sight of him, perceived she had been betray'd, and guessed the Reason (I have given your Ladyship) for her being decoy'd thither; which, by *Varino*'s Confession, was the true one.

Du-

How many deny themselves the Necessaries of Life, nay, will starve themselves to cram their Coffers, who would not abstain from a Meal's Meat on the Score of Religion.

I knew in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, an old Gentleman, who with a considerable Estate in Land, and great Sums of Money, would visit his Acquaintance round to spunge a Dinner, and when, as that rarely happen'd, he dined at his own Expence, his Meal was one Halfpenny worth of Broth, and a Halfpenny worth of Bread, in a little Cellar, where none but the most miserable Creatures resorted.

He lived in a great House of his own, but had turn'd all the Furniture, a Servant's Bed excepted, which he lay upon, into Money. All the Sums he received from his Estate, he put out to Interest, and would not hesitate at Extortion, if he could so cover it as not to be liable to the Law.

To this End he contracted an Intimacy with a cunning Attorney, who used to look out for Mortgages, and extravagant young Heirs, by whom he was so well paid for Procuration, and drawing Deeds, that he grew very rich, without any Hazard but of his Soul, and that, I am afraid, few Lawyers think of, or they would not, as they do, endeavour to pervert Justice, satisfying their Consciencies that they are right in doing the best they can for their Client, however bad his Cause.

The Attorney I mention'd, once recommended to this old Gentleman a Person who was, by the Will of a very rich Man, left Heir to his whole Estate. The Relations of the Deceas'd disputed the Validity of this Will, and the Legatee having no Money to support his real or pretended Right, the old Gentleman was induced by his Attorney,

and Bonds for double the Sums, he advanced to support the Charges.

As the Estate litigated, was of very great Value, and the Lawyers found their Account in drawing it out to a great Length, the old Gentleman disbursed near three thousand Pounds, for which, as I have said, he had Bonds for six, to be paid on a Sentence in Favour of the Legatee.

The Court having lain Hands on the Revenues the Heirs began to be tired of the Length and Expence of the Suit, which, as their Circumstances were not extraordinary, they apprehended would prove their Ruin, by their being obliged to drop it: For this Reason, they made some Advances towards an Accommodation with the Legatee.

Their Lawyers, whom they had not consulted on this Step, had Notice of it from the Attorney, before-mention'd, who (his Interest being as much concern'd) was not less alarm'd at the Apprehensions of an amicable Determination of the Suit.

The Lawyers on both Sides consulted how to defeat such a Design. After several Expedients were proposed, consider'd and rejected, the Attorney for the Legatee, said, I know your Clients have, among others in their Possession, a Deed of Conveyance made to the Testator by his Legatee: Now, if you indict my Client for having forged the Deeds by which he derives his Title, Witnesses to prove the Forgery are not difficult to be found, you may amuse your Clients with a Pretence, that this Forgery being demonstrated to the Court, will greatly conduce to the setting aside the Will. Tho' we all know that it is impossible to over-throw it, yet it will answer our Ends, and start a new Litigation: Besides, I have a farther View, I will bring in old Mr. ———, who supplies the Legatee with Money, and put him into your

your Hands, and if you don't squeeze him well, and give me my Share, you will be neither the able Lawyers, nor the honest Men I now take you to be (as Practitioners I mean.)

They all came into this Proposal, the Legatee in Consequence was indicted for the Forgery; Witnesses were found to prove it; the Heirs exulted in the Discovery; all Thoughts of Accommodation were lain aside: And old Mr. ——— began to be in Panicks for his Money, which the honest Attorney on whom he depended, represented to him as lost if the Forgery could be, as he had Reason to fear, proved upon his Client.

There was however one Way to secure all. This Conclusion was giving new Life to old Mr. ———, he hugg'd the Attorney, called him his better Angel, and begg'd he would exert himself, and save him from the impending Ruin.

The Attorney told him the only Way to do that, was to buy off the Witnesses on the other Side. ——Ay, replied the other, but is not that Corruption? ——Give it a gentler Name, and call it, as you very well may, Practice. You must not boggle at Words, where you have such a large Sum at Stake.

A large Sum indeed, my entire Ruin if 'tis lost; well, but how can I come at these Witnesses? What must I give them to take the Air in the Country, till the Trial is over? ——Why I will take Care to throw them in your Way. They are poor, and both of them unhealthy, so that what you give them is a double Charity. I believe 50 Broad Pieces each may secure all your Money, and the Legatee must give you a fresh Bond for double the Sum. ——Well, but had not you better manage this Affair, I will bring you the Money.

I; Sir! alas-a-day! 'tis quite——quite out of my way: beside, they would be shy of me, they would think I had some Design upon them; no, Sir, I am an improper Person to appear in it; they will never trust a Lawyer. I will do any thing to serve you, but my meddling in this Affair would irretrievably ruin it: I will contrive a Method for you to see them, for between you and me, I have by a trusty third Hand already tamper'd with them, and they are not averse to the counting Gold. In a Word (for *Mainstone* is now in Sight) the old Gentleman, by his Attorney's Contrivance, spoke to and bribed these Witnesses, was detected, and compounded the Corruption to prevent a publick Trial, at the Expence of two thousand Pounds, which had such an Effect upon him, that in a few Days after he very fairly drown'd himself in *Rosamond*'s Pond, and dying intestate, his Brother's Son, a Gentleman of Worth and Prudence, in whom every amiable Quality was conspicuous, inherited two thousand Pounds a Year, and upwards of forty-five thousand Pounds personal Estate.

As he was conscious great Part of the ready Money was the Fruit of Extortion, he did a number of handsome Charities to poor House-keepers, and such confined Debtors as were reduced by Misfortunes, not only restoring them to Liberty, but giving them sufficient to begin the World again in their respective Business, and in a comfortable Way.

We were, by the Time my Mother had finished her Story, enter'd the Town. Mr. *B*——, Mr. *Longman*, and my Father received us at the Inn-gate, and led us to a Room:

My dear Angel, said the obliging, tender Mr. *B*——, I hope this little Airing will be of Service

to

to both your Mother and Self, and will do Mr. *Brown* no harm, who leads too ſedentary a Life; he is always, when not in the Performance of his Duty, poring on his Books.

Realy, anſwer'd our Clergyman, they have been much more entertaining Company than any I could find, without going ſome Miles; but now, that Mr. *Andrews* and his good Spouſe are come to reſide in the Pariſh, I fancy I ſhall be leſs a Book-worm. I am afraid, replied my Father, the Advantage will be all on our Side; however, Self-Intereſt will make us endeavour to engage a Continuance of your Viſits by every poſſible Means.——I am ſatisfied, ſaid my dear Mr. *B*——, that both Sides will be thoroughly well pleaſed; as I am alſo that Mrs. *Andrews*, and my dear *Pamela*, have been very agreeably entertain'd on the Way.

Realy, Sir, anſwer'd my Mother, I could not, neither could my Daughter, out of your Company, wiſh for better, ſince Mr. *Brown* has the Art to inſtruct, at the ſame time that he entertains you. 'Tis, Madam, replied the worthy Clergyman, a great Pleaſure to converſe with thoſe whoſe Good-nature makes them willing, nay, deſirous to be pleas'd.

Indeed, ſaid Mr. *B*——, ſo it is, my Reverend Sir, for ſome have a great deal of Ill-nature, and little Judgment. That's very true, anſwered my Father, and ſuch commonly are upon the Watch (I may ſay) for an Opportunity to cenſure, and are more intent upon the Diction than the Moral convey'd in it. That is, replied my dear Maſter, preferring Shade to Subſtance——To how many, ſaid the good Mr. *Brown*, have we the Mortification to preach of theſe *Shadow-graſpers!*

Mr. *B*——— asked my Mother and me, if we would take a Glass of Rhenish before Dinner, on our declining it, come, Gentlemen, said my Dear, we will then take one in the Room where *Colbrand* has ordered the Table to be covered. Oh, here is the honest *Swiss* coming; Now observe, I will lay any Wager when I ask what he has ordered for Dinner, he will begin with a *Soupe*, and two to one a *Fricassee* follows. *Colbrand* came in to tell us Dinner would be on Table in ten Minutes. Pray, said Mr. *B*———, what shall we have? Sir, answered *Colbrand*, there is a very good *Soupe*; at this my dear Master fell a laughing, and cried, I was sure of it; have you not also ordered a Fricassee of Chickens?——Yes, Sir.——Well, *Colbrand*, thou art a rare Caterer; if you have not refreshed yourself with a Glass of Wine, pray call for one. Come, Gentlemen, will you go with me to the other Room?

Mr. *B*———, Mr. *Longman*, and my Father, went to take a Glass before Dinner, and my dear Master and Father return'd within the Time limited to hand us into the Dining Room, where we found Dinner just set upon Table.

Scarcely were we seated, when a Gentleman on Horseback, attended by two Servants, came into the Yard, which our Room fronted. As he saw *Robin* there, and knew Mr. *B*———'s Livery, he asked if his Master was in the Town. *Robin* answered he was in the Inn, and just set down to Dinner. Then, prithee Friend, give my Service to him, my Name is *W*———, and tell him I should be thankful if he would admit me to his Table, for I am sure there is Plenty where he is, and I am ravenously hungry. We heard all very distinctly, and when *Robin* came in to deliver his Message, my Spouse bid him tell the Gentleman he

he did him Honour, and rose from the Table to introduce him, saying as he went, Mr. *Brown*, if Mr. *W*——'s good Manners, with Regard to the Ladies, don't prevent it, you will be attack'd.

I know, answered Mr. *Brown*, the Gentleman's Character, he is a profess'd Free-thinker.

Mr. *B*——, who received him at the Door, introduc'd, and brought him to me, saying, I am happy enough to call that Angel Wife. The Gentleman saluted me, and said he was sure it would be a Compliment of Supererrogation to wish either of us Joy; he took his Place at Table next me, as Mr. *B*—— obliged him to do: He saluted Mr. *Longman*, whom he knew; and my dear Master letting him know who my Parents were, he made them a genteel Compliment.

I think, Sir, said he to Mr. *Brown*, I had the Pleasure of being once before in your Company at Lord ——'s House---I had the Honour, Sir, reply'd the good Clergyman, to be with you at his Lordship's Table. I could not, said Mr. *W*--, easily forget you; for the Character my Lord gave Mr. *Brown* is so unlike that which most of your Cloth deserve, that I, from that Minute, made you an Exception to the Maxim, *Priests of all Religions are the same.*—Sir, give me Leave, by way of Reply, to quote the Words of the worthy Mr. *Nelson*, who was a Lay-Man, and though also a Gentleman, did not think himself above doing his Duty to his Creator, and paying Respect to his Ministers, as they were more immediately dedicated to his Service. As he is my favourite Author, and I have very often read his *Companion for the Festivals and Fasts*, I need no Book. These are his Words in his Preface.

"Among those crying Abominations, which, "like a Torrent, have overspread the Nation, "this Age seems to distinguish itself by a great

"Contempt

"Contempt of the Clergy, than which I think "nothing can be a greater Evidence of the de-"cayed State of Religion among us.

"This barbarous and unchriſtian Practice, ſet-"ting all particular Reaſons aſide, can be reſolved "into nothing ſo ſurely, as into that great Looſe-"neſs of Principles, and Corruption of Morals, "which have too much infected all Ranks, and "Orders of Men; for tho' it may paſs for a cur-"rent Maxim among ſome, that *Prieſts of all "Religions are the ſame*; yet I am of the Opi-"nion 'twill appear a much truer Obſervation by "Experience, that *they of all Religions, who con-"temn the Prieſthood, will be found the ſame, "both as to their Principles and Practices; ſcepti-"cal in the one, and diſſolute in the other.*" When I got home, my dear *Jervis*, I tranſcribed this, which Mr. *Brown* repeated by Heart, out of the Book. Mr. *W*——— anſwered, you may obſerve, Sir, as great an Advocate as Mr. *Nelſon* was for the Prieſthood, he does not except the Clergy from Looſeneſs of Principles, and Corruption of Morals, which, ſays he, have too much infected *all*. Obſerve, Sir, *all* Ranks and Orders of Men: But, Sir, there are two Reaſons which oblige me to decline this Topick; one, the Reſpect due to the Ladies; the other your Character, which I honour, and I dare anſwer, were all the Clergy as ſenſible of what their Function exacts of them, this Contempt, of which Mr. *Nelſon* takes Notice, would be changed to Veneration; for, ſay what they will of the Doctrine they preach, I can't be perſuaded but Example is more prevalent than Precept. It is not the Decay of Religion that cauſes a Contempt of the Prieſthood; but it is the diſſolute, the litigious, the uncharitable Lives and Tempers of ſome of the Clergy, that has cauſed

a Decay of Religion, whence proceeds, as a natural Consequence, the Contempt mentioned; for how can any Man be induced to believe his Pastor serious, when he preaches the Christian Duties absolutely necessary to be practised, if we would be saved, when at the same time he observes him to shew the greatest Neglect of them, or practising the contrary to them?

Sir, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, the Clergy are Men subjected to Passions in common with others, yet if any of them are guilty of a Weakness, no Allowance is made for the Frailties of human Nature; the Errors one of our Cloth may fall into are magnified, and I may say proclaimed on the House-top; whereas the Virtues of a Number of worthy Divines are seldom more than tacitly acknowledged.

You say Example is more prevalent than Precept; I allow your Proposition; but then it may, I think, be also allow'd, that a bad Example will be more readily follow'd than one that is virtuous. The Reason is so obvious, that I need not assign it: But why, Sir, shall this be placed to the Account of the Clergy? Methinks it is making the Laity an ill Compliment, in depriving them of Reason, or at least a right Use of it. If the Pastor is wicked, will his Wickedness disculp the Layman? Won't a reasonable Man reflect, that he is accountable for his own Actions, and for them only?——Sir, if you please, said Mr. *W*——, we will pursue this Subject no farther: Mr. *B*——, how long have you been in our County? Mr. *B*—— answered him, and they entered upon publick News.

Dinner ended, more Wine was set upon the Table, and my Mother and I withdrew, having taken our Leave, to the Room we first were in. About Half an Hour after the Company joined us, and Coffee was ordered. Mr. *W*—— said he was

sorry

sorry his Wife was not in the Country to pay me her Respects: He would not stay for Coffee, as he had twenty Miles to ride; but making his Compliments, took Horse.

When we had drunk our Coffee, Mr. *B*——— ask'd me, if I wou'd take a Turn to view the Town? We went out and walk'd, I believe, three Quarters of an Hour. At our Return, my dear obliging Master said, my charming *Pamela*, as the greatest Pleasure of my Life is to please you, I have been thinking to entertain you with a Sight which I am sure will be new, and agreeable. We will, if your Parents and Mr. *Brown* agree to it, stay here this Night, and to-morrow M... ning hire a Boat, go down the River *Medway*, and take a View of the Men of War in the Dock at *Chatham*. The Coaches shall meet us at *Rochester*, where we will lie to-morrow Night, and go home the next Morning.

I answer'd, that I fear'd it might be tiresome to him, as he wou'd be diverted with nothing new. How! reply'd he, and in your Company! I find every Day something new and engaging in my *Pamela*. Thou art an inexhaustable Source of Charms,——— I answer'd, there is no Charm to me like that of being agreeable to my dear Mr. *B*——. He said, but Mr. and Mrs. *Andrews*, Mr. *Brown*, what say you to this Ramble? My Father answer'd, he was ready to wait on him; and Mr. *Brown*, that he thought it would be entertaining me with a fine Sight, and he was very willing to wait on him. Then cry'd Mr. *B*——, I think we are agreed upon the Voyage, for my *Pamela* has not made any Objections of Force to prevent it.——I hope, Sir, I shall never so far forget my Duty, as to object to any thing you think proper.——No, my little Angel, I dare answer you will never do any thing

I would not wish. You are too good; but that is not all, my *Pamela*, I expect you will, as often as possible, contribute to my Satisfaction; and that you may not be ignorant how to do this, I will put you in a Method.—— Sir, I shall joyfully pursue it.—— You promise me?—— I do, Sir, most faithfully.—— Then never let me slip an Opportunity of obliging you. In pursuing this Instruction, you will make me still more your Debtor.—— Your Tenderness, your obliging Goodness made me expect some such endearing Injunction.

Mr. *B*—— ask'd, if Cards would be an agreeable Entertainment: They were brought. Mr. *B*—— and Mr. *Brown* play'd at Piquet; my Father, Mother, Mr. *Longman*, and self at Whisk, till the Supper was brought in.

We rose pretty early the next Morning; and a Boat having been prepar'd over Night, after we had breakfasted, went upon the River *Medway*, which afforded us a delightful Passage to a disagreeable Town; I mean *Rochester*. We from thence went to the Dock, and were invited on board a Ship, of ninety Guns, by the Commanding Officer.

'Tis impossible for me, my dear *Jervis*, to paint the Astonishment which this wonderful Machine caused me, govern'd and directed as it is, tho' it carries, as Mr. *B*—— told me, eight or nine hundred Men, with their Provisions for some Months, by a small Piece of Wood, which the Lieutenant, who invited us on board, made me take Notice of.

At our coming away, Mr. *B*—— invited this Officer to sup with us; he answer'd, that he was going to *Rochester*, and would not refuse the Honour done him. Mr. *B*—— gave some Money among the Men, and we returned to our Inn, where we

we found the Coaches come from *Hamilton*. Mr. *B*——— was highly delighted with the Lieutenants Sea Dialect, which he understood; but it was a foreign Language to the rest of the Company.

This Officer is a sober, grave Gentleman, near fifty Years old; he has been in most of the great Engagements, and has got no higher Preferment, tho' he has served from the Age of fifteen. Mr. *B*——— seeming surprized at his not having the Command of a Ship; he answer'd, Sir, we old friendless and experienced Officers are look'd upon as Nurses, to train up the younger Sons of the Quality, whose Interest gets them Ships, long before they know what to do with them; and we have the Mortification, very often, to be commanded by Boys, whose Ignorance of Sea Affairs makes them the Jest of even our Foremast-Men; nay, some of these Striplings are so assuming, that they will insist upon Things being done which are quite wrong; and if you remonstrate to them, their Answer is, Pray, Sir, do you or I command this Ship? do you do your Duty, Sir; I know mine, and will have my Orders complied with. Why, Sir, is not this vexatious, to be thus commanded by a Milk-sop, whose only Merit is his Father being a Lord, or a Man of a great Estate and Interest in his Country?

Sir, said Mr. *B*———, I own 'tis hard for Officers, who have served long and well, to have raw, young Gentlemen put over their Heads. I wish Merit alone was to give the Command. I shall be glad to see you at my House in Town, (Mr. *B*——— tore off the Back of a Letter, and giving it him went on) this, Sir, is my Address. I shall be there when the Parliament meets, and you shall command my Interest. I think I have some, pos-

sibly

Du Pine asked her if she saw any thing so frightful in that Gentleman to cause such a Terror? yes, said she, I fear in him and you, I fear my Ruin. Look ye, said *Du Pine*, I shall not stand upon Ceremonies with you, for I find I can't be worse then you imagine me; you have already cost this Gentleman a great deal of Money; he will not lose it, and I think he'd be a Fool if he did. He comes with a determin'd Resolution to enjoy you, if you won't be perverse he will make good the Offers already made you; if you will not consent we must force you to your Good.

Beatrix was going to remonstrate the Wickedness of such a Procedure, when *Du Pine* cut her short, by saying, she knew more of Religion than such a Girl could teach her, since the best Customers she had were Churchmen, nay indeed the main Support of her House. That Religion was indeed of great Use to such as knew how to turn it to their Advantage with Dexterity; but to drop that Subject, which is now nothing to the Purpose, said she, will you consent to be made easy for the rest of your Life, in Exchange for a romantick Treasure, or rather have it forced from you, and be left wretched?

I will neither consent, said she, nor be forced, while I can defend myself, tho' I lose my Life in that Defence.

Is that your final Resolution? It is, said *Beatrix*, I commit my Cause to God, depend on his protecting my Innocence, or receiving me to his Mercy, if I die in the Defence of it.

On this Answer she spoke to *Varino*, and after some Discourse between them she turn'd to *Beatrix*, and said, the Gentleman had rather be obliged to your Confession than employ Violence; he recants his Promises, if you will con-

sent to make him happy. On saying this, to intimidate her, as the poor Girl supposed, and to work upon her Fears, she threw open a Pair of folding Doors, which discover'd a dark Room. *Varino* threw himself on his Knees before *Beatrix*, and kiss'd her Hand, whether she would or not. She also knelt, and in *French*, without reflecting that he did not understand it, begg'd him no longer to pursue her Ruin; but rather, as it became the Character of a Gentleman, to be the Protector of her Innocence, shedding at the same time a Torrent of Tears. *Du Pine* at this Instant took her by the Shoulders, as she was kneeling, and threw her on the Floor, speaking to *Varino*, as *Beatrix* imagined, to lay hold on the Opportunity, which he safely endeavoured to do with the Assistance of *Du Pine*; but that Instrument of the Devil going to stop the Girl's Mouth, was obliged to leave *Varino* to try his own Strength singly, *Beatrix* biting her Hand in a frightful Manner; for she tore the Ball of it so much in her Agony, (I may not improperly so call it) that she was forced to have a Surgeon. *Varino*, who had gone so far, was resolv'd, and certainly had perpetrated his Villainy; but *Beatrix*, by the Direction of Providence, spying his Sword, which had fallen off the Table to the Floor, and was within her Reach, drew it on a sudden, and collecting all her Strength with throwing him (who was almost out of Breath) from her, before he had recovered himself, clapped the Point to his Breast, and protested that if he stirr'd or any one approach'd her, she would immediately plunge it into him. She then got up, bid *Du Pine* open the Door, and let her into the Street, or she would shew her no Mercy. The wicked Woman seeing her look so furiously,

furiously, apprehending she would keep her Word, was glad to have her gone.

The Moon shone very bright, and *Beatrix*, with the naked Sword in her Hand, went directly to the Hospital, and knock'd up the Porter, of whom she begg'd Protection and Shelter for that Night: The Man did not understand her, but by her Cloaths being torn, her Cap off, her Hair about her Face, (by the Struggle) and a Sword naked in her Hand, guess'd some Violence had been offer'd, and made Signs to her to come in; pointed to an Arm Chair, brought her a Quilt, and wishing her a good Night, went into an inner Room, and lock'd the Door.

Beatrix, who apprehended Danger in every Place, and from every body, durst not venture to close her Eyes, but watch'd for Day-light, which at length brought her Joy and Comfort.

The Porter got up, open'd the Gates, and soon after two Pilgrims, whose decent Habit shew'd they were not of those idle Vagabonds who make a Trade of Pilgrimages, came in. *Beatrix* no sooner saw them, but she ran and threw herself at their Feet, begging, with a Shower of Tears, they would protect a distressed innocent Stranger. How great was her Transport, when one of them answered in *French*, rise Daughter, and bless God, who is the Protector of the Innocent, and Refuge of the Distress'd, that he has directed you to us, who have not only the Hearts, but possibly the Power to assist you, and whose Profession it is to relieve the Necessitous. Then taking her by the Hand, he placed her on a Stone Bench in the Porch, and he and his Companion sat down on either Hand of her. *Beatrix*, at their Request, gave them a particular Account of all that had happen'd to her from the Time she had left *Avignon*.

By the Time she had finish'd her Story the Governors of the Hospital met, and the Pilgrims having asked an Audience, were admitted to the Board, where one of them, by an Interpreter, the same who had perform'd that Office before for *Beatrix*, spoke to the following Effect.

Illustrious *Signiori*, the Habit we wear has been so often abused by Vagrants, that far from esteeming it likely to recommend, we rather apprehend it may prejudice us in your Opinion; but when I tell you that we are Priests of *Languedoc* in *France*, and that you are convinc'd we have no other Request to make but that of Information as to the Truth, you will have more favourable Sentiments of us.

We came this Morning to your Gate, by the Time it was open'd, to visit the Sick, and to administer to such as might stand in need of our Assistance; (especially to those of our Country) not that the Charity and Care of the illustrious Governors we think defective, but as it is a Duty incumbent on all Christians, and in a more especial Manner on us, who have the Honour to be admitted to the Priesthood.

On our entering your Portico, this young Woman, to whom your Porter had afforded Shelter this last Night, threw herself at our Feet and beg'd we would protect her. She told us your Charity had placed her with an old Woman, who corresponded very ill with your pious Design of giving an Azyle to the Distress'd, and had combined with others to ruin her.

As on the one Hand we would omit no Opportunity of doing that Good, which the Almighty has enjoin'd and enabled us to do; so on the other, it is but common Prudence to guard against all Surprize and Imposition. Tho' the Story she has told

told, and the Sword your Porter shew'd us, induce our Belief of what she has advanced, yet as we could not doubt the Complaisance of the illustrious Governors, we have taken the Liberty to address ourselves to this Board, to be inform'd if that Part of the Story which relates to you is Truth: If you confirm it, we will not only defray her Charges to *France*; but, as we are ourselves returning, will be the Guardians of her Innocence till we put her into safe Hands.

The Governors immediately commanded Chairs for the Pilgrims and *Beatrix*, whom they also ordered to sit down, and having given a satisfactory Answer to the Question made them, desired the Girl to give them a minute Account of all that had pass'd, which she did; and they congratulating her Escape, advised her to return fervent Praise and Thanks to God, who had given her Force to withstand the Temptation, Strength and Courage to resist the Violence, and had farther provided for her the Protection of those two good Fathers, her Countrymen. They then sent for the Porter, and order'd him to refuse Entrance to *Mona Bencoglio*, and to see that she never had Relief from the Hospital.

The two Pilgrims and *Beatrix* took their Leave; the Girl with all possible grateful Acknowledgments for the Charity the Governors had shewn her. The Pilgrims led her to the *Theatin* Nuns, into which Convent she was received at the Request of her new and real Protectors, on what Terms she could not say, the Pilgrims there speaking *Italian*; tho' they had addressed the Governors in *French*, that *Beatrix* might understand what they said.

What pass'd in the House whence *Beatrix* escaped we know not; but the Design upon that

poor Girl being defeated did not discourage *Farina* and *Palovicino* from making still farther Attempts: They, by their Spies continually dogging the two Pilgrims, not only discovered that *Beatrix* was at the *Theatin* Nunnery, but also the Day for which her Protectors had hired a small open Boat to carry her to *Lar*, and from thence to proceed on their Journey with her to *Provence*.

The Day for their Departure being come, the two Pilgrims with *Beatrix* embarked and set out. The young Gentlemen, who had a Felucca also ready, went with *Mona Bencoglio* to a Magistrate, before whom she swore two *French* Priests had, as she was inform'd, carried off a young Girl entrusted to her Care, and desired a Warrant to pursue and bring them back, which was granted; and the Gentlemen, arm'd with this Authority, pursued, overtook the Fugitives, as they term'd them, brought them back, put the Priests into the Hands of the Suffragan's Officer, who led them to Prison, and were hawling poor *Beatrix* through the Streets, to carry her back to one of the Houses already mention'd, when Providence so ordered, that my Lord, his Tutor, myself, two *Swiss*, and two *English* Servants came through the Streets, to go on board a Vessel for *Civita Vecchia*.

My Lord seeing this young Girl hurry'd along by Violence, and hearing her cry out in *French* for Assistance to a poor Stranger, stepp'd up, and ask'd the Girl in her own Language the Reason of her Cries. O, charitable Sir, said she, save me from Ruin; save me——save me——

One of the Gentlemen came up pretty briskly to my Lord, and said, Stranger, I would have

you

you mind your own Business, and not be inquisitive, we act by Authority.

My Lord, nettled at the Manner in which he said this, answer'd, it was the Business of every Gentleman to protect the fair Sex: That he must excuse him, if he insisted upon enquiring of that Girl the Reason of her Cries; if you will not permit me by fair Means I will compel you to it, laying Hand to his Sword.

We were, as I've said, seven of us, and had all Swords. My Lord laying Hand to his, one of his *Swiss* immediately collar'd the Gentleman, (we had by this Time a Mob about us) the Girl cried out, they will ruin me, if you don't protect me. The Gentleman said, let me go, I will shew you our Authority, and I hope you will be satisfied.

Accordingly he produced the Warrant; but my Lord insisted on the Girl's being carried before the Magistrate who had granted it, and appealing to the Mob, had the good Luck to have them all on his Side.

We went with the Gentlemen and *Beatrix*. One of the *Swiss* serv'd her for an Interpreter to the Magistrate. She told the Story you have heard; the Governors of the Hospital being sent to, confirm'd what related to them; the Porter produced the Sword. *Mona Bancoglio* secur'd, and threaten'd with the Rack, confess'd all the Circumstances I have related; the Reason for *Du Pine*'s inveigling the Girl to her House, and the Design of forcing her when there. Having heard the whole, the Magistrate sent to the Suffragan to acquaint him, that he was satisfied the Pilgrims (who were put into Prison) were innocent of the Crime lain to their Charge, and to desire they might be sent to him.

This

This the Suffragan instantly complied with. When the Pilgrims were come, the Magistrate made them a handsome Compliment, said, their Countenances alone were sufficient Evidence of their being incapable of the Crime with which they had been charged. That he had been surprized by an Oath, which he thought too sacred for any one to take with such infamous Views; but that he would teach, by the Example of the real Criminals, others to take Care not to make Religion and Justice Instruments for the Perpetration of their Villanies.

After this short Speech he condemn'd *Mona Bencoglio*, and *Du Pine* (who on the Confession of the former had been also taken) to be whipp'd through all the Streets of *Genoa*, and to be banish'd the Republick. The two Gentlemen he condemn'd to pay five hundred Crowns a Piece, one five hundred to the Use of *Beatrix*, the other, to that of the Pilgrims, and to lie in Prison till the said Fine was paid.

One of the Pilgrims stepping forward, said, illustrious Signior, we desire to be excused from receiving any Reward for being the Instruments of Heaven to save this Innocent.

Then, answer'd the Judge, the injured young Woman shall have the Whole. *Varino* begg'd a Quarter of an Hour's Respite, and they would pay the Money. This was granted; he sent for a Banker, who paid it down in Gold, which the Judge giving to *Beatrix* said aloud, let all, in this Girl's Story, observe the Providence of God, who protects and rewards the Virtuous, tho' (as his Ways are inscrutable) he may suffer them to undergo severe Tryals. Had this vertuous Girl been allured by strong Temptations, and by so much the stronger, as she was a Stranger and in Necessity,

Necessity, or had she been overcome by Want of the glorious Resistance she made, her Lot would have been Infamy, and Poverty; for she would have been turn'd to the publick Stews, when those lewd young Gentlemen had been tired of her, as they probably would soon have been. Bear her Fear of God (which is indeed the Beginning of Wisdom) has not only provided her a Portion, but has gained her the Applause of all who now know her Story.

My Child continued he, speaking to *Beatrix*, persevere in your Duty to your Creator, and he will never leave you destitute. It is meanly, who flies to unjustifiable Methods for Relief, that is, and indeed deserves to be wretched. The Magistrate then thank'd my Lord for his Resolution and Charity, which had given him the Opportunity of doing Justice, and desired the Pilgrims to continue their Protection to *Beatrix*.

It was so late before this Affair was determin'd, that my Lord could not think of going on Board that Night, wherefore he resolved to return to our Inn. This being concluded with his Tutor, his Lordship invited the two Pilgrims (whom he judged Men of some Dignity in the Church, both by their Behaviour, and the Refusal of the five hundred Crowns) to sup with him, and to suffer the honest *Beatrix* to be one of the Company.

Pray Sir, answered the Elder of the two, in good *English*, may we know to whom we are obliged for this courteous Invitation? We were all surprized at hearing him speak so good *English*; and my Lord's Tutor replied, Sir, it is the Son of Lord ——, who pays the Favour of your Company.

I hope, rejoined the Pilgrim, your last Accounts brought the agreeable News of his Lord-

ship's

ſhip's Health; I have the Honour to know and be known to that valuable Nobleman, and will wait on his Son with Pleaſure, as his Invitation is an Honour done me. I hope, Sir, ſaid my Lord, you will allow us the Favour of *Beatrix* ſupping with us. I revere her Virtue.

Sir, anſwered the Pilgrim, you command every Thing in my Power. If there is Room in your Inn, we will there take up our Quarters for To-night, and ſet out To-morrow Morning on our Return. I hope we ſhall meet with no more Interruption.

I will accompany you, ſaid my Lord, till you are out of Danger of any Inſults from thoſe young Gentlemen. *Beatrix*'s Virtue exacts of me this Regard. The Pilgrim replied, the generous Offer was what he might expect from the Son of ſo worthy a Father, and was ſuch a one as he could not refuſe, though he knew it would be ſomething out of his Rout; but I hope, ſaid he, Providence will reward you by a more ſpeedy and a proſperous Voyage.

I am afraid, my dear *Jervis*, I have by this Time tired you, I am ſure, as much as I love, and uſe myſelf to writing, I have tired myſelf; in the Morning I will, if I have Leiſure, make an End of this little Hiſtory, and go on with the Occurrencies of the Day. I hear my dear Maſter coming up, adieu. *P. S.* I will continue my Diary.

Saturday. I will, my dear *Jervis*, knit the Thread of my broken Narrative, and proceed, without Ceremony or Introduction to this ſubſequent Part. When Mr. *Brown* had gotten to the Particular where I left off, we enter'd upon a Heath, and I happening to look out, ſaw the Coach in which my dear Maſter was, drive out

of

of the Road to a large Oak, where it ſtopp'd, and they who were in it alighted. *Robin* follow'd them, and Mr. *B*——— coming to the Door, handed my Mother and me out, ſaying, this, Ladies, is your Inn; you muſt Breakfaſt under the Shade of this ancient Tree. *Abraham* is here Landlord. Well, honeſt Hoſt, continued my obliging humane Maſter, what does your Larder afford us.

Sir, anſwer'd *Abraham*, I have cold Chickens, cold Ham, and Neats Tongue, and I can promiſe your Honour a Glaſs of good Champaign and excellent Rhenish. I never, ſaid Mr. *Brown*, heard this Inn, which I have known ſome Time, was ſo well provided. It does not promiſe much by its Aſpect. Oh Sir, replied *Abraham*, you muſt never truſt to Appearances. I hope, Gentlemen and Ladies, I ſhall content you, and gain your good Word. Saying this, he brought a ſmall Hamper out of the Boot of *Blunt*'s Coach, ſpread about a Dozen Sheets of Whited-Brown Paper, gave every one of us a Sheet for a Napkin, with a Slice off a large Loaf for a Plate, *&c.* deſired we would ſit down, and he would ſet Breakfaſt on the Table, which was what he had named. The Air had given us all Stomachs; we made a very good Meal, and were very merry. *Abraham* played the Part of Inn-keeper with a good deal of Humour, and my dear Mr. *B*——— was mighty gay and entertaining.

While we were at this rural Breakfaſt, Mr. *M*——— and his Lady paſs'd by in the Road. My Maſter, who knew the Livery, and could ſee a Gentleman and Lady in the Coach, ſaid there goes honeſt *Sam. M*——— and his *Bawble*. But they are well match'd, they are a pretty Couple, and I know not any Woman whoſe Beauty comes ſo near that of my *Pamela*. I wiſh, ſaid I, the Compa-

Comparison may never be carry'd farther, and *Pamela* be wretched enough to be thought as much a *Bawble*. I have known, replied Mr. *B*——, with a stern Look, a Lady make her own and her Husband's Life very uneasy by unreasonable Fears, which magnify Objects like a Perspective, but in this they differ. The Glass shews what is, and Fears see what is not, any, possibly what cannot exist in Nature. Heavens forbid, I should ever cause you a Moment's Disquiet said I, bursting into Tears, if I know myself, I would prefer your Ease to my own Life. My *Pamela*, answer'd he, smoothing his Brow, you are too sensible, calm your Fears. It was not I who gave that Lady the Appellation, which alarm'd you, and which was given her from her great Simplicity, for you shall scarce find a greater Ignorance in a Girl of ten Years old. Saying this, he took me in his Arms, kiss'd and tenderly embrac'd me. I composed myself as much as I could, and put on as pleasant a Look as possible for me. I tremble at the Thoughts of his being angry, even with a Servant.

When we had breakfasted, Mr. *B*—— said we will go into the Drawing Room, that the Servants may sit down, and led my Mother on the other Side the Oak, Mr. *Brown* offered me his Hand, and we sat some little Time, and chatted on what I had observed in the Royal Dock at *Chatham*.

When I mention'd the small Piece of Wood, that directs the Course of the Ship, my dear Master said, that my *Pamela*, is called the Rudder, and may not improperly be compared to the Tongue of an able Orator. *Demosthenes* with that small Member govern'd and directed a great Republick. *Cicero* with the same Member, proved too hard for

for *Catalina*, and the Tongue of *Anthony* proved the Downfall of *Brutus*. The Tongue is productive of great Good, but requires an honest Heart, and a good Head for its Companions, or it may prove the Source of as much Evil. For, as it has often kindled foreign Wars and intestine Divisions, so daily Experience shews, where it is not check'd by Reason, it causes continual daily Broils.

Sure thought I, this Lesson is not meant for me, I have given him no Ground for it, and he says, I am too sensible. I won't then suppose it given for my Instruction, but I will not forget it neither.

When we were again settled in our Coaches, and pursuing our Journey, I entreated Mr. *Brown* to finish his History, for I was curious to know, if they discovered who the Pilgrims were, but especially, who he was that talk'd *English*.

Madam said he, if you please we will defer that Part to another Opportunity; we have but seven Miles to Mr. *Andrews*'s House, which at the Rate Mr. *B*——'s Coach leads us, will not allow a Space of Time to go through that Part. I have lain before you, the Distresses into which the Almighty suffer'd the innocent *Beatrix* to fall, I have shewn her struggling under them, with the Courage of a Christian Heroine, you have seen her triumph, when she despaired of Succour, if not from Heaven, and, that Justice which by Surprize lent its Authority to compleat her Ruin, bring it on the Heads of her Persecutors, and reward her Virtue, and I leave her in the Hands of pious and good Men, out of Danger of any farther Attempts upon her Honour. Well might this Girl say, with the Royal Prophet, *Thou, Lord, will give thy Blessing to the Righteous, and with thy favourable Kindness will't thou defend him, as*

with a Shield. The Lord alſo will be a Defence for the Oppreſſed, even a Refuge in due Time of Trouble. And they that know thy Name, will put their Truſt in thee, for thou, Lord, haſt never failed them that ſeek thee.

Methinks Sir anſwered I, I diſcover ſuch a Loftineſs in the Diction, ſuch a maſculine Beauty in the Metaphors, ſuch Gratitude in the Thankſgivings, ſuch a Warmth in the Praiſe, ſuch Love, ſuch Humility, ſuch reverential Fear, and yet, ſuch Earneſtneſs in the Petitions of the Pſalmiſt, as eclipſe all the cryed up Beauties of modern Compoſitions. I fancy, I ſee more in them than the Words expreſs, and, I don't know how to expreſs it, as if they labour'd under a Weight of Thought, and were over-charged. Tho' I own my Ignorance, I am not capable of underſtanding all.

Madam, ſaid he, you have made a right Judgment of thoſe ſacred Writings; there are in them a Solidity and Sublimity, in the plaineſt Dreſs, which all that the Moderns have compos'd, deck'd with the choiceſt Ornaments they could borrow from Rhetorick fall ſhort of, nay ſo much, that they will bear no more the being examined together, than the Chryſtal being placed by the Side of a Diamond.

'Tis viſible the Pſalms were written with great Fervency, and the Authors pour out their whole Hearts in their Addreſſes to the Almighty. Grateful Love and awful Veneration guided the Pen of the Royal Prophet, and of the other Writers. They felt what they writ: Whereas our Moderns are directed by Art, and unmoved by the Subjects they treat.

Nature will always triumph over her humble Imitatrix.

This

This, Madam, is the Reaſon, that we ſhall ſometimes hear very eloquent Diſcourſes from the Pulpet, which have but little Effect on the Auditors, and very plain Sermons, which ſhall thoroughly affect them. Oratory in the Mouth, and Lue-warmneſs in the Heart, will not move the Paſſions any Thing like a plain Admonition, delivered with a viſible Zeal for Religion, and real Concern for the Souls of Men.

Oh, Sir, ſaid my Mother, I can never be tired with reading the Pſalms, they ſeem indeed to be written by an Author not only of a ſuperior Genius, but of an exalted Rank, a Majeſty diſcovers itſelf in the Royal *David*'s Expreſſions, and if I did not know it, I ſhould ſay, he, who was the Author of this Work, thought greatly, thought like a Prince.

What an awful, and high Idea does he impreſs on the Mind, anſwer'd I, in ſpeaking of the Power and Greatneſs of God, in the hundred and fourth Pſalm, *Thou deckeſt thyſelf with Light, as it were with a Garment: And ſpreadeth forth the Heaven like a Curtain. Who layeth the Beams of his Chambers in the Waters: And maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and walketh upon the Wings of the Wind.* How ſhort, how full, how juſt a Deſcription is here of Omnipotence! Nature is ſhewn us in the Hands, and obedient to the Will of the tremendous Creator.

Mr. *Brown* ſaid, the Pſalms, Madam, teach what is the true Sublime. Here is no String of Epithets, no Circumlocations to convey his own Conceptions of ineffable Majeſty. His Deſcription of Omnipotence is extremely ſimple; plain in its Dreſs, yet it ſtrikes, it hangs upon the Mind, and the longer we think, the longer we examine this fine Picture of the God of Nature, the deeper

ſinks the Impreſſion, we in a Manner ſee the Heavens expand, and the Elements preſſing to obey the Mandates of the God, obſequious and rejoicing in the Honour of their Functions.

But, Madam, while we admire this Work, and its excelling that of any prophane Writer, we have, led away by our conſidering this the Production of meer Man, over-look'd the true Reaſon of the Sublimity we admire, and which gives it that Excellency. I mean, Madam, that this is the Work of inſpired Writers.

By your ſpeaking in the Plural, replied I, 'tis evident, you think the Pſalms (which I have always thought the Compoſitions of the Royal Prophet *David*) written by different Authors. Madam, anſwered he, have you ever read the Biſhop of *Ely*'s Paraphraſe on theſe Divine Poems? But, I have asked, before I was aware, a needleſs Queſtion; for if you had, you would not have been in that Error. I ſaw the Works of that learned Prelate, among the Books in Mrs. *Andrews*'s Summer Houſe. I refer you to that Paraphraſe.

Sir, ſaid my Mother, ſince we are on the pleaſing Subject of Holy Writ, will you give me your Sentiments on the Book of *Job*, whether you think there really ever was ſuch a Man in the Land of *Uz*, or whether, as I have heard ſome ſay, it is as much a Parable, as that of *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

Madam, replied the young Clergyman, the Reaſon ſome doubt the Sufferings of *Job* being real, is, from his Name, which is taken from a *Hebrew* Word, ſignifying Hatred or Enmity, as he experienced that, not only of the Devil, but even of his Friends: However, it is the Opinion of very learned Men of our Church, that it is a true Hiſtory. St. *Origen* ſays, that *Job* was before the Time of *Moſes*, and many *Hebrew* Writers

ters place him in the Time of *Iſaac* and *Jacob*. This Hiſtory we are informed, by Tradition, was written in the *Syriac* Language, and tranſlated by *Moſes*, to comfort and ſupport the *Iſraelites*, under the Affliction of an iniquitous and cruel Slavery, by the Example of *Job*'s Sufferings, Patience, and humble Reſignation to the Divine Will. But, Madam, whether this Example is real, or only parabolical, 'tis certain, that Reaſon teaches us, it is not only our Duty, but the higheſt Prudence to copy after it; for repining can only make our Inflictions more ſevere. Who can reſiſt the Will of Omnipotence, or diſpute the Decrees of Omniſcience?

Sir, anſwered my Mother, the Reflection on God's Goodneſs, which will not inflict on his poor Creatures more than he will enable them to bear; that he knows what is beſt for us, and as he made, knows how, without our Interpoſition, to govern the World, has always made me eaſy under Troubles, to which his infinite Mercy has put an End, by the generous Mr. *B*——.

We were by this Time within Sight of our Village, of which Mr. *Brown* adviſed us. When we alighted, we found a Servant belonging to Sir *Simon*, who having delivered his Maſter's and Lady's Compliments, let us know, they deſigned themſelves the Honour (to uſe the Fellow's Words) of dining with us the next Day, if we were not engaged; and they might be received, not as Strangers, but as Relations. Mr. *B*—— returned the Compliment, and in handſome Terms let them know we ſhould expect them.

My dear Mr. *B*——, kept Mr. *Brown* to Dinner and Supper, we chatted all Day on different Subjects, and the young Clergyman was not only entertaining, but edifying Company. After he

was gone, and I was going to my Chamber, my dear Maſter ask'd, if Mr. *Brown* had gratify'd my Curioſity with relation to his Country? I told him he not only had given me an Account of that, but, with great Humility, of his Birth alſo——What, he told you his Father was a Farrier?——Yes, Sir.——He thought, no doubt, he told you the pure Truth; but his Father was Lord ——, whom he calls his Patron, and his Mother a Gentlewoman of Family, over whoſe Affections my Lord had too much Power. The Farrier's Wife nurs'd him, and he has hitherto been kept ignorant of this Secret, the Knowledge of which I believe would be a great Trouble to him. Well, my dear *Jervis*, I have led you a fine Jaunt. I am now going to prepare for Bed, and I heartily wiſh you a good Night; may the Almighty ever have you under his Protection.

My dear *Jervis*, tho' my laſt was dated on *Saturday*, yet my Journal was carry'd no farther than *Wedneſday* Night. On *Thurſday* Sir *Simon* and his Lady dined with us, and as we were at the Tea-Table, after Dinner, my Lady deſired my Father to give them the Hiſtory of his Misfortunes.

Madam, anſwer'd my Father, I ſhall obey you, tho' 'tis with ſome Reluctance, I muſt acknowledge, that I call to Mind the former Part of my Life. I have already told your Ladyſhip that I've had ſeveral Children; two Sons lived to be Men, the Elder I took Apprentice to my ſelf, and when he knew his Buſineſs, having ſerved his Time, I ſet him up in *Pater-noſter Row*, where he enter'd into Partnerſhip with a young Gentleman about his own Age, Brother of Sir *Jeremiah Brooks*: They enter'd into a Scheme to engroſs the Cuſtom of all the Quality, by regaling their Cuſtomers, treating

treating with rich Wines and coſtly Suppers, and Dinners; which Manner of proceeding drew a Number of Lords and Ladies to their Houſe; ſome to laugh at their Extravagance, and help to Ruin, by encouraging them in it, and others to loiter away a few idle Hours, be well entertained, and carry off their Stock without any Deſign of having their Names croſs'd out of their Books.

I foreſaw the certain Conſequences of this, and often remonſtrated to them what it muſt infallibly end in. It was all in vain, they were intoxicated with the Vanity of being careſs'd by the Nobility, and went on as far as their Money or Credit would allow them. When Demands began to come ſo thick, that they could not anſwer the Bills drawn on them, and were ready to break, my Son applied himſelf to me: He produc'd his Books, in which indeed were large Sums due by a great many *Right Honourable* Perſons; but I found by Experience not one of them *honourable* enough to do *Right*. To keep off the evil Day, in hopes he would ſee how wrong he had been, and recover by another Scheme of Life, I was bound for twelve hundred Pounds, and Sir *Jeremiah* advanc'd the ſame Sum for his Brother; this retrieved their Credit, but they grew nothing wiſer, kept on the ſame Courſe, and in leſs than two Years a Statute of Bankruptcy was taken out againſt them. My Son was thrown into Jail, where he ſoon died with Grief, and his Bond, in which I was his Security, fell to me to diſcharge. Sir *Jeremiah* compounded for his Brother, and ſent him to his Seat in the Country, where he took to Sotting, and ſoon diſpatch'd himſelf with ſtrong Ales and ſpirituous Liquors.

My ſecond Son choſe to be a Bookſeller. When he had ſerv'd out his Time, I gave him more than my Circumſtances could well allow to ſet him up:

up; he depending too much upon his own Judgment, ran into great Works, above what his Stock would bear, and thus was soon indebted to Stationers in considerable Sums; Copies for which he had given a great deal of Money, did not answer in the Sale, and his Creditors began to be clamorous. To make him easy I borrow'd seven hundred Pounds upon our Joint Bond, and he clear'd off most of his Debts. I was in hopes, as he seem'd to be more cautious in the Management of his Affairs, that he would recover this false Step; but he fell into a much more blameable Error, that of frequenting the Theatres and supping at Taverns, where, by Degrees he spent the greater Part of his Time, leaving the Management of his Shop to a Journeyman: In a Word, this soon lost him all Credit, and hurry'd him into a Jail. I got him releas'd from his Confinement by giving my Bond to his Creditors to pay them five Shillings in the Pound in twelve Months. The Interest, I had, procur'd him a Purser's Place in an *East India* Ship, but he died in the Voyage.

The two first Bonds were in the Hands of substantial Men, who were satisfied in my punctual Payment of the Interest. Those I gave for compounding my younger Sons Debts came upon me at the Expiration of the Time, they amounted to two hundred Pounds, the greatest Part of which Sum I paid off; but these Payments obliged me to delay some Bills of my own, which somewhat hurt my Credit; and as there are People ready enough to do ill Offices, my two Bond Creditors were alarm'd, and insisted on their Money.

To satisfy their Demand, as I had a much greater Stock in my House and Shop than the Amount of their Money, I borrow'd it of a Banker in *Lombard-street*, on an Inventory of all

my

my Goods, and a Bond and Judgment, which he executed in a little time, and turn'd me and my Wife (I had then no Children living) into the Streets entirely ſtripp'd, conſequently friendleſs.

I went to a Silk Mercer of my Acquaintance, who offer'd me thirty Pounds a Year as a Journeyman. I ſtaid with him about ſix Months; but the Banker, on my demanding an Account of my Stock, Houſehold Goods and Plate, pretended they did not near ſatisfy his Debt; and, not to be troubled with my repeating this Demand, threw me into the Compter on an Action of two hundred Pounds: However, he diſcharged me on my giving him a general Releaſe; but this Diſcharge, at that unconſcionable rate, I could not immediately procure, and for that Reaſon had before mov'd myſelf to the *Fleet* Priſon by a *Habeas Corpus*.

In a few Days after I had been removed to this Priſon, Mr. *Greaves*, a *Bedfordſhire* Gentleman, by his Attorney's Neglect of putting in his Anſwer to a Bill in Chancery, was ſent to that Priſon for a Contempt of Court.

This Gentleman, by the Direction of Providence, diſtinguiſh'd me from the firſt Day, and ask'd me that Night to ſup with him. As 'tis pretty natural, when we ſee any one diſtreſs'd, to enquire into the Source of his Misfortunes, this Gentleman ask'd me the Cauſe of mine. When he had heard my Story, he anſwer'd, that his Confinement muſt neceſſarily be of very ſhort Duration; but while it laſted I ſhould be welcome to his Table: That if I could any way recover my Liberty, would come down to *Bedfordſhire*, and accept of a ſmall Houſe, and twenty Pounds a Year, to gather in his Rents, ſomething better might there offer, and he might be of farther Service to me.

This

This was not to be rejected by one in my unhappy Situation, and I thankfully embraced it: A few Days after Mr. *Greaves's* Answer was put in, and he discharged. As he was leaving the Prison, taking me aside, he said, Mr. *Andrews*, when you obtain your Liberty here is my Address, write to me, and I will order Money for your coming down. In the Interim give me leave to present you with these three Broad-pieces.

About three Weeks after this Gentleman was released from his Confinement I was also discharged, as I have already said. I wrote to Mr. *Greaves*, and he sent me an Order for five Pounds, with which Mrs. *Andrews* and I went down, resolving to forget, and be forgotten by the World, as I neither knew, nor was known by any individuable Person in that County.

Mr. *Greaves* received us very humanely, and kept us at his House till that he design'd for our Habitation had some few necessary Repairs made; he then gave us Possession of it, lent us a few Goods, and a few Days after rode over his Estate, visited and presented me to his Tenants, as the Person who was to receive their Rents.

I continued four Years in this Employ, and was thoroughly happy, (Mr. *Greaves* had his Rents punctually paid, and the Tenants, perfectly easy, troubled him with no Complaints) when it pleased God to provide for the Support of my old Age, by the Blessing of my *Pamela*'s Birth in the Year 1694, the fiftieth Year of mine and my Wife's Age, for we were both born in 1644.

About the same time Mr. *Greaves* had a little Farm of about forty Pounds a Year became vacant by the Death of the Occupant, he advised me to enter upon it, and he would stock it, and take the Money he should lay out at such Times, and in such

fitch Parcels as would ſuit my Conveniency: I gladly accepted this generous Offer, and gave him Bond for the Money; but, by the Death of Cattle, I never could get before-hand to take up this Bond in the eight Years he lived after I was ſettled in this Farm; tho' I made ſhift to pay the yearly Intereſt, and my Rent, and to keep up the Stock to the Value of what he had put into the Grounds, with which the honeſt Gentleman was ſatisfied.

After Mr. *Greaves*'s Death, in whom I loſt a worthy Patron, his Son took Poſſeſſion of his Eſtates real and perſonal, and tho' they were both conſiderable, Equipage, Play, and Pleaſures, very ſoon diſſipated the latter; and being in great Diſtreſs for Money he came into the Country to ſee what his Tenants cou'd advance him, and to exact the Money due to his Father by Bonds and other Securities, by which he raiſed about two thouſand Pounds; but that Sum could not long laſt him as he lived.

Among others I was call'd upon to take up my Bond, which, as I was not able to do, he inſiſted on my giving him a Warrant of Attorney. This I could not refuſe, tho' I foreſaw in ſetting my Hand to the Inſtrument, I ſign'd my Ruin.

Young Mr. *Greaves*, who kept the beſt Company, and enter'd into all the Gaiety of Life, return'd to *London* pretty well ſatisfy'd with his Recruit, which was a new Fund for Play, and he had the good Fortune that Winter to win one Night ten thouſand Pounds of the Duke of ——, which Sum was next Day (being a Debt of Honour) punctually paid him, tho' his *Grace* was noted for the very worſt Paymaſter of his Tradeſmen among the Quality. This Cuſtom among the *Great*, has been ever Matter of Surprize; they think

think it a Point of Honour to pay Money, of which, perhaps, they have been robb'd; but think it no Breach of Honour to rob the Man who believes them incapable of deceiving him. What is the taking Goods upon Credit, without Design of paying other than a licit Robbery? and how ungenerous is it to ruin a Tradesman, because he had confided in, and had a good Opinion of your Probity? Nay, it is ungratefully base, and shewing they (who are mean enough to *run in Debt*, because their Rank protects their Persons) think the Man a Fool for believing them honest. But I digress too far.

This run of good Luck prevented our having any uneasy Visits from our Landlord; I return'd him his Rents, and we were all satisfied on both Sides: but this Calm lasted not above fourteen Months. Mr. *Greaves*, with Expence and Losses at Play, was become as needy as ever.

He came into the Country, and assembled his Tenants; such among them as had Money he took it from them for Fines, and let long Leases at a Rent proportion'd to the Fine paid; but all that he could raise was short of his Expectation: He thought I did not exert myself to serve him, or made that a handle to quarrel with me, seize my little all, turn me, my Wife and Family out of his Farm, and me in particular out of my Business. However, he had the Justice to give me the Surplus of what paid his Bond, when my Stock and Goods were sold, which was about fifteen Pounds; with this Money I purchased a few Household Goods, took a little House, and set up a School for Reading, Writing, and casting Accounts; but the Number of my Scholars was too few to give us Bread, wherefore I was compelled to Day-Labour to support my Family.

Pamela

Pamela was about this Time somewhat turn'd of Eleven. A Relation of Mr. *Greaves*, a Tradesman at *Bedford*, used sometimes to be at Mr. *Greaves*'s House with his Wife, and a Daughter of the Age of my Child, he asked me to let *Pamela* go with them to *Bedford* to keep his Daughter Company. You may believe, as it was a sober Family, I readily consented. At his House my Child had the good Fortune to be seen and liked by my good Lady your Mother. Sir, (looking on Mr. *B*——) her Ladyship sent a Servant with a Letter to ask her of me; and I (happy in the Offer) gladly put the Girl into such good Hands. The Sequel of my Story you all know, except one Particular, which is, that the good Lady, I have just mention'd, sent me every *Christmas* five Guineas, but with a strict Injunction never to mention this Benevolence during her Life.

I would never let *Pamela* know more of my Story, than that I had been a Tradesman of some Credit; that I had had several Children, and was ruined by the Engagements I had enter'd into for my two Sons: I fear'd the Knowledge of being deriv'd from two such ancient and unblemish'd Families as that of *Andrews*, and that of *Jinks*, might make her vain, and nothing is more contemptible than a proud Beggar.

The Company return'd my Father Thanks for the Trouble their Entertainment (as Sir *Simon* was pleas'd to term his Story) had given him. My Lady said, Sir *Simon* has written to Mr. *Jinks* of *Broomball*, that so near a Relation is return'd to the Country, and I am sure he will do himself the Honour to wait on Mr. *B*——, and embrace his Kinswomen. You must, Cousin *Andrews*, expect a Number of Visitors, for you know the

old Saying, *all Kent's a-kin.* Indeed both Gentry and common People seldom marrying out of the County, makes it in a manner literally true.

Sir *Simon* ask'd Mr. *B——* if he design'd to be at the Horse Race on *Cox* Heath the next *Monday*. My dear Master answer'd, he had not heard there was to be one; but since you, Sir *Simon*, tell me there is, I won't fail being there, for 'tis a Diversion I love, continued Mr. *B——*, and it may be an Amusement to my *Pamela*, if she approves of keeping me Company. Sir, replied I, 'tis impossible for me to be more happy than when with you; but I own a Horse Race is so far from affording me any Diversion, that it gives me Pain to see that generous Beast, whose natural Emulation makes him exert his utmost Strength to quicken his Speed, and to get the better of his Rivals, whipp'd and spurr'd by the Rider so unmercifully; this is a very shocking Sight, and it affects me so much, that when my Lady has taken me with her in the Coach to these Meetings, I always turn'd away my Head, when the running Horses pass'd by, after the first Time I had observ'd the Emulation of the Beasts, and the Barbarity of the Jockeys.

Indeed, Madam, said Lady *Andrews*, you have given the very Reason why I have desired Sir *Simon* to excuse my going with him.

'Tis true, my *Pamela*, said dear Mr. *B——*, I am always pleas'd to have you in my Eye, but would not procure my own Pleasure by your Pain. Mr. *Andrews*, continued he, will you keep me Company. Sir, answered my Father, I shall always think myself honour'd with your Commands, and will as readily execute them.

I'll make a Proposal, said Sir *Simon*; my Wife and I will call here on *Monday* Morning, take

Mrs.

Mrs. *Andrews* and your Lady in my Coach; if you chuſe to ride I will accompany you on Horſe-back, or go in your Coach, and the Servants lead the Saddle-Horſes to the Heath, for we can't well ſee the Race in a Coach: Our Wives ſhall go ſtrait to *Maidſtone*, where Lady *Andrews* wants to buy ſome Trifles; we will go to the Heath, join them at three o'Clock, dine together, and return in the Evening. Well, this was agreed upon.

Sir *Simon* and Lady ſtaid till Five, and then took their Leave: My dear Maſter and Father rode out, my Mother took a Book in hand, and I a Pen to chat with my good Friend Mrs. *Jervis*, if that Term may be allow'd, where all the Prattle is on one Side only. Adieu, my Friend, good Angels be your Guard.

My dear Mr. *B*—— hearing the Hounds out got on Horſeback, hunted with Mr. *Wheeler*, a neighbouring Gentleman, and did not return till Three; Mr. *Longman* and my Father rode about the Grounds, my Mother ſet her two Maids to ſpinning, and kept them Company in the ſame houſewifely Employment; and I, having read ſome time the Meditations of the Emperor *Antoninus*, went into my Chamber, and continued my Journal, at which Mr. *B*—— on his Return catch'd me, and with a tender Embrace ſaid, my dear *Pamela*, how pleas'd am I to ſee you thus employ'd; this Method, of which I am glad you are fond, will make me very circumſpect in my Conduct, for I ſhould fear Cenſure from my little Charmer more than from all the World beſide. We are told that there are certain Miniſters about the Perſon of the *Chineſe* Monarch, who minute down every Word and Action he ſays or does, and every Day put theſe Papers into a Cheſt,

which is not open'd till the Emperor's Death, and then are expos'd to the Publick, which accordingly revele or censure his past'd Life; but methinks your Method gives me an Advantage over that great Monarch, he cannot by these Notes be acquainted with the Errors he may fall into; consequently, not knowing, cannot avoid relapsing into them by seeing in what Light they are view'd by others; but while you allow me to read yours, I may reap that Advantage.

Sir, answer'd I, give me leave to reply in the Words of Colonel *Coddrington*.

I read thee ever with a Lover's Eye;
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.

He snatch'd me eagerly in his Arms, gave me twenty Kisses, I believe, and then stepping to his Bureau brought my Papers, and said, here, my Angel, I thank you for the Entertainment these have given me, but you will excuse my Criticisms? You will, Sir, replied I, do me great Pleasure in giving me room to think any thing of mine could so far engage your Attention.

Then, answer'd *Mr. B——*, I have these Faults to find with your Paraphrase, you sometimes take so much Liberty, that you scarcely keep your Author in view; and at others, you almost tread upon his Heels; forgive me, my Charmer, I would have thee as much Perfection in thy Writings as thou art in thy Mind and Person; but thou art a young Poetess, and will't daily improve. Come, give me the Sequel of these Papers, and let us go to Dinner, for that's ready, and so is my Stomach I assure you.

I gave him all the Papers but the Sheet I was writing, he put them into his Bureau, and embracing

bracing me again, when I thank'd him for his Remark, lead me down Stairs. After Dinner we took a Diſh of Tea, Mr. *B*—— being tired lay down, and ſlept about two Hours, which Time I employ'd in reading Dr. *Sherlock* upon Death.

When my dear Maſter had taken his Nap he ſat him down to amuſe himſelf with the trifling Minutes I wrote you, on which he was pleas'd to make me ſome agreeable Compliments. Afterwards he ſaid, my *Pamela*, I beg you won't on what I have ſaid alter your Paraphraſe of the hundred and third Pſalm; for by that, which I aſſure you excels what I have hitherto ſeen of your Verſification, we ſhall ſee what Strength your Muſe gathers with Time. I promis'd him I would let it ſtand without Alteration.

Well, Madam, ſaid my dear Maſter to my Mother, what may you have earn'd to-day by your Wheel? Really, Sir, anſwer'd my good Parent, your exceſſive Bounty has made me in a manner contract a Habit of Idleneſs; I cannot boaſt of the Work I have done. Madam, replied he, Providence has made me the happy Inſtrument to reward your laudable Reſignation, and exemplary Humility and Piety. Look on me as your Son, and what I do the Effects of filial Duty, and if you will indeed oblige me, you will never more mention your being obliged by me.—— Mr. *Andrews*, I fancy you, *Longman* and I could cope with a Bottle of *Burgundy*. Ay, ſaid I, and ſomebody elſe would not be angry if ſhe was ask'd to drink a Glaſs.——Say you ſo? then, *Longman*, fee if you have Intereſt enough with *Jonathan* to get us a couple of Bottles. No, no, ſaid I—— Yes, yes, ſaid he, I would not have my Boy baulk'd, 'twould be hard he ſhould meet with Diſappointment from the World before he comes into it:

it: This Answer set my Face in a Glow, for he had hit the Nail on the Head; I had an Hour before eagerly wish'd for a Glass of *Burgundy*. When a Bottle was uncork'd he fill'd me a Bumper, I drank it with such Greediness, that not only Mr. *B*——, but my Parents, and Mr. *Longman* took notice of it; and my Mother said, my Dear, I am sure you would not be displeas'd if Mr. *B*——— help'd you to just such another Glass: Answer me without Evasion. Madam, I replied, I am surprized at myself, for I should only find Fault that the Glass is too little. Mr. *B*—— embracing me said, now, my *Pamela*, you are obliging, and calling *Jonathan*, order'd a Beer Glass, fill'd it up, and bid me drink just so much as I liked. I clapped it to my Mouth, and left not a Drop, tho' it contain'd a Pint. Mr. *B*—— laughing said, well perform'd, my Girl, why thou art a boon Companion; every Day brings to light some new Virtue in thee; e'en make an End of thy Bottle. Truly, Sir, said I, a very little Persuasion would induce me to follow your Advice. To make short, my dear *Jervis*, I drank out the two Bottles before I was satisfied, and tho' all this Wine had no Effect on my Head, as I apprehended it might, by way of Precaution I went to my Room, and having perform'd my Duty to Heaven, hurried into Bed, where I slept without (I believe) stirring Hand or Foot.

Mr. *B*—— call'd *Jonathan* to bring more Wine, and ordered him not to forget to put a Couple of Dozen Bottles of *Burgundy* into Sir *Simon*'s Coach on *Monday* for his Mistress. Think you, Friend *Jonathan*, we have not tasted a Drop of these two Bottles? this my Mother told me next Day. *Jonathan* answer'd, much good do her sweet Heart an it were a Hogshead. What Time

Mr.

Mr. *B*——— came to Bed I know not, for I never heard him.

Saturday we saw nobody, and nothing pass'd worth sending you an Account, except my drinking a whole Bottle of *Burgundy* at Dinner, and two at Supper to my own Share; without finding any Alteration by this large Quantity of strong Wine.

I would fain have one of these Men of *Reason*, who are for calling upon the Creator to account to their *Reason* for his Decrees, and refuse Belief to whatever is not demonstrable as a Problem in the Mathematicks, to assign a *Reason* why a pregnant Woman shall not be affected with six times the Quantity of Wine, which at another time would deprive her of Sense and Motion; or why, if her Appetite is not gratified, the Child she goes with shall bear the Mark of the Thing she longed for. Alas, how limited is our Knowledge of Nature, and how great our Vanity in thinking we can penetrate the *Reasons* why the eternal Will has enjoined such a Faith, or the Performance of such Duties! *Well*, said the Philosopher, *all that I know is, that I know nothing*; and, indeed, the Knowledge of our own Ignorance is, in my Opinion, knowing a great deal.

My dear *Jemmy*, I pray the Almighty to have you under his Protection; believe me this Prayer is from the Bottom, the very Bottom of my Heart; for I am with great Sincerity, and a thorough grateful Sense of what I owe your Friendship, your devoted Friend.

Sunday Evening. Mr. *Brown* this Day gave us two very edifying Sermons, for which he had the Thanks of our Family. When we return'd from Church in the Afternoon, I retired to my Chamber, and opening the Bible at the the 37th Psalm,

was prompted by a ſtrong Inclination to paraphraſe Part of it in Verſe, or more properly to make an humble Imitation of it in Rhime, of which I ſend you a Copy.

PSALM XXXVII.

WHAT, tho' the Wicked proſper in their Ways,
And Health and Riches crown their lateſt Days;
Though Plutus *with his Gold a Suppliant waits,*
And Fortune asks Admittance at their Gates,
Obſequious to perform what they require,
And, inſtant, gratify each fond Deſire:
Indulged in Eaſe, altho' they Strangers are,
To all the Ills in Life, to ev'ry Care;
Shalt thou be vext? grieving, ſhalt thou repine,
Or envy'ing wiſh their happy Lot were thine?
Shoud'ſt thou God's Providence impeach for this;
Or of the Rules of Virtue think amiſs?
Woud'ſt thou, enamour'd with their Pomp and State,
Dare to be wicked, that thou might'ſt be great?
What cauſes now thy Anger or Surprize,
Or thou may'ſt view with wiſhing envious Eyes;
Of ſhort Duration is, ſhall paſs away
Like the ſhort Sun-ſhine of a Winter's Day:
Like verdant Graſs, or the gay-vary'd Flow'r,
(Whoſe Beauties, unregarded, by the Mow'r,)
Promiſcuous falls, and level'd with the Earth,
Is wither'd by the Heat which gave it Birth.
Make thou thy Happineſs in this conſiſt,
To truſt in him, by whom thou doſt exiſt.
Precarious Riches are; as vain is State;
The Good, alone, are truly rich and great:
In God confide; and from, whate'er's thy Store,
Relieve with chearful Heart th'induſtrious Poor.
Feed thou the Hungry, and the Naked cloath,
Nor let thine Eyes the nauſeous Priſon loath;

Give

Give Charity thine Hand, she'll lead thee thence,
Wilt thou see enthron'd, the Fiend Despair,
Drive thence the Fury, and do thou impart
With lib'ral Hand, and with a tender Heart,
Comfort to Captives, who no Comfort know;
But labour under complicated Woe.
Visit the Sick, nor be deter'd by Fear
Of his Distemper, or contagious Air,
Is not th' Almighty present ev'ry where?
Comfort the Man on whom Afflictions fall,
And be thou good, in doing Good to all.
Shoud'st thou thy self severe Misfortunes prove
(E'en God's Chastisements are th' Effects of Love;)
Be not dejected, or depress'd with Care,
But have Recourse to God in fervent Prayer:
Delight thou still in him, and in his Ways,
Nor do thou cease the Tribute of thy Praise.
Do thou perform the Duty he requires,
And he will grant thee all thy Heart desires.
Shou'd envious Calumny attack thy Fame,
And vile Detraction odious make thy Name;
Yet will thy God thy Innocency clear,
And all those sland'rous Clouds shall disappear;
Nay, as the Sun just breaking from a Cloud,
Which for a while its Glories did enshroud,
Seems to have gather'd Force, and shines more bright,
So shall thy Innocence be Sight to Light:
Yet in the Interim do thou resign,
Confide in God, and dare not to repine;
Say not, such thrive whose Dealings are unjust,
Yet I'm oppress'd who place in God my Trust.
Wait thou with Patience, on Omniscience rest,
Who made the World, knows how to rule it best.
If press'd with Villainy excites thy Rage,
Reason consulted, will the Storm assuage:

But

But if at once the Tempest don't abate,
Beware you're not impell'd to imitate,
What made you Wrath, and what you ought to hate.
For howsoe'er such prosper in their Ways,
And prosp'rous Villanies may Envy raise:
Yet Justice shall o'ertake their flagrant Crimes,
And they be swept away before Times;
Whereas all such as patiently resign,
And humbly wait Jehovah's Will divine,
Shall in this Life be blest'd with inward Peace,
And in the next, with Joys that never cease.
Think not the Wicked flourishes too long,
Or that in aught thy God can e'er be wrong.
Who to his Wisdom shall prescribe the Hour,
To cease his Patience, and exert his Pow'r?
Altho' the Wicked in their Strength appear,
To brave Adversity, and laugh at Fear;
Tho' like a solid Rock which mocks the Tides,
And all the Fury of the Storm derides,
They seem secure; yet on this Truth depend,
A little Time will all their Greatness end:
Burst the swoll'n Bubles, their very Names shall die,
And with themselves in dark Oblivion lie.
The Meek, submitting to their God, shall be
With Peace rewarded, and Prosperity,
Which he'll entail on late Posterity.
The wicked Men against the Just may rise,
And for his Ruin various Plots devise;
Ridiculous their Wiles to God appear,
Who sees their own Perdition drawing near.
Though to complete the just Man's Overthrow
They've drawn the hostile Sword, and bent the Bow.
Altho' with Rage malevolent they burn,
Their warlike Weapons on themselves shall turn:
And that Destruction which they hop'd t'ave wrought
Upon the Just, shall on themselves be brought.

Altho'

Altho' the Wicked vain & mighty Store,
And that the Juſt are barely ſaid not poor;
Yet will their Little greater Peace affaird,
Than all the mighty Sums the others hoard:
For the Unjuſt, as Foes will God deſtroy,
But bleſs that Little which the Good enjoy.
Honeſt Induſtry ſhall their Stock encreaſe
And ſweet Content ſecure their inward Peace.
Altho' the Juſt ſome times Affliction know,
And God regardleſs ſeems of all their Woe;
Seems to forſeaſe his Care, avert his Eyes,
And not to hear, or not to heed their Cries,
Yet is his Providence their conſtant guard,
Their Suff'rings and their Patience he'll reward:
Their Reſignation he'll repay with Love,
And Childrens Children ſhall his Bleſſings prove.
When for the crying Sins of any Nation
God's Miniſter of Wrath ſpreads Devaſtation,
Deſcending to fulfil his dread Command,
Scatters the Peſtilence throughout a Land,
Or let's looſe Famine, or indu.. a War;
The Juſt will be the Object of his Care:
Theſe will th'avenging Miniſter protect,
No Air peſtif'rous ſhall their Homes infect:
The Famine ſhall not paſs their outward Wall,
Nor ſhall they by a hoſtile Fury fall.
Theſe, as his Friend, the holy One *will cheriſh*
While, as his Foes ſhall wicked Doers *periſh.*
Glutted with Plenty, and with Succeſs elate,
Not dreaming Vengeance on their Crimes does wait;
They ſhall as fatted Victims fall a Prey,
And as the Fat of Lambs conſume away.
Obſerve thou in this Life, how very oft,
Thoſe Men who at a ſcrup'lous Conſcience ſcoft;
Boggled at nought that might encreaſe their Store,
However baſe, become exceſſive poor:

Driven

Driven to double Shame, their Wants to own,
And borr'wing, blush they can't restore the Loan.
Not so the Just, he shall a Stranger be
To Shocks like these from dire Necessity:
By God enabled, he shall Mercy shew,
And to the Wanting, Charity bestow;
For God, whose Promises can never fail,
Does Blessings on the righteous Man entail.
God will reward him with a liberal Hand,
And he enjoy the Fatness of the Land;
The Curse of God he shall as surely see,
The Wicked lead to sad Catastrophe.

Mr. *B*—— came in as I had finished about forty Lines, and reading it said, You are here out of Character, my *Pamela*, do you think it consistent with that of a holy Prophet, as was the Royal *David*, to mention two Heathen Deities *Pluto* and *Fortune*?

Sir, said I, I was aware of the Objection; but as the Gods of the Heathens, I have read, were Dæmons, I thought it was shewing the wicked were under the Influence of evil Spirits, as certainly I think all must be, who prefer the transitory Riches, and fading Glory of this World, which we are not certain to enjoy one Day (so precarious is Life) to an eternal Happiness.

Well, answer'd he, I won't pretend to decide, though your Reason is not satisfactory; an inspir'd Writer had no Occasion for Fiction. True, Sir, said I; but it is not *David*, you must consider, but a very poor Poetaster who introduced these false Gods. Ay, but my Charmer, that may be allow'd a Poet, with Regard to his License in prophane, will never be forgiven him in sacred Writings. *David* knew no such Gods.

What

What I mean is, he would not have stained, have filled his Writings with their Names, if not to explode them; but you, in your Paraphrase, (indeed it may more properly be called a Comment) attribute a Power to them.

Really, Sir, this last Argument is convincing; I will alter the two Lines——No, my dear, they are not written for the Publick, and this is visibly not from a bad Intention; your Design, you have shewn is good, but in my Opinion your Zeal misled your Judgment. Go on, my Charmer, and excuse me if I take this Liberty with the Compositions of your leisure Hours, my Fondness makes me find Fault where I think there is ground for it. I will no longer break in upon your Entertainment; go on, my dear *Pamela*; he here tenderly embraced, kiss'd, and then left me. I pursued my agreeable Task till Supper-time, when *Rachel* came to call me. Soon after, we went to Bed.

On *Monday* we rose early. When I went down to Breakfast I found Mr. *Brown* in the Parlour. My dear Master told me he had sent for, and prevailed on him to be our 'Squire to *Maidstone*, with which I was greatly pleas'd, and thank'd both Mr. *B*——— and him, the former for his obliging Care to procure, and the other for favouring us with so entertaining and edifying a Companion.

About Eleven o'Clock came Sir *Simon* and his Lady; they drank Chocolate, after which her Ladyship had a mind to take a Turn in the Garden, my Mother and I waited on her, and left the Gentlemen, who had enter'd upon publick Affairs, a Subject, which, as none of us pretended to understand, could afford us no Entertainment. Having made a Couple of Rounds, we went into the Summer-house, and Mr. *Brown* joined us.

there soon after. Ladies, said he, as I am no Politician, I have left Sir *Simon* and Mr. *B*—— to settle the Affairs of *Europe*, which, no doubt, they'll soon have done, and have perfected a Plan for the extending our Trade, making Silver in as great Plenty in *London*, as it was at *Jerusalem* in the Time of *Solomon*, and the *English* Name as famous as was that of the ancient *Romans*. I assure you the Nation is not a little indebted to them for the Pains they take; but the Ladies in particular are greatly obliged to their publick Spirit; for I don't doubt but *French* Silks, *Flanders* Lace, and *Genoa* Velvet, *Roman* Gloves, *Ras-a-Sole*, Parrots, Monkeys, and *India* Skreens will be had at much cheaper Rates.

Is not this, said my Lady, being a little satyrical upon our Masters, Mr. *Brown*? No, Madam, answer'd he, for they are almost the Words of Mr. *B*——, in speaking joosely to Sir *Simon*, who replied, you are certainly right in laughing at our Undertaking to direct the Affairs of *Europe*; but the Discourse amuses us for the Time, and as we do no Service, so we do no Hurt to either the Publick, or any particular Person in it, and I had rather divert myself by guessing at the Views, or drawing Consequences from the Actions of Sovereign Princes, than be prying into, and censuring the domestick Affairs and Conduct of my Neighbours. Well then, said Mr. *B*——, let us begin, and do some good at home, at least in Imagination. Here, Ladies, I left them, for Affairs of State ought to be managed by few, that they may be carried on with the greater Secrefy.

I wish, said my Lady, their publick Spirit don't make them lose their Diversion, 'tis turn'd of Twelve, and Sir *Simon* said the Horses would be upon the Course at a little after One. Mr. *B*——, answered

anſwered the young Clergyman, had ordered a Set of Horſes to be put to before I left the Room. Soon after the Gentlemen came to tell us it was Time to ſet out; Mr. *B*—— handed my Lady, and my Mother taking hold of Mr. *Brown*, ſaid, give me Leave, Sir, to put myſelf under your Care. She perceived Sir *Simon* was a little at a Stand whether he ſhould give the Mother or Daughter the Preference of his Hand, which Doubt was thus ended. We got into her Ladyſhip's Coach, but all we could ſay could not prevail on her to take the Fore-Seat, and we were obliged to allow her to ſit backwards, that our Civility might not be carried to Impertinence, by riſing to an Exceſs.

After we had been ſettled a little while, I gave my Lady an Account of our late Excurſion, and concluded with ſaying how agreeably Mr. *Brown* had entertained us with a little Hiſtory, but that I had had no Opportunity to entreat the Favour of the Sequel. Her Ladyſhip asked if it was a Story of his own Knowledge: It was, anſwered I, and my Lord —— an Inſtrument in ſaving an innocent Girl from almoſt inevitable Ruin. If this happen'd at *Genoa*, anſwered my Lady, my Lord entertained me with it. Were there two Pilgrims concern'd in that Affair? 'Tis the ſame Hiſtory, ſaid Mr. *Brown*, which Mrs. *B*—— was pleas'd to think agreeable. Indeed, replied her Ladyſhip, I don't ſee how ſhe could think otherwiſe. I have long'd for an Opportunity to know who theſe Pilgrims were: As my Lord was entering on their Story, ſome Viſitors coming in, deprived me of that Satisfaction. 'Tis at that very Part, anſwer'd I, that Mr. *Brown* broke of; I am ſure he is ſo obliging, he will now ſatisfy our Curioſity. I join in that Petition, ſaid my Lady; and I, re-

plied Mr. *Brown*, shall always readily obey your Ladyships Commands. But pray, Lady *Andrews*, how far did his Lordship carry the Story? to his offering to accompany the Pilgrims till *Beatrix* should be out of Danger, and inviting the Pilgrims to his Inn, replied her Ladyship. There, said Mr. *Brown*, I left off, Ladies, looking on my Mother and me.

The *Pilgrims* and *Beatrix*, with her Bag of Gold, which my Lord having tied and sealed in the Magistrate's Presence, had given into the Custody of one of his Servants to carry for *Beatrix*, she and the two Pilgrims, I say, accompanied us to the Inn, where, having visited and provided themselves and *Beatrix* with Rooms, they afterwards joined us in a Parlour. The two Pilgrims behaved like Men who had been used to the most polite Company.

We sat down, *Beatrix* excepted, which my Lord observing, ordered a Servant of the Inn, who was accidentally in the Room, to set her a Chair: She blush'd, and hesitated at sitting, till my Lord, in his good natur'd affable way, took her by the Hand and put her into the Chair, saying in *French*, *Belle Beatrice*, pretty *Beatrix*, if we had not Virtue enough to respect yours, yet as you are now rich, your Money commands a Deference to be paid you: Such is the prevalent Force of Wealth, that we, I may say, naturally pay a Regard to the Person possess'd of it, however villainously he has obtain'd his Money, however black is his Character, and however vile his Principles. I am sorry, said the Pilgrim who could not speak *English*, that the Observation is too just to be objected to.

We discours'd on different Subjects till Supper was set upon Table; after which, a Bottle succeeding, my Lord, speaking *French*, in Complaisance

pleasance to the other Pilgrim, who was of that Nation, and did not understand our Language, said to him who had spoke *English*, may I presume to ask, Sir, to whom my Father is obliged for a kind Enquiry after his Health? Sir, answered the other, the Pleasure of obliging your Father's Son, forces me to declare a Secret, with which my Lord, Mr. *O*——, and a Counsel, who have never divulg'd it, are alone acquainted: My Name is *O*——, my Mother was Sister to your Grandfather.——You surprize me prodigiously; if so, Sir, you have many Years been thought dead, for Mr. *O*. your Relation is, as next Heir, in Possession of your large Estate, replied my Lord: I have often heard talk of your gay Equipage, and your sudden and unexpected Disappearance, which none could account for, as you never ran out any Part of your Fortune, and, notwithstanding your splendid Figure, managed your Estate, which is indeed large, with Œconomy; For these Reasons your disappearing as you did, was Matter of Surprize to all your Acquaintance; nay to all the Town, and most conjectured that you was privately murdered; my Father gave into this Opinion. My Lord knew better, said the Pilgrim, but his seeming to concur with the Conjectures of others, prevented any Enquiries of him; he has been just in keeping my Secret.

My Cousin *O*—— is in Possession by Virtue of a Deed of Gift, though in the Eyes of the World by an undoubted Claim, as next Heir to me; you must know that our Family professes the Religion of our Ancestors, I mean we are all *Roman* Catholicks.----It would be astonishing, said the other Pilgrim, to see any of the antient *Milesian* Race other than true Sons of our holy Mother.——I was, continued Mr. *O*——, bred at *St. Omers*,

where I was taught my Humanity by the Reverend Fathers the *English* Jesuits, and under the Tutelage of the Reverend Father *Plowden* spent three Years in making the Tour of *Europe*. I returnd from my Travels at the Age of one and twenty, by my Guardians was put into Poſſeſſion of my Eſtate, and by my own Folly hurried into all that is called the Gaiety of Life, and for three Years, a poor thoughtleſs Wretch, abſorbed in Vanity, Luxury, and falſe Pleaſure. I was awaken'd to Reflection by a ſevere Fit of Sickneſs, which brought me to a Retroſpection, ſhew'd me how unfit I was to appear before the pure Eyes of tremendous Juſtice, and made me firmly reſolve to live for the future, if God in his Mercy ſpared me, ſo as never more to be under the ſame Terrors of Mind, but be ready at all Times to quit the World with Alacrity. I very ſincerely bewailed my paſt Sins and Follies, fervently implored the divine Mercy to forgive them, and grant me the Aſſiſtance of his Grace to confirm my Reſolution; his infinite Goodneſs lent a favourable Ear to my Petitions, I recovered from the dangerous Condition I was in; ſaw ſo thoroughly the Nothingneſs both of myſelf and the World, and (fearing to relapſe into my former Follies) made a firm Reſolution to avoid the Temptation, and entirely quit it. To this End I went down (and took with me Counſellor *U*——) to my Lord your Father's Seat, whither I ſent for my Couſin, and next Heir Mr. *O*—— of *A*——; I acquainted them with my unalterable Deſign, and your Father conſenting, ſettled my Eſtate on his Lordſhip, the worthy Counſellor and my Couſin, in Truſt to pay me during my Life one thouſand Pounds a Year Sterling, clear of all Deductions; the Reſidue to my Couſin and his Heirs for ever. This

Reſerve

Reserve I made, that I might have the Means to relieve real Objects of Charity.

Having taken this Step I return'd to Town, where I continued to make the usual Figure for about a Fortnight, (though I was quite altered in my way of thinking) a Confessor could not have enjoined me more severe Penance. After this Space I disposed of the few Jewels I had, my Mother's Diamond and Pearl Necklaces I presented to the good Lady your Mother. A large single Diamond, which I usually wore on my Finger, I sent to my Lord your Father; the rest I gave to my Cousin O——'s Lady, and among some Relations in *Ireland*. I order'd Cousin O—— to sell my Furniture, Chariots, Horse and Cloaths, and to distribute the Money among honest decay'd Houses-keepers.

Having made this Disposition of my Affairs, I got, in a fictitious Name, a Warrant at the Post-Office for Horses, and at the dead of Night giving two Servants, who attended me, the Slip, at a Tavern, set out with a Postilion only, for *Harwich*, where I took a Passage for *Helvoet-Sluis* in the Pacquet-Boat. At *Rotterdam* I went on Board a *Dutch* Vessel bound for *Calais*, and from thence to the Jesuits College at *St. Omers*, where, for seven Years I applied myself to the Study of Philosophy and Divinity, without once, in all that Time, stirring out of the Gates.

Being by this Time forgot to the World, pretty much alter'd, and my Health impared, having taken holy Orders, and thank'd the Reverend Fathers, to two of whom only I was known, I set out for *Montpelier*, where I stay'd two Years under the Name of *Le-valet*, and tho' in that Time I saw and convers'd with several *English* Gentlemen, whom I had formerly known, yet my hav-

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ing been so long given over as lost, my Habit of a Priest, my being thought a *Frenchman*, both by Name and Tongue, and my not giving the least Indication that I understood *English*, skreen'd me from all Suspicion.

Having thoroughly recovered my Health, I resolved to visit the holy Land, and going to *Marseilles*, I there took my Passage on board a Merchant Ship for *Legborn*. I had written to the Reverend *English* Fathers at *St. Omers*, and acquainted them with my Design. The Reverend Father Rector, in the Answer he sent me, desired I would charge myself with the Execution of a Commission to the General of their Order at *Rome*, when I should be so near that City as *Legborn*, which I willingly consented to.

On my Arrival at *Rome* I waited on the General, who received me with not only Marks of Distinction, but I may say of Affection. The Father Rector had given him my History in his Letters, which I was not very well pleas'd with. The General said he had mention'd me to his Holiness, who was desirous of seeing, and had commanded him to carry me to the Vatican on my Arrival. It was a Visit I would have willingly, but could not avoid.

His Holiness receiv'd us very graciously, and made me a fine Oration in *Latin*, tho' I spoke *Italian* perfectly well, in which he pathetically shew'd the Vanity, Instability, and short Duration of all Sublunary Things, applauded me for the Wisdom of the Choice I had made, and concluded with saying he had named me a Bishop *in Partibus*, and such a Day he design'd for my Consecration.

I used all the Arguments I was Master of to induce the Pope to suffer my declining this Dignity, as unworthy; but he persisted in his Resolution,

and

and commanded me on my Obedience to take upon me this Function. I was obliged to submit. His Holiness ordered me a Revenue out of that of a certain Convent, and from the *Datary*, to support me equal to the Episcopal Dignity; but on my remonstrating that it was not necessary, I was permitted to refuse it.

Leaving *Rome* I return'd to *Leghorn*, and there found the *Sea Horse*, a Ship belonging to the *English Turky* Company, bound for *Smyrna*. I agreed for my Passage, and had a pleasant Voyage: From *Smyrna* I went to *Alexandria*, from thence to *Jerusalem*: Here I met this Reverend Gentleman, mitred Abbot of *St. Victaire* in *Provence*, which Abbey, with the Consent of the *French* King, the Pope bestow'd on him upon our returning to *Rome* from the Holy Land; he is the younger Son of the Count *de Bourneville*, and formerly commanded a Regiment, but exchanged his Hat and Feather for a Priest's Crown. We have together, in the Dress you see us, visited all *Italy*, and not miss'd a Church or Convent famous for being the Repository of any Saint; and, by the divine Guidance of Providence, as we were returning to *Provence*, here in *Genoa* have been instrumental in delivering, by your Assistance, Sir, addressing to my Lord, this virtuous Maiden from the Ruin with which she was threaten'd. I am not at present anxious about my real Name being known, as by the Correspondence with my Lord and Cousin *O*——, I find Time has worn out almost all my Acquaintance, and I am as much forgot by the Publick as if I had never appear'd; for I lived some Years in *Paris*, which, for Brevity sake, I took no notice of, and beside the Time I resided at *St. Omers* I have been four Years on the Pilgrimage. He then put his Hand into his Bosom,

Bosom, and pulled out of a Sack a Pacquet of Letters, and examining them, said, this is from my Lord your Father; you know his Hand. I received it at *Venice*, where this Reverend Abbot and I pass'd a Winter. We all knew the Hand, and my Lord, in that Letter, treated him as a Relation, for whom he had a very particular Esteem. The present Lord answer'd, that he needed no Credentials, his Countenance and Manner of Behaviour too plainly speaking him of distinguish'd Rank and Worth.

The next Morning we accompany'd them some Miles, when my Lord and the Bishop embracing like affectionate Kinsmen, the Pilgrims continu'd their Rout, and we steer'd our Course for *Civita Vecchia*. Pray, Sir, said my Lady, what Place is that; I have often heard it nam'd? It is, Madam, reply'd Mr. *Brown*, a small strong City, the Port of *Rome*, and distant from it thirty-eight Miles.

We thank'd Mr. *Brown* for our Entertainment; and I applauded Mr. *O*---'s Resolution and Perseverance in it. I am of Opinion, Madam, that a Man may do his Duty towards God and towards his Neighbour, much better, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, while in Possession of an affluent Fortune, and conversing in the World, than in a Convent. His Example may be of publick Utility, and his Virtue stands greater Assaults, and the triumphing over the Assailants, will give him greater inward Satisfaction; not but I think such are right, who doubting their own Strength to resist Temptation, chuse a recluse Life, and fly the Danger they apprehend.

It is possible, Sir, said my dear Mother, that Mr. *O*——— retired from the World, not because he doubted his Courage to face the Danger

of Example. He told you another Motive, the little ſolid Satisfaction the World could afford; he ſaw it's Nothingneſs, and was diſguſted at the Vanities and Follies with which it is replete.

Madam, replied the Clergyman, he alſo gave for a Reaſon his fearing a Relapſe. The Remembrance of the Danger he had eſcaped of being eternally loſt, he apprehended Time, Example, and the Gaiety and Pleaſures of the World, which, by Means of an affluent Fortune he cou'd have enjoy'd, might obliterate, and he a ſecond Time, perhaps, not have had the ſame Mercy ſhewn him, had he abuſed that he had juſt experienced.

Might not, Sir, reply'd my Lady, Mr. *O*—— aſſign this latter Reaſon from the humble Opinion he had of himſelf, or ſubjoin it to the other, to prevent his being thought arrogant. There are few wiſe Men who do not heartily deſpiſe what the Thoughtleſs term the greateſt Pleaſures, the greateſt Happineſs of Life; and very few People of tolerable Senſe, who are not tired with the continual Round, the daily Repetition of the ſame Things; for if we examine the World ſeriouſly, we ſhall find it very barren of what is call'd Pleaſures, and though they may gratify the Senſes, they cannot entertain the Mind.

Madam, I am very ready to allow Mr. *O*—— may have aſſign'd this Reaſon from a Motive extremely laudable, his Humility. Far be it from me to detract from his Virtues, and I readily aſſent to what your Ladyſhip has advanced, and which, Madam, is a Proof that there is an Hereafter capable of ſatisfying the inquiſitive Mind of Man; for God would not have given this Thirſt of Knowledge, if he did not alſo deſign it ſhould be at ſome time ſatisfied. Methinks, Madam, if the Reward of a virtuous Life was no other than

to

to be hereafter capable of examining and accounting for the System of the Universe, the innumerable Worlds, and their respective Luminaries, produced by the creating Fiat of Omnipotence, it would be sufficient to keep us in the Paths of Virtue; but our not allowing Time for serious Reflection, gives our Passions Opportunity to debilitate our Reason, at least to make us unwillingly listen to its Dictates.

It is certain, Sir, said I, that Reason will never misguide us, while we do not set it up against Religion. It is not Reason, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, but Pride, Self-sufficiency, an over-weaning Opinion of the Strength of our own Judgment and Penetration, our Reluctance to believe what may be our Lives have made our Interest to wish not true, that oppose Religion. Reason, Madam, teaches Humility; that, Madam, will represent to us how limited is human Understanding, and this Knowledge will introduce Faith.

Your mention of Faith, answer'd my Mother, brings to my Mind the invincible Incredulity of the *Jews*, which has often been Matter of Surprize to me, since all the Prophecies of the Messiah are evidently compleated in the Person of the blessed Jesus, his own Predictions as to *Jerusalem* fulfilled, and they have been a scattered People, without a peculiar Government or Place so many hundred Years. And yet *Jacob* in blessing his Children says, *The Scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his Feet till Shiloh* * *come.*

Madam, said he, the *Jews* were once the beloved People of God; and we may observe, although they at present lie under the sore Infliction of

* *The Reader will find this in the* 10th *Verse of the* 49th *Chapter of* Genesis.

of his heavy Displeasure, he does not withdraw his Protection from them; notwithstanding they are dispers'd over the Face of the Earth, they continue a People distinct from other Nations. God has not only preserved them, but greatly multiply'd them since the Destruction of their Temple by the *Romans*, and we see that once renown'd Peoples, who were the Instruments of God's Wrath upon the *Jews*, who were the Conquerors of the World, are so totally extinct, that nothing remains of them but a Name. Whence, Madam, we may reasonably conclude, that God will, in his own good Time, turn and have Compassion on them; I dare not presume to guess at, much less assign any Reason for their Incredulity. I esteem them as once a chosen People of God, as such I am far from adding to the Affliction they labour under by Contempt or Insults; but on the contrary they have my daily Prayers, that the Almighty will illuminate their Minds.

Pray, Sir, said Lady *Andrews*, what is the Import of *Shiloh?* Madam, reply'd Mr. *Brown*, it is derived, as some say, from *Sholoh*, which in *Hebrew* signifies to be calm or serene, and therefore the Messiah is call'd *Shila*, not only from the Peaceableness of his own Life, but as the Author and Prince of Peace; others derive it from another Word, signifying a certain Membrane, and interpret it figuratively *a Son*. *Abraham Esras*, a learned Jew, after many Explanations of this Word, concludes with saying *Shiloh* is the same as *Binow his Son*. Some have interpreting the Verse Mr. *Andrews* quoted, rendered, speaking of that Part, *until Shiloh come*, thus, *Until his Son shall come*. *Rabbi Bechai*, in his Comment on this Verse, writes *Shiloh, that is his Son, who shall be born of a Woman according to the Course of Nature*. The

old *Jews*, as I can make appear by *Shiloh*, underſtood the *Meſſiah* as we do.

I am always attentive when this young Gentleman ſpeaks. I don't let a Word of his drop to the Ground; and I believe had I, for any time, the Pleaſure of his Converſation, it wou'd be a great Advantage to me; his Words make a deep Impreſſion in my Mind; he ſpeaks with Energy when he preaches, and with a Complaiſance and good Nature in common Diſcourſe, that ſhews him pleaſed in obliging others. He compels you to eſteem him, and I dare ſay all who know, value him. My dear Mr. *B*——— has the greateſt Regard for him, and cou'd not treat a Biſhop with more Reſpect; nay, my dear Maſter ſays, that ſome Libertines, whoſe chief Wit lies in ridiculing the Clergy, and making a Jeſt of Religion, are awed into Reſpect in this young Gentleman's Company, and ſpeak with Caution; for he has not only good Senſe, but as much Learning and as ready Wit as the moſt celebrated among the Free-Thinkers. Theſe are my dear Mr. *B*———'s own Words.

We live in ſo cenſorious an Age, that were I to write this Character of Mr. *Brown* to any who had not your juſt way of thinking, it is not improbable but my admiring and eſteeming his Virtues would be interpreted a liking to his Perſon. 'Tis hard, my dear *Jervis*, that our Sex cannot (ſafe from Cenſure) give the Merit, they diſcover in any of the other, the Praiſe which it exacts; but ſo it is, and I ſhou'd be very cautious of ſpeaking my real Sentiments of this young Clergyman to any but my dear Mr. *B*—— and your ſelf. But to return.

When we came into the *Star* at *Maidſtone*, and were ſhewn the Room taken for us, *Colbrand* deſired

ſired to ſpeak to me in private. I went to the Stairs Head, and he began thus: Madam, laſt Night my Maſter gave me a Bill of Fare, and ordered me to ſet out this Morning very early, and ſee every Thing got ready as he had ordered in that Bill. I accordingly got hither before Eight, and asking for the Maſter of the Houſe, ſhewed him what he was to prepare for your Reception. He ask'd what Company came with your Ladyſhip. I told him, and he anſwer'd, that I was come too late; for Sir *Simon*'s *French* Cook came hither yeſterday in the Afternoon, had rummaged the Market, and told him that Mr. *B*---- and your Ladyſhip were to dine here with Sir *Simon*: So, Madam, you ſee the Fault is not in my want of Diligence; and I beg you will make my Maſter ſenſible of it.

I told Lady *Andrews* the Buſineſs I was called out upon, and that *Colbrand* was afraid he ſhould be blamed. That wou'd be unjuſt, anſwer'd her Ladyſhip; for as Sir *Simon* propoſed the Ramble, he has a Right to order our Dinner. Said Mr. *Brown*, Lady *Andrews* has the better of the Cauſe. Whoever propoſes a Party of Pleaſure, without mentioning any Condition, is ſuppos'd to make a Compliment, and to eſteem the Perſons invited his Gueſts: So, who invites another into a Tavern to take a Bottle, looks on that Tavern for the Time, and with reſpect to him, whoſe Company he has deſired, as his own Houſe. Theſe Points of good Breeding, ſaid my Mother, our Sex in general is, I believe, ignorant of; but I am ſatisfied they are ſo well underſtood by Sir *Simon* and Mr. *B*———, they will occaſion no Diſpute.

I am very certain of that, anſwer'd Lady *Andrews*; but I am in Pain how to divert you till theſe Gentlemen come. Here pauſing a little, ſhe

continued, I want ſome Things for the Family, will you favour me with the Aſſiſtance of your Judgment? I anſwer'd, that I wou'd willingly do my ſelf the Honour to wait on her Ladyſhip, and durſt ſay, ſo wou'd my Mother. Mr. *Brown* ſaid, I hope you won't turn me off, now you have brought me ſo many Miles from home. No, cry'd Lady *Andrews*, that wou'd be a little inhuman; but I expected your Complaiſance would have made us a Tender of your Protection. Were you, reply'd the Clergyman, in a Place of real Danger, as you are in one of undoubted Peace and Security, your Lives are ſuch, that you might reſt aſſured of the moſt Powerful. But to what Shop does your Ladyſhip go? or more properly, what wou'd your Ladyſhip purchaſe? I muſt buy, ſaid my Lady, a *Devonſhire* Kerſey to make Sir *Simon* a Shooting Coat for next Winter, and I want a Recruit of Tea's, Sugar, and Coffee. With whom, Mr. *Brown* ask'd, does your Ladyſhip deal? ſhe anſwer'd, with Mr. *Manly*: then, reply'd he, you are within very few Doors of his Houſe, and you buy of a Man of Conſcience.

In a Word, we waited on her Ladyſhip, and amuſed ourſelves in this Shop, where my Lady laid out about Six Pounds, till we ſaw my Maſter's Coach paſs by us, and turn into the *Star*, from which Inn we were but at five Doors Diſtance.

The Gentlemen, on our joining them, ſaid, we had loſt ſeeing a great deal of Company. We ask'd, if they had been diverted with the Race; and on Anſwer in the Affirmative, Lady *Andrews* ſaid, then I am ſure that we are all ſatisfied: But, my dear, who was on the Heath?---Almoſt every Body of Diſtinction———But who in particular? Let me now ſee if I am a good Painter, reply'd Sir *Simon*, by your naming the Perſon for whom

whom I draw the Picture. "The firſt Gentle-
" man who accoſted us is of a mild Nature, be-
" neficent to all, and charitable to the diſtreſs'd;
" he cannot ſee without commiſerating the Miſ-
" fortunes which others labour under; he dedi-
" cates a conſiderable Part of his Eſtate to the
" Poor, and his greateſt Pleaſure is to relieve
" ſuch as labour under Afflictions; he is the
" Husband of the diſconſolate Widow, and Fa-
" ther of the deſerted Orphan: the Phyſician of
" the Deſtitute, and Comforter of the Priſoner.
" His Houſe is a Wardrobe for the Naked, his
" Table always furniſh'd for the Hungry, as are
" his Doors ever open to the Stranger: his Cof-
" fers are the Exchequer of the Wretched, whoſe
" Load of Miſery gives him Joy to alleviate.
" Shew him a Man ſtruggling with Misfortunes,
" and you make him your Friend; his Benefi-
" cence makes no Diſtinction between Countries,
" Religions, Sects or Parties, it extends to all
" equally, and he lives for the good of Mankind
" in general. We may ſay he was born for the
" Relief of the Afflicted, and the Protection of
" unfortunate Merit. A melancholy Story will call
" Tears into his Eyes, yet no Man has faced Danger
" with greater Intrepidity, (but that's no Wonder,
" who is ſo good cannot but be brave.) To con-
" clude, he never knew an honeſt induſtrious Fa-
" mily ſtruggling under Preſſures, but he ſent
" them the Sum neceſſary to make them eaſy."

Why, ſaid Lady *Andrews*, could you not ſay at once that Lord —— was the firſt Man you met? Indeed, Sir, cried Mr. *Brown*, you have drawn my Patron's Picture ſo much to the Life 'tis impoſſible to miſtake it. Who elſe did you ſee, ſaid my Lady?——I will characterize the ſecond Perſon who ſaluted us. Why ſo, anſwered his

Lady, why not name that Perſon at once?——For two Reaſons, I find a Pleaſure in doing Juſtice to People of Virtue, and I ſhall acquaint my Couſin *Andrews* with the Characters of his Neighbours. "The ſecond is a Man of a great and generous "Soul, who ſcorns every thing mean, and who, "to gain a Kingdom, would not break thro' the "Bounds of the ſtricteſt Honour and Juſtice. "He is zealous in the Service of his Sovereign, "and a true Lover of his Country." And his Name, anſwered my Lady, is Col. *D*—— of *C*——*Hill*.——You have gueſs'd right. No, 'tis not, cried my Lady, Gueſs-work; giving the Character you gave, and telling his Name, are, I think, pretty much the ſame thing.

I find, ſaid Mr. *B*——, Sir *Simon* is an excellent Painter, and this Method of giving Sketches of the Company extremely entertaining and inſtructive. I am ſatisfied you would oblige us all, Sir *Simon*, in going through with this Method, in particular my dear *Pamela*, who is, I obſerve, all Attention, and I ſee Pleaſure ſparkle in her Eyes.

Sir *Simon* anſwered, he was afraid he ſhould ſeem tedious to Mr. *Brown*, who, withdrawn to a Window, had a Pocket-Book in one Hand, and a Pencil in the other. How much you wrong me, Sir, replied that Gentleman, in this Opinion, you may be convinc'd by this Paper; I was ſo charm'd with you as a Biographer, that I have ſet down every Word in Short-hand.

Oh, dear Sir *Simon*, ſaid I, go on as you have begun, and if Mr. *Brown* will continue, I hope he will favour me with a Tranſcript. The latter promiſed to oblige me, and it is from that I now write the Characters, which I hope you will be pleas'd with, and the former proceeded thus.

We

We saw upon the Heath, and who join'd us after the Race, "A Gentleman, considerable, "not in his County only, but in his Country; "he has great Interest at Court, and never made "a wrong Use of it in the Service of an unworthy "Object; his Promises may very well be relied "on, for he is never rash in making them, and "very exact in the Performance of them when "made. If a Friend asks his Interest he first "considers if what is required is convenient, that "is, reasonable, according to the Situation of "Affairs, and just in itself; in such Case he will "leave no Stone unturn'd to do his Business: "but if, on thorough Deliberation, he finds 'tis "either not practicable, or improper, he will ex-"cuse himself after so handsome a manner, that "even a Refusal from him is as well received as a "Favour from some Upstarts in Power."

"He is indeed a Friend but to few, because "Merit alone can recommend a Person to his "Intimacy. His Delicacy in the Choice of his "Acquaintance has given him the Character of "a proud Man, tho' perhaps no Man breathing "is farther from the mean Vice of Pride, which "indeed is never found in a Man of good Sense. "He is steady in his Resolutions, and his Pro-"fessions of Friendship are not the Effects of good "Breeding, or Words of course, they are the "Result of a thorough Knowledge of the Person's "Merit to whom they are made. He is never "deceiv'd in his Opinion, as no one reads Man-"kind better than himself, and he grounds his "Judgment on Experience. He is of so even a "Temper, that his most intimate Acquaintance "never once saw him in a Passion. In a Word, "he is loved and revered by all who know him,

"and

"and he truly merits both their Affection and "Eſteem."

Now, continued Sir *Simon*, tell me who this Riddle does mean? Said Mr. *Brown*, we do not want the Aſſiſtance of an *Oedipus*. Indeed, anſwer'd my Lady, 'tis no Riddle, for 'tis evident you have been giving us the Picture of Mr. *T. M*—— of *L*—— Abbey. You have read right, ſaid Sir *Simon*.

I fear, Sir *Simon*, your Characters will not be all ſo edifying, ſaid I, you will have Occaſion to ſhew us the Back of the Medal. Madam, anſwered he, 'tis certain I could contraſt them from thoſe of Perſons I ſaw on the Heath; but I think it becomes my Profeſſion as a Chriſtian, and my Character as a Gentleman, rather to draw a Veil over, than expoſe the Errors and Faults of others; beſide, Madam, to delight in, or even encourage Detraction by liſtening to it, ſpeaks an unſociable and malevolent Mind.

A Calumniator can never ſatyrize another without hurting himſelf, we are apt to think he has a bad Heart, and magnifies the Foible of others, that, as Duſt thrown in the Eyes, we may not ſee his own Vices. All good Men deteſt him, all Men of Senſe avoid, Fools alone are pleas'd with, and even conſcious Virtue fears him. In a Word, he is ſo much worſe than a Murtherer, as Reputation is dearer than Life.

Said Mr. *Brown*, your Reflection on this abominable Vice is ſo very juſt, that I have taken it down in Short-hand for the Benefit of my Pariſhoners. Sir *Simon* anſwered, that the Approbation of his Sentiments by ſo good a Man, gave him a particular Satisfaction.

Dinner was at this Time brought upon Table; as we were placing ourſelves, I told Mr. *B*——

what

what Discourse we had had on the Subject of Sir *Simon*'s having been before-hand with him. Well, my Dear, answered he, I shall find an Opportunity of coming up with him for this Self-interestedness, he will let nobody but himself have the Pleasure of obliging, if he can prevent them.

I shall not trouble you with our Dinner, there was a great Variety of whatever the Season and Country could afford most delicate, and admirably well dress'd. The Conversation at Table was such as might be expected from the polite, learned, and experienc'd Persons who carried it on, and to whom I listen'd with equal Pleasure and Attention.

After the Table was removed, I asked Sir *Simon* to go on with his Characters, as the most obliging Favour. He made me this Answer, if Mr. *Brown* will lend me his Pencil and Pocket-Book I will provide better for your Entertainment, by setting down the Names of the valuable Persons who appeared this Day on the Heath of either Sex. He knows them all, and, I dare say, in your Return will make you wish the Way were somewhat longer, by doing them Justice in the Enumeration of their Virtues.

My Veneration of Virtue, and the Pleasure I find in obliging these Ladies, may induce me, answered Mr. *Brown*, to undertake the Task you propose, and to be careful to do all the Justice I am capable of; but the Change of the Hand will be a Prejudice to such Pictures as are still to draw, and I shall appear to Disadvantage, after the Ladies have so attentively considered the finish'd Pieces of so great a Master.

A lame Excuse, replied Sir *Simon*, is said to be better than none, you would get off yourself by paying me a Compliment. Sir, said I, I don't question

question Mr. *Brown's* [illegible]iging us; but I shall lose, tho' not in the C[illegible] of the Orator, as I look on both inimitable, yet in not having these Characters written down, and I look upon them as so many golden Rules to walk by.

Don't, Madam, answer'd Sir *Simon*, be concern'd at that, I am sure Mr. *Brown* is too obliging to think the writing them down, for your Entertainment, any Trouble. If they prove so, Sir *Simon*, I shall be proud to think my Time so well employ'd, answered the good-natured Clergyman.——'Tis then agreed, and all Parties satisfied, lend me your Book, I will write down the Names; but don't let my Wife see them, let her guess at them by their Pictures.——That her Ladyship will easily do, if I can as well come up to the Originals as you, Sir, have done.

A Tea-Table being set, and the Furniture for it placed, my Lady, Mother, Self, and Mr. *Brown* separated from the Gentlemen, who rather chose Wine. Come, Mr. *Brown*, said Lady *Andrews*, you hear the Gentlemen (as indeed they were) are got on the Subject of Horses; 'tis what we don't understand, and did we, it would not draw our Attention, while you are speaking. Has Sir *Simon* set down any Ladies in his List?——He has, Madam.——Pray acquaint us with some of them. "Madam, said he, the first set down is "noted for a beautiful turn'd Face, sparkling, "full, black Eyes, Ivory Teeth, a lovely Com-"plexion, a fine easy Shape, a genteel Air, which "has in it something grand, I may say naturally "majestic, a most amiable Temper, good Sense, "and a ready fluent Wit, govern'd by Discre-"tion and Good-nature.

"She dresses according to her Birth, Rank and "Fortune, and tho' she is always moderately in the "Fashion,

" Fashion, and wears [illegible] rich Cloaths, yet you " see nothing stiff or affected, every thing sits easy " about her. Good Manners in her is rather the " Effects of a benevolent Nature and affable " Temper, than an Acquisition from Education, " for she is extremely humane. She is naturally " gay, but at the same time prudent. In her Be- " haviour she is condescending to her Inferiors, " and at the Time she gains their Love she com- " mands their Respect: On the other hand, " when she pays her Superiors that Respect which " their Rank exacts, she engages their Esteem. " She knows how to keep the happy *Mean*. In " her Conversation with the Great she betrays no " Servility, and with the meanest she does not " make herself cheap.

" Her Servants obey her with Pleasure, and " their Love is a Spur to their Diligence. She " has a great many Admirers among our Sex, " and what is rarely to be found, where a Lady is " young, rich, and beautiful, she lives unenvy'd " by her own. Her Fortune is large, but all " agree that she deserves it, for she has a generous " Soul above hoarding, and, on the other hand, " too much Prudence to lavish.

" In her House every thing is neat, and nothing " necessary wanting; but nothing superfluous is " to be found; her Table is decently and plenti- " fully served, always open to her Friends, " whom she treats with such Chearfulness in her " Countenance, that the Reception gives a Re- " lish to, and heightens the Entertainment.

" The Number of Dishes every Day pre- " pared suits better with her Rank and For- " tune than with her Family, for she keeps " but few Servants, as her good Sense sets her " above the Vanity of making a Figure; for this

" Reason

"Reason several Dishes, [illegible] (when she is "in Town) are daily sent to the Prisoners (in "the Country) to [illegible] Families. In "a Word, she has a Soul adapted to the Beauty of "her Form, and we may, without Suspicion of "Vanity, say she possesses all the Virtues, with-"out one Failing of her Sex."

Said Lady *Andrews*, You have given us the exact Picture of the Honourable Mrs. *V*——, I suppose you omitted one Part of her Character on purpose: to wit, that she was left a Widow at Fifteen, having lived a tender and observant Wife two Years, with a Husband who knew her Value; for whose Death she was long almost inconsolable, and to whose Memory she seems wedded. But your Precaution was needless, we did not want this Particular. You drew her too much to the Life for me to mistake from whence the Piece was taken.

Attribute, Madam, as is more reasonable, your naming the Lady to your own distinguishing Judgment, which can distribute to every Individual the Virtues they have a Right to claim; tho' I acknowledge I endeavour'd, as much as possible, to speak the Honourable Mrs. *V*—— what she is.

Have you, cried my Lady, never another Lady to characterize? Mr. *Brown* look'd in his Memorandum-Book, and said, "I here see the "Name of a Lady possessed of all the Christian "and Social Virtues, an excellent Wife, and an "engaging Companion. Tho' she has a great "Share of Wit, she never watches for Opportu-"nities to shew it, and out-shine the rest of the "Company; neither is she assuming, or endea-"vouring to impose her own Sentiments, which "is owing to an excellent Understanding. She "has a Complaisance for the Opinion of others,

"however

" however she may differ from their way of think-
" ing. This, and her avoiding a great deal of Com-
" pany, is the Reason she is equally esteem'd, and
" belov'd by all who have the Happiness of her
" Acquaintance."

I am certain, said my Lady, you have been describing Mrs. *H*———. You are not mistaken, Madam, replied Mr. *Brown*. Here a Servant came in, and told him a Man, who seem'd, by the Sweat his Horse was in, to have ridden very hard, had a Letter, which he must give into his own Hands; that, missing him at home, he made all possible Speed hither, as he had been directed.

Mr. *Brown* stepped out, and coming in again, in a very little time said, Mr. *B*——, you have lost the worthy Rector of your Parish, who this Day at Seven in the Morning was delivered from his Infirmities, and called to receive the Reward of his Virtues.

I had not, answer'd Mr. *B*——, the Pleasure to know him; but his excellent Character made me sorry for his Sufferings. Will you, said Sir *Simon*, give me leave to recommend to you Mr. *Brown* for his Successor. Sir, answered Mr. *B*———, I shall always pay a great Deference to your Recommendation, but I had before promised the Living, whenever it became vacant, to Mr. *Brown*'s Virtue. Sir, you are Rector of ——. Sir *Simon* embraced Mr. *B*———, and said, you could not make a better Choice. My Lady *Andrews* got up, and running from the Tea-Table to my dear Master, took him round the Neck, and said, tho' I should risque your Lady's Displeasure, I must and will kiss you. I said, I must follow the Example, and kiss'd and thank'd him heartily. Mr. *Brown* told his new Patron he hoped never to give him Cause to repent his Generosity, which he did

not thank him for but in his Heart, as he knew no Words equivalent to the Favour. Mr. *B*——— said, I believe I find a greater Pleasure in this Opportunity of shewing my Esteem than you do in the Presentation. We all congratulated Mr. *Brown*, and he received and returned our Compliments with great Modesty.

Some little time after this, the Coaches being ready, we set out for Home. My dear *Jervis*, I began this long Letter *Sunday* Evening, it is now *Wednesday* Night, and 'tis Time for me to break off, To-morrow I will resume my Story. Good Night, my dear Friend.

Thursday. I left you, my dear *Jervis* on *Monday*, as we were leaving *Maidstone*: When we had got out of the Town, my Mother said to Mr. *Brown*, methinks, Sir, you seem a little pensive. Why really, Madam, I can't say, notwithstanding I look upon the late Reverend Mr. ——— happy in being taken out of the World, which has been long his Prayer, and that Mr. *B*———'s Generosity makes his Death my immediate Advantage, but that Gratitude, on a Reflection of his paternal Advice, often cordially given me, and his Readiness to do me any good-natured Offices, will not suffer me to be insensible to his Loss.

He was a Clergyman of a meek Spirit, a benevolent Temper, of a forgiving Nature, a Lover of Mankind, sensible of the Distresses of others, which, to relieve, he has often streighten'd himself; he never sued any Man, and never return'd an Injury if not by some good Office. He was moderate in his Table, not to say mortify'd in his Diet, for he often abstained from every Nourishment but what Vegetables afforded, and was never known to exceed three small Glasses of Wine at Dinner: Suppers he did not eat. He had a charitable

table Heart, and a liberal Hand, and was never so well pleas'd as when he had an Opportunity to do good. Tho' he has left behind him few, if any more learned Divines, yet he never gaped after Eccleſiaſtical Dignity. To ſum up his Character in few Words, he was what every Churchman ought to be.

It is natural, Sir, ſaid my Mother, to be concern'd at the Death of our Friends, tho' we know it is the irrevocable Sentence paſs'd on all Mortals once to die; God grant we may die but once. However, Sir, when we reflect, we ſhall find for the moſt part we grieve for our own Loſs; we are deprived of a Benefactor, an Object of our Affection, or ſome Pleaſure or Benefit, and we ſhall find our Grief is, in Reality, occaſioned by a Reflection on what we ſuffer. The World in general ſuffers a Loſs in the Death of this good Clergyman, but I dare ſay his Pariſh in particular will be compenſated by his Succeſſor.

Madam, replied he, 'tis my Duty and ſhall be my Endeavour to imitate him.——My Lady, taking Mr. *Brown* by the Arm, gave him a Shake, and cried, hark-ye, young Gentleman, either exert your Philoſophy and ſhake off this penſive Look, or I ſhall make you ſoon wiſh yourſelf out of Ear-ſhot. I will either enter upon the Subject of Dreſs and Faſhions, or tell a Story of an old Man and an old Woman, who lived in a Vinegar Bottle. What-a-dickens, the old Man is dead, and the fitter he was to live the fitter he was to die: he gets by the Change, and ought thoſe who loved him be ſorry at a Good that has befallen him. I warrant they are better entertain'd in the other Coach, at leaſt more agreeably, as there is a Time for all Things, than with melancholy Reflections upon Mortality.

Madam, replied Mr. *Brown*, I ſtand corrected. You ſtand corrected, anſwer'd my Lady! why don't you then correct your Looks? My dear Mrs. *B*———, it has been always ſaid, that we *Engliſh* are the awkward Apes of the *French* in Point of Dreſs, but this bout we have got the Start of them: I won't ſay we invented, but firſt reviv'd the Faſhion of Hoop-Petticoats, which the *French* Ladies will not allow us the Honour of; for they, to mortify our Vanity, and to prevent its being ſaid they copy an *Engliſh* Example, in a Point ſo vaſtly eſſential to the Oeconomy of our Dreſs, inſiſt that the Invention was originally *Genoeſe*. That the Ladies at *Genoa* a hundred and ten Years ſome Months ſince wore them, and of ſuch a Size, that two Hoops took up the Breadth of a Street, and for that Reaſon a *Pariſian* Hoop-Petticoat of thirteen Yards Circumference is look'd upon as moderate. Now the *Engliſh* Court cries out, that this is a malicious Aſſertion to rob our Nation of the Honour of this uſeful and graceful Invention, and call on the Court of *France* for authentick Proofs. Councils of faſhionable Ladies have ſat in both Kingdoms on this important Point, and Couriers from either Party have been ſent to inſpect the Archives of *Genoa*, and to make their reſpective Reports.

I could not help laughing, or Mr. *Brown* ſmiling at ſo conſiderable a Piece of News. Said he, it would puzzle a Man of good Senſe, tho' long acquainted with Lady *Andrews*, to determine whether ſhe has moſt Wit or moſt good-nature. Well, I ſee the Drift of your ſurprizing Relation, and I will endeavour to ſecond the Deſign of your Condeſcenſion.

I remember a little Story which is ſet down, and aſſerted by the Writer to be Truth; 'tis printed

printed in *Italian*. As I am loath to lose that Language by Disuse, I sometimes translate a Part of an Author, when my Duty does not call upon me, or I cannot more usefully employ my Time. Among other little Pieces, I have put this into *English* a few Days since; it is fresh in my Memory, and, if you please, I will repeat it in hopes of entertaining you. On our shewing a Desire to hear it, he began in pretty near the following Terms, I say pretty near, because I copy this from Mr. *Brown*'s Translation.

In *Milan* dwelt a venerable Matron, whose Husband had been an Officer in the King of *Spain*'s Service; he had but a small Patrimony; the Brave and Virtuous are not always the Favourites of Fortune: To speak more properly, Providence often permits such to struggle under Difficulties.

At his Death he left what little Estate he had to his Wife, to provide for herself, two Sons and a Daughter, to give them an Education, and to settle them in the World at her Discretion. This, and a small Pension from the King of *Spain*, as the Widow of an Officer who had merited by his Service, kept her above wanting the Necessaries of Life, tho' she expended a Part in the Education of her Children.

Her eldest Son, having attained to the Age of Fifteen, to ease his Mother and flattered with the Hopes of pushing his Fortune, enter'd himself a Voluntier in the *Spanish* Troops. Her younger Son *Giuglio* she kept to his Studies, and her Daughter she made so fine a Workwoman, that her Industry alleviated the Burthen of providing for the House. She took in Work, and sometimes went to assist in that which was done by Ladies at their home: Her Name was *Lucinda*.

Near to her Mother's House dwelt *Signore Brunetti*, noted for his Wealth, Avarice and Extortion, he had a Wife and three Daughters, and if with Difficulty, they squeezed out of him necessary Cloaths and Linnen, they were obliged to make them up themselves, and often sent for *Lucinda* to help them, paying her with what they could get by over-rating their Purchase, or deceiving the Miser in the Measure of what they bought, and telling him that *Lucinda*'s Assistance was the Effect of neighbourly Friendship.

Lucinda who ingratiated herself with the Mother and Daughters, used often to be with them at her leisure Hours, although she was not employ'd in their Business; this gave the old *Brunetti* frequent Opportunities of seeing, and sometimes conversing with her, which proved of bad Consequence to his Ease, and fatal to his Reputation. He became deeply in Love with her, and as Shame on the one Hand, Reason and the Difficulties, that, represented he had to encounter, on the other, made him do all he could to get the better of this Passion, he grew restless at Nights, peevish with his Family, angry with himself and fell off his Stomach.

Lucinda was every Way amiable, and she had inspired many young Gentlemen with a Passion, but not so violent as to make them overlook the Want of Fortune, or to blind them to the Character of both her and her Mother's Virtue, which render'd vain all other than honourable Pretensions. At length, when *Lucinda* had attained to the Age of Seventeen, a young Gentleman of a moderate Fortune fell deeply in Love with her, about the same Time that *Brunetti*, had, through his Eyes, taken in the Venom which destroy'd his Ease. The Name of this new Lover was *Rossi*.

He

He got acquainted with *Giuglio*, and made him his Confidant, desiring he would propose the Match to his Mother, professing at the same Time, if she could give her only twelve hundred Crowns to cloath her as his Wife that he would expect no Fortune. *Giuglio*, rejoiced at the Thoughts of seeing his Sister so happily settled, his Mother chearfully agreed to the Proposal, and *Lucinda* as nothing could be objected to Signor *Rossi*'s Person, Family or Character, was not averse to the Match.

They consulted about raising these twelve hundred Crowns, and *Giuglio* proposed asking the Loan of them from old *Brunetti*, their Neighbour, on a Mortgage of their little Estate worth about five thousand Crowns. This being agreed to, the Love-sick Miser inwardly rejoicing, made an outward Shew of Difficulty, and enquired of *Giuglio*, who went on this Business what his Mother could want such a Sum for? The young Gentleman eager to get the Money, as he feared his Sister losing so advantageous a Match, told him the Affair. He paused some little Time, and then said, the Interest the Law allows for Money, considering the Scarcity of that valuable Commodity, People who have any Conscience and want to borrow, readily grant is unreasonably low; and therefore, as 'tis just, are willing to give a Premium? Now, as you seem to me to be a prudent young Gentleman, if you will serve me (as one good Turn deserves another) I will do the Service you require for your Family, nay without Premium or Interest for three Years, and moreover make you a Present of a hundred Crowns for your own Pocket Expences. To be plain with you, I myself love your Sister, and if you will assist me to gain her good Graces, and to admit to me such Favours, as I need not mention, she may command

mind me in every Thing, which can contribute to her Ease and happy Settlement. Consider of this, young Gentleman, for the idle Notions of Honour which inconsiderate young Men are fond of, may possibly warm you to give me such an immediate Answer, as may break off any farther Negociation between us, for I am resolved to part with no Money, if I have not Hopes of being happy with *Lucinda*. Come to me To-morrow about this Time, I will expect you. So your humble Servant: Reflect cooly. Saying this, he left *Giuglio*, who was Thunder-struck at the old Goat's daring to make him such a Proposition. From *Brunetti*'s he went directly in Search of and found *Rossi*.

He acquainted his Friend with the monstrous Proposition made him, in Terms which shew'd he design'd some Way to revenge the Affront done him in thinking he was capable of being a Pandar, especially to his Sister.

Rossi, who was four or five Years older, and knew the World better, answered, that he suffer'd in the Opinion of an old Villain only: And if, said he, you will conceal your Resentment and follow my Advice, you shall let out Part of his Heart's Blood, without incurring the Punishment of the Law, or even the Censure of a Court of Justice should it be known. I mean, we will turn this blind Passion of the old Satires to account, and bleed his Purse, for his Money is his Heart's Blood. *Giuglio* listen'd to this, for he was glad of an Opportunity which might furnish him with a Supply for his Diversions, and which his Mother's Circumstances could not afford.

These young Gentlemen having concerted Measures, *Giuglio* the next Day returns to *Brunetti*'s House at the appointed Hour, the old Signior took

him

him into a private Room and asked him if he had thoroughly considered the Proposal made him. I have, Sir, replied the other. I have placed Reputation in one Scale and Money in the other. Well, and what have you determin'd? Why, Sir, I consider a poor Gentleman cannot go to Market with the Character of his Ancestors, and his own Probity won't feed him.

Wisely judged; thou hast a Genius beyond thy Years. Besides, Sir, proceeded *Giuglio*, if a Secret is kept, Reputation is preserved; no Man is a Pandar or a Villain till he is detected, and no Woman immodest while her private Life is concealed from publick Knowledge.——*Solomon* could not reason more judiciously! so you have concluded to serve me? I should be glad, replied *Giuglio*, to kill two Birds with one Stone, and serve myself too. Look ye, Sir, plain Dealing's a Jewel. I know it will cost me a great deal of Trouble to gain upon my Sister, and to eradicate the romantick Notions of Virtue and Honour, in which she has been brought up, though by your Proposal it is she alone is to reap the Advantage of my Pains.

I love my Sister very well: But I love myself better. Shew me my own Advantage in this Negociation, and you command my Service. I will answer, you shall be satisfied. If not, as I have spoke to *Roffi*, and told him my Mother finds it difficult to raise the Money, and he being as much in Love with *Lucinda* as you, immediately offering to accept the Mortgage in the Lieu, I shall close with him, and advise you as a Friend to banish all future hopes.

Brunetti set on Fire by those Hopes he had conceiv'd from the Brother's interposing in his Behalf, said, you speak like a Man of Sense, but methinks

methinks you are somewhat too Worldly and Selfish for one of your Years.

Sir, I am not so young, but I am sensible of the Power of Beauty as well as you; my Passions are as violent, though I have not the same Means to gratify them. Women no longer deal upon the Square and think Love well repaid by Love. No, Sir, they know the Value of their Charms and will make the most of them. In a Word, they grant no Favours but they are paid at their own Rate? 'Tis this Knowledge alone makes me hope to triumph over *Lucinda*'s Virtue, and force the old fashion'd musty Morals my Mother has taken so much Pains to inculcate, to make Place for her Interest.

In short, Sir, if you will help me to the Possession of a young Beauty who has taken fast hold of my Heart, it shall go hard but I will return the Favour by Means of my Sister. In a Word, Sir, she, the Lady I love, insists on a hundred Crowns before she will surrender. Besides, the little necessary Expences of a Supper, and throwing Dust in the Eyes of her Servant, I reckon about twenty more. Remember, Sir, one good Turn deserves another; you told me so Yesterday. Now, Sir, as your Love of Money may prompt you to give me an Answer which may break off all future Negociation between us, take till To-morrow this Time to consider on my Proposal. So your Servant: Reflect cooly. These you may have observed were the Terms in which *Brunetti* spoke to *Giuglio* the Day foregoing.

The young Gentleman left the Room, and had got to the Street Door before the wanton Miser had recovered from this stunning Blow. However, fearing *Rossi*'s taking the Security instead of the Money, which must have put an End to all his

his Hopes, and the Difficulty enflaming his Desire, he follow'd and call'd him back.

Hark-ye, young Gentleman, I need not so much Time for Consideration. I cannot live if I lose Hopes of your Sister, and tho' twenty Crowns is a great deal of Money——A great deal indeed, now 'tis so rare! I will let you have them.——Sir, said *Giuglio*, do you give me the Trouble of coming back to laugh at me? you use me ill, and I don't understand the Treatment; if twenty Crowns would have made me happy, I would not have entered into such a dishonourable Treaty with you. ——Nay, don't be angry, young Gentleman, I thought you said twenty Crowns. I said, Sir, a hundred and twenty, and since you think the sixth Part of that Sum a great deal of Money, I perceive you and I shall never come to an Agreement. So once more your Servant. Never expect more that I will darken your Doors, or for five Times that Sum, again to listen to so vile a Proposal: Certainly 'twas my good Angel made you hesitate, to save me from the Sin and subsequent Shame, which must have attended it, had the World, by any way, been inform'd of a Procedure so unbecoming a Gentleman, and so abominable in a Brother. So, Sir, if you regard your own Safety banish this fruitless Passion, which, I fear, by what I my self am sensible of for the beloved Object, whom to possess I would stick at nothing, you will find difficult. However, employ no Emissaries, make use of no Stratagems, I repeat it, if you regard your own Safety.

Giuglio spoke this with so much Warmth, that it was impossible for the old Man, himself captive to *Lucinda*'s Charms, not to believe him. Are you then, said *Brunetti*, really so much in Love? So much, replied the other! I love her beyond all

Degrees

Degrees of Comparison. *Dominicans* have not Luxury and Eaſe, fine Women Dreſs and Jewels, *Rivers* fine Weather and Equipage, Poets Praiſe, the Great Flattery, the Ambitious Power, or you your Money half ſo well.

Good-lack; 'tis wonderful that your Paſſion ſhould be ſo violent for a mercenary Beauty; nay, who is ſo unconſcionably mercenary: A hundred Crowns, and the Intereſt of them ſunk for ever! *Mercy* on me, what a monſtrous Demand! However, I have ſuch a Tenderneſs for your Siſter, and ſo great a Friendſhip for you, that if ſhe will take fifty I will give you that Sum to purchaſe your Happineſs: See if you can't get her to abate one half of her Demands: She ought to conſider the Scarcity of Money, the Dearneſs of Proviſion, the——A pretty Remonſtrance indeed to make to a beautiful young Lady! had I ten thouſand Crowns, and I could not obtain her but with parting with the whole, I would riſque the being a Beggar the reſt of my Days, rather than loſe her; but I loſe both yours and my own Time in this idle Diſcourſe, I will acquaint *Roſſi* with my Paſſion, his Friendſhip for me, I flatter myſelf, will be more prevalent than your Love for my Siſter. *Ginglio* was here going out of the Room, but *Brunetti* laying hold on his Arm, cry'd, be not too haſty: Will ſhe bait nothing of a hundred Crowns?——Not a Doit.——Suppoſe you carried ſixty?——What, to affront and loſe her for ever! She has a preſſing Occaſion for a hundred, and rather chuſes to take them upon her Beauty, than be beholding to a Friend who might lend it her.

I have ninety in this Drawer, you ſhall have them, borrow the other ten of *Roſſi*——I muſt have thirty more, and I had rather ask the whole hundred

hundred and twenty, than give him room to think I am so straighten'd as to borrow the inflying Sum of thirty Crowns.——Merciful Heavens, what a Sum of Money! Well, I'll see if I can make up this Sum: I will be with you presently. He return'd in a few Minutes with the Money in a Bag, but made two or three Attempts to put it into *Giuglio's* Hand, before he had the Heart to part with it out of his own.

When he let it go, he cry'd, O Woman, Woman! how dearly art thou purchas'd, and how little is the intrinsick Value of thy Charms! Go, secure thy Happiness, and let thy Gratitude hasten mine. This Generosity, said *Giuglio*, will make every Day an Age till I can convince you how greatly I am obliged. O, let me fly to lay this Trash at my Charmer's Feet.——O, that Trash is much sooner parted with than got. Go, get rid of two Uneasinesses, your Money and your Passion, for most young Men are as restless with Gold in their Pockets, as Love in their Hearts; and the latter stays as little Time after 'tis gratify'd, as the former after 'tis obtain'd. Go, but remember on what Condition you are made happy.

Giuglio flew to *Rossi*, shew'd him the Purse, and acquainted him with what had pass'd. They diverted themselves with having thus blooded (as they term'd it) the Miser, and consulted on the Means to make him pay a much dearer Rate for his Design against *Lucinda's* Honour. *Rossi* advised his Friend never to give the least Hint to his Mother or Sister of this Affair, lest the Probity of the former, and the Virtue of the other, being alarmed for their Reputation, should oblige them to take such Measures as would ruin their Designs, by crossing their Schemes.

The firſt Purchaſe made with this Money was of what the Markets afforded moſt delicate, and ſome Bottles of the beſt Wine, which, as *Roſſi* was receiv'd on the foot of a future Husband to *Lucinda*, were ſent in his Name to the Mother's Houſe, with a Meſſage that they two would ſup there.

While *Giuglio* was rummaging the Market, *Brunetti*, who came by, ſpy'd him at a Shop paying for ſome Delicacy: The old Man touch'd him on the Shoulder, he turn'd, and being ask'd by him if he had happily got rid of his Money, he anſwer'd, no, Sir, but pretty well: My Charmer graciouſly receiv'd the hundred Crowns.——Ay, no doubt; but 'tis enough to make a Man weep to think ſhe has ſo little Grace to inſiſt on ſuch a monſtrous Price, for what ſhe does not part with.——How, Sir, does ſhe not part with her Honour?——Piſh, *a Bawble*; no, no, if ſhe and you can keep the Secret her Honour's ſafe; but I hope you can return me ſome Part of the other thirty Crowns.——How, Sir! I am afraid I have made a wrong Calculation, ten I gave her Maid, and I doubt the other twenty furniſhing the Supper; however, if I ſhould want ten more I rely on your Friendſhip.——Well, I won't interrupt your marketing, I wiſh you happy, adieu; but remember, a Word to the wiſe.——But, Sir, as I was ſaying.——Ay, ay, may your Heart be merry, as I don't doubt your Purſe will be light. I am in great Haſte, adieu.---But, Sir, I was going to ask——When you ſhould come to my Houſe: Why To-morrow, at the ſame Hour as you were there To-day: Remember my Intereſt; I ſhall loſe my Time if I ſtay longer; adieu, adieu. Saying this he made all the Haſte poſſible from him, and hid himſelf in the Croud, fearing a farther Demand.

Demand. *Roſſi*, who ſpy'd him going up to *Giuglio*, had got out of his Sight. When he ſaw him make off with ſuch Haſte, he join'd, and ask'd his Friend if he had affronted the old Man? No, reply'd he, but I frighten'd him, and then told the Diſcourſe that had paſs'd between them, which diſſipated the Fear he had conceiv'd of *Giuglio*'s having inconſiderately irritated the old Man, by which they might have loſt all future Hopes of draining his Exchequer.

They ſupp'd with *Matilda*, ſo was the virtuous Matron named, and *Lucinda*, and were very merry at old *Brunetti*'s Expence. The next Day *Giuglio* made him a Viſit, and ſaid, Sir, your Generoſity, which has made me the happieſt Man breathing——Are all the hundred and twenty Crowns ſpent?---With great Œconomy I made the twenty provide a Supper and Wine.----Did there want Œconomy to manage twenty Crowns for a Supper? Prithee, Man, is this Beauty a Princeſs? why it will maintain my Family a Month; but it ſignifies nothing looking back, let us come to the Matter in hand.——Sir, had you not interrupted me, I had gone directly upon your Affair; you know how my Siſter has been bred, and Prudence will tell you we muſt make our Attacks upon a Girl, whoſe Head is filled with Notions of Virtue, by regular Steps and ſlow Gradations. If Vice appears to them unmask'd, and at once bolts upon them, her Figure is ſo hideous, that it will give them ſuch an Averſion and Horror they will never after be reconcil'd to her, and their Vigilance will penetrate the moſt amiable Diſguiſe ſhe afterwards can put on. Nobody was ever wicked but by Degrees, is an old and a true Proverb. The greateſt Villain that ever Nature produced muſt have had ſome Strug-

gles with his Conscience, some Shocks in the Perpetration of his first Crime, and some Remorse after, tho' his escaping Justice: Time and Habitude at length overcome these Remonstrances.——On my Conscience, young Gentleman, your Observation is just, and I am glad the Conduct of my Affair is entrusted to one of so much Prudence; but proceed.——Having a fair Opportunity by being alone with *Lucinda* I began, with a deep Sigh, and a sorrowful Face, how unequally, said I, is the World divided! what Œconomy are some People obliged to use! what Industry to have daily Bread! while others seem to rack their Inventions for means to lavish!---What causes this Reflection, Brother?——*Donna Banduccio*'s splendid Equipage. Oh, Brother, she pays dear for that Figure, which only serves to publish her Infamy: She's kept by the Prince of——. Faith, Sister, I believe most of your Sex who condemn, envy her.——O fie, Brother, judge more charitably of us; they must know very little of Religion and Virtue, who would make the Figure she does, on the same Terms. Indeed, Sister, you had better say they must have a very small Share of good Sense, who would continue in Streights, be subject to Insults, and be despised for their Poverty, if they would not truck these Inconveniencies for Plenty and Respect, fearing the Censure of Zealots, and to preserve the good Opinion of Fools, and People who would not assist them with a Meal's Meat, did they want it, however they may applaud their Virtue. I frankly own, were I a Woman as capable of inspiring Love, I should rather follow the Example of the Monks, who place Love among the *Peccadillo's*, than their Doctrine which condemns it: They gratify their Passions, and I should hardly declare against both

my

my Eaſe and Intereſt. This is ſtrange Doctrine, Brother. I am ſure it is common Practice, Siſter. Ours is a miſerable Life, to be always calculating our Expences, and to be debarr'd from all the Pleaſures of the World, for Fear our little Income won't bring the Year about. Saying this, I ſtarted up, and left the Room. I thought I had gone far enough for the firſt Time. If you will gain the Body, believe me, Sir, you muſt firſt gradually corrupt the Mind. I know my Siſter loves fine Things as well as other Girls, loves Diverſions, and to live well; for theſe Reaſons I attack'd her on that Side where I thought her weakeſt.

My dear *Giuglio*, you have acted with Judgment, but make as little Delay as poſſible; the Hopes you give me throw Oil upon the Fire. I am quite impatient till I embrace the lovely Object of my Deſires. Sir, replied *Giuglio*, let us not be more precipitate than Prudence will allow. I believe what might haſten your Happineſs would be to give her a little Taſte of the Pleaſures of the World. Let me take her abroad with her deſign'd Husband.---- Right, and then he will be at the Expence.—— Not ſo faſt, Sir, the Match is agreed upon, and his Frugality will make him think it needleſs, and that it may give my Mother Reaſon to think him extravagant. No, Sir, that will not do. Let me ſee, I ſhall think on ſome better Means. What if I ſhould pretend I had won a round Sum of Money at Play, and out of my Generoſity ſhould make her a Preſent of a rich Suit of Cloaths, ſome fine Linnen, with other Neceſſaries, take her abroad, and regale her at ſome Villa out of Town? ——Ay, this would do very well if you could win that round Sum.----Pho, you can furniſh me, and now I think farther, you may have it

again——How ſo? how ſo? Why I will find Methods, when you are happy with my Siſter, to defer the Match till you are willing to let the antedated Cuckold take your Bargain off your Hands. Now all Women are mercenary, and no doubt my Siſter, like the reſt of her Sex, will be for ſqueezing Money, or Money's Worth out of you, or threaten to break off Correſpondence if you are cloſe-fiſted; and, at the very Time ſhe diſcovers you moſt earneſt to carry it on, Craft and Self-Intereſt make Part of the Compound which forms a Woman. Do you let her have what ſhe asks, but take Notes of her Hand for double the Sums, which, when ſhe is married, her Husband will be obliged to pay, or go to Jail.——Thou art a perfect *Machiavel*, the Thought is excellent.——Well, Sir, I am for loſing no Time, as I perceive you impatient. In theſe little Parties of Pleaſure, in which I will engage, I will undertake not only to ſhake her Notions of Virtue, but to overthrow their very Foundation, and then Joy, Eaſe, Plenty, or the Ideas of them, will ruſh impetuous on her Soul, and give her up the Victim of your Wiſhes.——O, how you rejoice me! What a Scene of extatick Pleaſure do you lay open to my View! Here, here, loſe not a Moment, Money is the Slave of Pleaſure: Here, take theſe hundred Crowns, I am all Rapture. Oh the dear lovely enchanting Maiden, pure and ſpotleſs——as, ſaid *Giuglio*, *Iphegenia* going to the Altar--Ay, *Giuglio*, but 'tis the Altar of Love——But, Sir, theſe hundred Crowns will not anſwer what I propoſe; as you have made a happy Beginning, never doubt of a proſperous Iſſue, if you are not yourſelf in Fault. Let me have two hundred more; ſhe's a cheap Purchaſe at a thouſand; but you gain her at her Husband's Expence, he muſt repay you what you diſburſe.

disburſe.——Here, I will not ſtint you, I have transfer'd my Love of Gold to *Lucinda*. There's the Sum, be but expeditious, and command my Purſe! what a Metamorphoſis!

Giuglio immediately acquainted his Friend with his Succeſs, by ſhewing him the Spoil of the Uſurer. They went together, laid out a hundred Crowns of the Money in Silks and other Neceſſaries, which, *Giuglio*, telling the feigned Succeſs he had had at Play, made her a Preſent of. At the ſame Time he acquainted his Mother, that he had been with Signore *Brunetti*, who agreed to let her have the twelve hundred Crowns on her Lands, and deſired when his Siſter's Cloaths were made up, that they might go to his Houſe together and ſign the Deeds, which Signore *Brunetti* would get ready, if ſhe would ſend an Abſtract of her Title, and produce the Writings neceſſary, by her own Lawyer.

This was an agreeable Piece of News to the old Gentlewoman. That Night *Giuglio* would treat his Mother, Siſter and Friend, and inſiſted on their taking the Air with him, and diverting themſelves the next Day at a *Villa*. The good *Matilda* adviſed her Son to husband his good Fortune. Madam, ſaid he, I don't in Strictneſs of Conſcience think this Money over honeſtly got, or even any Money that Gameſters acquire. However, I ſhould be a Fool if I did not divert myſelf with it inſtead of making Reſtitution, for I got it from one who would cheat his Father were he alive, had he an Opportunity offer'd, and it turn'd to his own Advantage. I own, I have not dealt honeſtly by him, but if his own villainous Deſigns had not thrown Duſt in his Eyes, I could not have cheated him: Wherefore I comfort myſelf with the Proverb to *deceive the Deceiver*

ver is no Deceit. He fell into the Pit he dug for another.

Roſſi begg'd that *Lucinda's* Cloaths might be made with all poſſible Expedition, to the End her Mother and ſhe might go to *Brunetti*. They concluded to invite a Lawyer of *Matilda's* Acquaintance to ſup with them, and ſend him to the old Gentleman to know who he intended ſhould peruſe the Title Deeds, and draw that of the Mortgage. This was done, and the Lawyer promiſed next Morning to be with the Lender. *Giuglio* was at *Brunetti's* before him, and gave the old Gentleman an Account of what had paſs'd, as to the Reſolution taken the preceding Night, acquainted him with the *Villa* to which they were going, and gave him Hopes that few Days would put an End to his Impatience. Now, continued he, if you intend to drop in as by Accident, I have ſaid ſo many handſome Things of you, that you will be a welcome Gueſt: But I muſt entreat your behaving with the greateſt Circumſpection. As I cannot anſwer for my Behaviour, replied *Brunetti*, knowing the Violence of my Paſſion, 'tis better for us that I ſhould not go. I don't doubt Succeſs from your Prudence and Friendſhip.

The Day after *Lucinda's* Cloaths were made, *Matilda* and *Giuglio* went with her to *Brunetti's*. He promiſed the Money ſhould be ready, whenever the Writing for his Security was drawn. After this Aſſurance, *Matilda* and her Daughter asked Leave to viſit *Brunetti's* Lady and Family, he made them a Compliment, and waited on them to the Door of the Apartment where they were. *Giuglio* did not go with them, ſaying, he would keep Signior *Brunetti* Company, who had promiſed to return immediately.

At

At *Brunetti*'s Return, the young Gentleman ſaid, you ſee my Siſter wears your Favour. In a Word, the Garriſon has beat the Chamade. When I found I had work'd up her Vanity, and ridiculed the romantick Notions ſhe was brought up in, ſeeing her ſtagger'd, I follow'd my Blow, ſtruck while the Iron was hot, and magnifying your Generoſity, your Wealth, and the Paſſion you have for her, ——That cannot be magnify'd, young Gentleman.——Well, having acquainted her with it, diſabuſed her as to the Story of my Winnings, and let her know the Preſent I made her was the Effects of your Liberality, I then told her what you farther propoſed. She pauſed ſome Time, and at length anſwer'd, he expects a Favour from me, for that he does my Mother. What particular Advantage can I reap by her not paying Intereſt?——Signior *Giuglio*, cried *Brunetti*, yours is a knowing Family.

I realy can't ſay, anſwer'd the other, but the Remark was juſt. Well, ſaid I, continued *Giuglio*, let me know your Terms? Why are you ſo preſſing Brother? Becauſe Signior *Brunetti* is my Friend and has obliged me. I then told her how happy you had made me with my Charmer, who as her Acquaintance, whom ſhe eſteems a Model of Virtue, I named, to ſhew her that Secreſy alone is true Vertue, and to encourage her to follow her Friend's Example, and ſecure her Intereſt.

She was ſurprized at my Story. When, ſaid I, you know the World better, you will find all your Sex have the ſame prudent Way of thinking, but let me know what Demands you make?--Since 'tis ſo, anſwered ſhe, I will not ſtand in my own Light, by being particular, I will conſider a Day or two, I have no Objection to Signior *Brunetti*'s Perſon.

asked her this Day again, if she had come to a Resolution? She replied, when the Money was paid, and she was sure of a Husband to cover any Consequences of her Condescension, she would give an Answer as to the Demands she should make. *Brunetti* hugg'd him, but said the abating his Interest he look'd upon a considerable Present to the Family in general.

Matilda and her Daughter having made their Visit, called upon *Giuglio*, who taking Leave of *Brunetti* waited on them Home. *Brunetti's* Impatience made him hurry his Lawyer, and the Mortgage being made and executed, he paid the twelve hundred Crowns. The Day after, *Giuglio* told him his Sister had long insisted on a thousand Crowns for her Condescension; but he had so strongly remonstrated the Exorbitancy of the Demand, and the Likelihood of her over-standing her Market that he had brought her down to five hundred; even which he thought too much, and if he would let him have three hundred in Gold, to dazzle her Eyes with, it was his full Opinion, she, who never saw so much Money, would not care to part with it out of her Hands again. If that Sum did not prevail he would immediately return it.

Brunetti paused some Time and made no Answer, which occasioned *Giuglio* to proceed thus. Nay, Sir, you are in the Right to consider and weigh the Value of the Purchase against the Price demanded. The first Loss is best. I would advise you to think no more of a vain Opinionated Girl, who sets such a Price on a frail Beauty. I wish, said *Brunetti*, I could follow this Advice, but, as I find I must either part with my Money or Repose, I will bring you the Sum you mention.

Giuglio

Giuglio return'd to *Brunetti* in the Evening, and told him that his Sister was astonish'd at, and enamour'd with the Sight of his Gold; that this Method had saved two hundred Crowns, and that about Twelve the next Night, he would accompany him to his Mother's, and prepare a Ladder for his getting into *Lucinda*'s Room on the first Floor, the Window of which she would leave open to receive him. His Joy at this agreeable News was too great for Expression, he press'd *Giuglio* to his Bosom, call'd him his Friend, his Physician, his Guardian Angel.

At the Time appointed *Giuglio* and *Brunetti* met at a Place they had before agreed on, the former carried the Ladder. When they came to *Matilda*'s, which was but few Doors distant, *Brunetti*, the Ladder being rear'd, mounted, but scarce had got half Way when *Rossi* who had prepared the Guard came upon him. *Giuglio* gave him Notice of their Approach, and *Brunetti* to make Haste jump'd down, but not 'lighting cleaverly on his Feet, fell and bruis'd himself in such a Manner that he could not rise without Assistance.

He was taken by the Guard as a Housebreaker, Iron'd and clapp'd into a Dungeon, for that Night, and next Morning carried before a Magistrate. He could say nothing in his Defence, but that he had no Design to rob. Being threaten'd with the Rack, he confess'd the whole Story, and that *Lucinda* had agreed to his coming to her Chamber that Way to deceive the Vigilance of her Mother.

Rossi and *Giuglio*, who were in the Croud, hearing her Reputation impeach'd, acquainted the Magistrate with his base Designs upon *Lucinda*'s Honour, and that they had contrived to have him taken to expose and punish him. To be short,

Bru-

Brunetti was condemned to give up the Security of twelve hundred Crowns as a Reparation of Honour, for falsly accusing *Lucinda* of a Criminal Design, and banish'd the States for three Years, for endeavouring to corrupt a young Maiden of Family.

Rossi and *Lucinda* were married, and *Giglio*, with the Money he had squeez'd out of the Miser, bought him a Pair of Colours.

I said your Story, Mr. *Brown*, for which I will venture to return Thanks for my Fellow Travellers, as well as for myself, puts me in Mind of an out of the Way Remark, which I once heard from the Pulpit. The Reverend Preacher observed, that the Love of Gold in the Heart of a Miser was like the Hair on the Body of *Esau*, not to be torn off but with great Pain; but Wealth, with the Voluptuous, was like the hairy Skins of the Kids with which *Rebecca* cover'd the Neck and Hands of her Son *Jacob*, parted with, or thrown off, without Pain.

'Tis, may be, replied Mr. *Brown*, to shew that Love is liberal, that the Poets and Painters represent him naked. By your Story, Sir, said I, one would imagine he took Pleasure in stripping his Votaries; since he prevailed on a Person of *Brunetti*'s Character to sacrifice to him the Children of his Industry or Patrimony, which perhaps he loved more than those of his Body.

Madam, we ought answer'd Mr. *Brown*, to distinguish between Love and what goes under that Denomination, and is, we may say, his Bastard Brother, and easily mistaken for true Love, at first Sight, but, upon an Examination, a vast Difference is discoverable. Love, Madam, is a pure, chaste and Lambent Flame, residing both in Heaven and Earth. Tho' here he is less Æthereal, yet is he never seen but in the Company of Truth,

Honour,

Honour, and all the Virtues, attended by the Graces. This Deity, Madam, to speak in the Dialect of the Poets, never harm'd any, and wherever he resides introduces Peace and Happiness: His Bastard Brother, *inordinate Desire*, is of a Character exactly contrary, and is the Author of Quarrels, Murders, and other Mischiefs, and very often leads his Votaries to a Jail; sometimes makes them publick Spectacles of Justice; generally leaves them Beggars, and those who come off best with him are hurt in their Reputation or Fortune, or both. Now *Brunetti* fell into the Clutches of this despotick Tyrant, so the Mischiefs which attended him seem but a natural Consequence of following such a Guide, who never travels out of the Roads of Perdition.

By this Time we arriv'd at our Village, and Sir *Simon*, with his Lady, considering they must drive in the dark, and that the Moon would be up at Eleven, were prevail'd upon to stay Supper.

In the Conversation of this Evening both my Father and Mother discover'd that they had been very conversant with Books, and the Reflections they made were, at least my Partiality made me think, and Mr. *B*——'s Complaisance speak them very judicious. My dear Master said, that their Remarks were strong Proofs of fine Sense, excellent Judgment, much Reading, and great Probity. 'Tis continued he, but this Night that I know your Parents; I before esteem'd and respected them, as they were so, to my *Pamela*, I now love them for their own intrinsick Value; this was the Discourse my obliging, dear Mr. *B*—— held me before we went to Sleep.

At Table I ask'd Mr. *Brown* if he would not oblige us in continuing the Characters of the Ladies Sir *Simon* had given him. He answer'd, that

would entertain Lady *Andrews* with nothing new to her, and that if I would give him leave he would write them for me, as he should be more exact, and be better able to do Justice to the Persons characterized.——But how Shall I, who am a Stranger in the Country, know how to adapt the respective Characters to the Persons for whom they are design'd?——I will write their Names.

When the Moon 'rose our Company took their Leaves, and we retired to rest, as 'tis Time to permit you also to take some. My dear Friend, adieu.

I forgot to mention a little Circumstance, which, trifling as it may appear, helps to make you acquainted with Mr. *Brown*. The News of his having the Living had reach'd the Parish before we got thither, and the Clerk, at the Head of some of the Parishioners on Horseback, met our Coach.

The Clerk was the Orator, and said they were sorry for the Death of the late worthy Rector, but must own their Joy, that he succeeded to the Living, was so much greater, that it had set the Bells a ringing, and he was sure there would be a great Bonfire in the Village, as several, when they left it, were carrying their Contribution of Wood to the Green before the Church. Mr. *Brown* thank'd them, and said he should endeavour to continue in their Esteem and Friendship. Then speaking to us, with the same Demonstrations of Joy, said he, will my Successor be receiv'd.

Tuesday our Relation Mr. *Jinks*, and his Lady, made us a Visit: They are both very well bred, and express'd a real Satisfaction at my Parents being recover'd to their Families. They complimented Mr. *B*—— on the Honour he had done them,

and

and after having taken Tea, and made a short Stay, they took Leave, and drove to Sir *Simon's*, where they said they would lie, for their Seat is seventeen Miles distant from us. I will get Mr. *Brown* to write me their Characters, and will send them to you.

At Supper Mr. *B*—— said to my Parents, I intend next *Monday* to set out for *Lond.n* being obliged to go into *Lincolnshire*, and I have not a great deal of Time for my private Affairs, as the Meeting of the Parliament will soon call upon me to attend those of the Publick, I cannot longer, as I wish, have the Pleasure of enjoying your Company; but you may depend upon our making you an annual Visit.

Mr. *Andrews*, continued he, your falling among your Relations will occasion you several Visits which must be attended with some Expence, and tho' Goodman *Andrews* might not think it below him to manage my Estate, yet I think it below Mr. *Andrews*, the Grandson of Sir *Hugh*; I will put in a Bailiff to ease you of that Trouble; and that you may live, in some Degree, equal to the Rank of your respective Families, I insist on your accepting two hundred Pounds a Year Penny Rent, which shall be punctually paid you.

My Father answer'd, there is, Sir, no End of your Bounty, I——No more of that, dear Papa, replied my dear Master, I assure you solemnly your Acknowledgments give me Pain——It would be an ill Return, said my Father; but since you enjoin me Silence on that Head, give me leave to ask you a farther Favour, which, as the first, I hope you won't deny me—— Depend on your Wish being answer'd. Let me entreat you, continued my Father, to leave me the Management of the Estate, 'twill be my Recrea-

tion, and the riding over the Grounds a healthful Exercise. I won't say you may depend on my Fidelity, it would look as if I angled for a Compliment; but you may rely on my Capacity, I really understand the Business, may be better, certainly I am more interested to be vigilant, than any Bailiff you can intrust.——Well, Sir, answer'd Mr. *B*——, it shall be so, since 'tis your Desire, but I would not have given Mr. *Andrews* that Trouble.

Mr. *Longman*, continued my dear Master, I wou'd have you set out on *Thursday* Morning, with any one of the Servants you shall chuse to attend you, for *Lincolnshire*. *Blunt*'s Coach shall carry you and *Hannah* to *London*, that she may get our Apartment ready. The Servant who goes with you will lead your Horse. Your Instructions are ready, and I will give them you to-morrow. As my Business will not allow us many more Days stay, my dear *Pamela*, we will, if your Parents and you agree, to-morrow return Mr. *Jinks* and his Lady's Visit; I can make free with Sir *Simon* as an old Acquaintance; we will dine with him, visit Mr. *Jinks* in the Afternoon, return to Sir *Simon*'s, take up our Quarters there, and return on *Thursday* Morning.

This was readily agreed to; we chatted till about half an Hour after Nine, and then the Family retired to Rest. The next Morning was *Wednesday*, having wish'd Mr. *Longman*, who was to set out next Morning, a good Journey, we sate out at Seven, and arrived at Sir *Simon*'s about Nine. My dear Mr. *B*—— wou'd ride, for a Reason I have already given you, tho' he pretended it was for the Sake of the Air, my dear Father kept him Company on Horseback. We catch'd

Sir

Sir *Simon* and his Lady at Breakfaſt, and tho' ſo early ſhe was in a full Dreſs.

Sir *Simon* and her Ladyſhip ſeem'd highly pleaſed with this Mark of Friendſhip, as they were pleaſed to term it. When Mr. *B*——— told them what we propoſed, they ſaid they wou'd keep us Company and order Dinner to be ready ſooner than uſual; then reply'd Mr. *B*———, how ſhall we marſhal the Company? why, let me ſee, anſwer'd Sir *Simon*, I know you can't ride backwards, and I chuſe it. To avoid Ceremony among our Wives, you and your Lady, Mr. *Andrews* and I will go in my Coach, and leave my Couſin *Andrews* and my Spouſe to run over old Accounts of their Family; or if you like it better, I have a light four-wheel'd Chaiſe, which with a Pair will keep up with ſix Horſes; however, we will put to a Set for you and me, as the Roads are not duſty. We'll put the Relations together; for my Spouſe longs for an Opportunity to have Information of ſome Things, which I am ſure Mr. *Andrews* and his Spouſe can oblige her in: and upon my Word, to prevent Diſputes, I aſſure you ſhe often chuſes the back Seat of the Coach when we are without any other Company in it.

This was agreed to, Dinner was got ready by One, and we ſetting out about half an Hour paſt Two, got to Mr. *Jenks*'s Seat at Four.

My Lady indeed asked ſeveral Queſtions, which, as they relate only to our Family, and may ſhew a ſpice of Vanity in me, as if I was proud of a fortuitous Birth, (though by emulating the Virtues of my Anceſtors, as much as I can, I ſhall endeavour to be no Blemiſh to them) I ſhall paſs them over in Silence, and only tell you that her Ladyſhip was thoroughly pleaſed and ſatisfied with the Anſwers ſhe received, and returned her Thanks.

in a very obliging Manner. Juſt before we arrived Lady *Andrews* ſaid, Sir *Simon* and Mr. *Jinks* had agreed to ſet out for *Tunbridge-Wells* on the *Monday* following. My Couſin, continued ſhe, takes his Lady with him, and my Maſter will have me keep him Company, though no-body is leſs fond of publick Places, which I eſteem Marts for Scandal.

Though our Reception at Mr. *Jinks*'s was extremely polite, yet there was a Cordiality mixed with it. Methought he eyed my Parents with Affection. We were treated with Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, dry'd Sweet-Meats and *French* Wine. We ſtayed little more than an Hour, before we ſet out on our Return to Sir *Simon*'s, where we were entertained with ſuch a chearful Hoſpitality, ſuch friendly Complaiſance, ſuch a well-bred Freedom, that I was quite charm'd with my new-diſcover'd Relations, and altogether as eaſy as at home.

We returned this Morning pretty early, and Mr. *Brown* dined with us. He gave me ſome of the Characters he had promiſed, and I will tranſcribe them into my next. After Dinner, Mr. *Wheeler* a neighbouring Gentleman, who has a plentiful Eſtate, is a Batchelor and Sportſman, came to viſit my dear Mr. *B*——, we were at the Tea-Table, but that being removed, and *Jonathan* ordered to bring Wine, my Mother and I retired to the Summer-Houſe, where we amuſed ourſelves with reading till Evening, when Mr. *Wheeler* took his Leave. Nothing worth Notice paſſed this Day, except my dear Maſter's Tenderneſs for me and Reſpect to my Parents, but that is inceſſant: Were I to ſit down the minutely Obligations he lays me under, they alone would engroſs my Time; nay, I ſhould not have ſufficient, to commit them to Paper: However, they can never ſlip

my

my Memory, as they are deeply engraven in my Heart. May the Almighty continue his Protection of my dear *Jervis*, and do you continue your Love and Friendship to one, who will always endeavour to deserve, and may thus lay some Claim to them, as none has a more real Affection for, or is more a Friend to you in my sincere Wishes than *Pamela B*——.

Friday Evening. I promised in my last to send you a Transcript of Mr. *Brown*'s Characters of the Gentlemen and Ladies with whom Sir *Simon* and my Master conversed at the Horse-Race. The following is that of Mr. *R*——, who lives about four Miles distant from Lord——, or more properly whose Seat is at that Distance from his Lordship's, for they are so intimate they may be said to live together, one House often holding them the greater Part of the Year. Wherefore Mr. *Brown* writes his Character from a more particular Knowledge of it, and speaks, you will see, in the first Person.

"The Complaisance and Sweetness of Temper "in Mr. ——, render him dear to all his "Acquaintance. His Life is an uninterrupted "Calm, nothing puts him out of Humour. "This is not the Effect of Stupidity or Indolence, but of a just way of Thinking. He "is always chearful and obliging, and even in "the racking Pain of the Gout, with which he "is sometimes afflicted, I have remarked such a "Serenity of Countenance and Vivacity in his "Conversation, Humanity, and Greatness in his "Sentiments, as may justly rank him among "the most famous of the ancient Stoicks. His "Arguments are always strong and insinuating; "and I never heard him reason, but I thought of "*Marcus Antoninus Philosophus*, of whom he is a "living Copy, with regard to his moral Virtues.

"he

" he has however the Advantage of that greatly " virtuous Heathen Emperor, in the Light of the " Goſpel.

" There is no one breathing a more entertain- " ing, and at the ſame time a more edifying " Companion: For though he is ever the ſame as " to the Evenneſs of his Temper, yet he is al- " ways new with regard to his Converſation.

" Tho' his great Capacity, aſſiduous and long " Studies have made him acquainted with the moſt " abſtruſe Points of Divinity and Philoſophy; " tho' his greateſt Pleaſure is in a Search into " Nature, and to contemplate the Deity in his " Works, and that he delights in the Converſa- " tion of Speculative Men, yet his Complaiſance " will deſcend to the meaneſt Underſtanding, and " I have known illiterate Farmers and deep Phi- " loſophers equally charm'd with his Diſcourſes.

" As the Endowments of his Mind give him " a great Reputation among the *Literati*, ſo the " Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, and the Politeneſs " of his Education have procured him as high a " Character among the Ladies. He never thought " the well-bred Gentleman inconſiſtent with the " Scholar, and his converſing with *Homer* and " *Ariſtotle* was no Obſtacle to his taking a Leſſon " from a Dancing, Fencing, or Muſick-Maſter."*

My dear *Jervis*, I have been apt to think that my dear Mr. *B*—— accompanying my Parents to *Kent*, and his Stay here proceeds from another Motive beſide Reſpect to them, and that he had in View the cultivating and forming my Mind before I appear on the great Stage of the World, as I muſt do next Winter, in *London*, where I muſt ſtand the Examination and Cenſure of ſuch Ladies of Quality and Diſtinction, as Mr. *B*——'s Rank and Figure will oblige me to viſit and converſe with.

with. Every Body I have seen, and almost every Thing I hear, every Thing that falls in my Way, seem design'd for my Improvement; and I shall endeavour to profit by them, and regulate my Thoughts, Words and Actions by the Models set before me. If this, as I have some Reason to suspect, was one of the Motives of our *Kentish* Journey, it must be acknowledged, he has contrived a very artful, as well as a very entertaining Method for my Instruction, as you must own by what you cannot but have observed in the Journal and the Characters, which are so many agreeable Lectures to teach me how to behave in the Point of Light in which he has set me, and which must necessarily, as it makes me more conspicuous, make any Follies I shall fall into more visible to the Eagle's Eye of the censorious Publick, which will set aside a Cloud of Virtues to expose and ridicule one Error: But I hope the Diffidence I have of my self, my Conversation with my dear Master, the Assistance he gives me to improve, will enable me so to behave as to defy Censure, and get the better of Envy, by which I must expect to be attacked; for it is we may say the Shade of Prosperity: But I will proceed in transcribing, and write the Character of a Gentleman who lives near *Canterbury*.

"The Modesty of Mr. *Y*—— is equal to "his Learning, which is very great. He speaks "but little; but 'tis always pertinently. You "never hear him censure others, or deny his At- "tention to the Person speaking. He thinks "every one in Company has a Right to bear his "Part in the Conversation, and he will not in- "fringe it by breaking in upon the Discourse, and "attempting to engross the whole Talk to him- "self. If his Opinion is asked, he gives it with

"Candour

" Candour, but with a visible Diffidence. As " he never condemns the Works of others, so " he never mentions his own; and if he is compli- " mented on any of his Productions, you may " perceive it gives him Uneasiness, by his In- " dustriously introducing some Subject which " may divert his Praise. He is a great Master of " his own Language, beside the learned and mo- " dern Tongues; and if he may be said to be " affected in any thing, it is in avoiding hard " Words and the Use of Synonimous Terms. " His Stile is plain and intelligible, concise yet " copious, smooth, but at the same Time mas- " culine. He speaks and writes with Perspicuity; " and the handsome Manner in which he delivers " his Sentiments in publick, has gained him as " much Reputation as the Strength of his Argu- " ments, which always carry Conviction with " them. He will neither give nor receive In- " cense: Converses with the Great without Ob- " sequiousness, and with the Meanest without " forfeiting their Respect. He is affable without " descending, and sets a just Value on himself " without being proud."

Mr. *Brown* makes an Apology for the following Character, which he imagines Sir *Simon* intended he should draw, as 'tis an Original, if not as a Foil to the Character of the Gentleman's Brother, his good Nature, were it not for one of these Reasons would not have put his Name in the List. However, he is not vicious in his Nature, and his Misfortune is greatly to be attributed to his Mother's Want of Prudence.

" Mr. *M*—— has no Relish for the Conversa- " tion of any Persons of his own Rank, whom " he industriously avoids from a Consciousness of " his Want of Breeding, which makes him so

" much

"much upon his Guard while in Company with "Perſons of Diſtinction, that they are irkſome "to him; and this makes him lay hold on the "firſt Opportunity to break looſe and refreſh his "fatigued Spirits in the more ſuitable and agree-"able Converſation of his Coachman and Poſti-"lion. This is partly owing to the Fondneſs of "his Mother, who would never ſuffer him to "be contradicted when a Child, and partly to an "Indolence of Temper, which will not allow "him to correct this vitiated Taſte for low Com-"pany, of which, the Liberties he can there take, "make him fond. The Height of his Ambition "is to be thought a good Coachman. *Nero* was "not fonder of his Harp, than this Gentleman "of his Whip, which he never is without, and "the Encomiums of the Stage-men on his Dex-"terity in throwing it, give him the moſt ſenſi-"ble Pleaſure. He is almoſt conſtantly on the "Road, as it gives him an Opportunity to vie "with the Stage-Horſes, and drink with his Bre-"thers of the Whip, to moſt of whom, as to all "the Inn-Keepers he is well known. He gets "out of his Bed into the Coach-box, dines at "ſome Inn, with his own Servants at the ſame "Table, gets muddled with Ale and Tobacco; "treats all the Stage-Coachmen that fall in his "Way; drives home again in the Evening, and "in Company with his Livery and Labouring "Men, at a little dirty Ale-houſe in his Village, "gets quite drunk and is carried to-bed about "Midnight. This is his almoſt conſtant Round "of Life."

Here, my dear *Jervis*, is an excellent Leſſon for Mothers. But to go on:

"His younger Brother who had not the Miſ-"fortune of being his Mother's Darling, was kept

"cloſe

" close to his Studies, in which he made a great " Progress. From School he was sent to the Uni- " versity, where he was distinguish'd for his Genius " and Assiduity. After two Years he was called " to Town, entered the Inns of Court, and im- " mediately sent to make the Tour of *Europe*. " On his Return from Travel, he applied himself " very seriously to the Study of the Law, and " was called to the Bar; tho' having an ample " Fortune he does not practise.

" He is a well-bred Gentleman, and a facetious " Companion; hospitable and generous, guilty of " no Excess, though he, in a manner, keeps an " open Table.

" We find blended in him Affability and Re- " servedness, Liberality and Œconomy, Gaiety " and Prudence, Wit and Good Nature, Bene- " ficence and Discretion, he seldom goes to Town, " but to serve his Country in Parliament, of " which he is a Member, and in which he is " distinguish'd by an unbyass'd Zeal for the Pub- " lick Good, the only Point he has in View; and " is no longer attached to any Party, than while " they strenuously endeavour to promote the " Honour and Dignity of the Crown, the Rights, " Liberties, and Properties of the People. He " looks on his Seat in Parliament a very great " Honour, as his Constituents commit their Free- " dom and Fortunes to his Probity. As this " Trust is of the highest, so a Breach of it he " esteems of the most flagrant Nature. In a " Word, both in private and publick Life, his " every Action speaks the Man of Sense and of " strict Honour."

My dear *Jervis*, one would think Mr. *Brown* drew my dear Mr. *B*——'s Character under the Name of the younger Brother: The following is a very

very short but a very agreeable Description of a fine Gentleman; and surely *Kent*, as I cannot suspect Mr. *Brown*'s Veracity, is one of the happiest of all our Counties in its Inhabitants.

"Mr. *P——* is remarkable for Humanity, "Modesty, Complaisance and Discretion. He "never speaks rashly, and never acts but with "Circumspection. There is a certain Air of "good Nature and Politeness which diffuses itself "over all he says or does, and insensibly gains upon and interests us in his Favour. He has a "Chearfulness in his Countenance, a becoming "easy Grace in his Behaviour, and such a Frankness in his Conversation, that his Acquaintance "at once love him, and apprehend doing any "thing which may lessen his Esteem, and deprive them of the Pleasure of so valuable a "Companion.

"Mrs. *Pritchard* is a Maiden Lady who has "not only good Sense, but a sprightly Wit, of "which she makes no Parade, never employ'd it "to the Injury of another's Character, or display'd it at an improper Season. She is naturally "reserved, and though it is not easy to be of her "Acquaintance, yet the Pleasure her Conversation "affords makes ample Reparation for the Difficulty of being admitted to it. She has a great Propensity to Punning, and if ever that low Wit "became any, 'tis Mrs. *P——*, for she never "lyes upon the Catch to introduce them, and "never was known to make one *mal a propos*; "they seem to flow from her with that Ease, Unconcern and Gravity, that a Punn from Mrs. "*P——* would be agreeably received by the severest Critick. Add to this the Complaisance "with which she gives her Attention to others, "and the seeming Ignorance of her own Talents:

" for one would imagine she alone is a Stranger to " her Perfections. She has but a small Fortune, " which she manages with such Prudence, that " few with double her Revenue, live in a more " elegant Manner, or make a more genteel Fi- " gure."

" Mr. *H*—— has a noble Soul, and knows the " true Use of Money. He is in his House hos- " pitable, but not profuse; in his Conversation " gay, yet upon his Guard; with his Tradesmen " just, but no Bubble; punctual to his Word, " but extremely cautious how he gives it. He " has a liberal Hand guided by a very discreet " Head; his Charities tho' frequent and consi- " derable, will never hurt his Fortune, for what " he gives is his own. He scorns to be in the " Books of any Dealers, consequently has no " Duns to disturb the Serenity of his Mind and " ruffle his Temper."

" Lady *R*——, though possess'd of an ample " Fortune, makes the Education of her Children, " not only her chief Concern (with regard to " worldly Affairs) but her principal Pleasure. " While her Husband lived she was a Pattern of " a good Wife; and her Œconomy since his " Death has considerably improved her Son's " Estate. She has taken all possible Care to cul- " tivate his Mind, to instil Sentiments worthy of " a real good Man, and to make him sensible " that Virtue alone is true Nobility. In a Word, " she is a Lady of fine Sense, strict Honour, and " irreproachable Conduct."

The following Character will keep me always on my Guard, that I be not impertinently curious.

" Mr. *F*—— is the most inquisitive Man " (possibly) in the three Kingdoms. He is cer- " tainly a very honest Gentleman, and would in-

" jure

jure no-body, tho' he is curious to enquire into and know every Man's Affairs. If he sees you have private Business, he cannot help asking what you talk of. If you answer, it is what relates to the Person to whom you speak and to yourself only, yet will he intreat to be let into it, and assure you he is excellent at keeping a Secret. Indeed 'tis true; for in five Minutes after he will not remember a Syllable of what you told him; and be it ever so absurd an Invention, he is obliged, and his Curiosity satisfied. He is always in a Hurry, and has never any thing to do. He is naturally benevolent, a Friend to all Mankind, and if you have any Business in which his Interest can serve you, he cordially offers to employ it; nay, I dare say, really intends it; but never thinks more of what he promised, or even of you, when out of his Sight. He verifies the *Spanish* Proverb, *Amigo de todos, amigo de ningunos*; who is a Friend to every Body, is (in Fact) a Friend to no Body."

A Servant from Sir *Simon* came this Morning with his and his Lady's Complements, and to acquaint us that Cousin *Jinks* and his Spouse would this Night lye at their House, designing to come and wish us a good Journey the next Day; that he and Lady *Andrews* would also do themselves the Honour to wait on us with them, and eat a Piece of our Mutton.

You may guess what Answer Mr. *B*—— made to a Compliment which was really agreeable to him, for the dear good Gentleman seems to have an Affection for every one who shews any Regard for his obliged *Pamela*.

Mr. *Brown* dined with us, and my dear Master would have engaged him to Dinner To-morrow, but he excused himself, as he always sets apart

Saturdays to revise the Discourses he delivers the *Sundays*.

As we were sitting down to Table, a Countryman belonging to the Farmer with whom Mr. *Brown* boards, came to acquaint him that the Reverend Mr. *Broughton* was come to make him a Visit. Our young Clergyman would have taken his Leave. Mr. *B*——— would not suffer him, but insisted on the Gentleman dining with us, and accordingly sent *Colbrand* with our Compliments, to pray the Favour of his Company, and let him know that we should wait for him. As 'tis but a very little way distant the Gentleman was soon with us. ——— He is well-bred, and did not retard our dining by any unnecessary Ceremonies. When the Table was removed and Mr. *B*——— called for Wine, Mr. *Broughton* said, if you will allow me, Sir, the Freedom to chuse, I had rather be obliged to your Lady for a Dish of Tea. Sir, answered my dear Master, you oblige us in ordering what is most agreeable to you in this House: But one Bottle cannot hurt us, while the Kettle is boiling. ——— Just as you please, Sir, reply'd the other; and addressing himself to Mr. *Brown*, sent on that I have by Accident got into my Hands a great Rarity. 'Tis a Piece of *Jewish* Superstition, which I am satisfy'd you will be pleased with. He then produced a Piece of flat Gold somewhat like a *Jacobus*, but larger. We all examin'd it, but my Father, Mother and self were quite in the dark; we could make nothing of it. When it had gone round Mr. *B*——— returning it to Mr. *Broughton* said, I have heard of this *Mogine* * *Dovid*, but never before saw one. I

* 'Tis visible by this Pronunciation that Mr. *B*———, learn'd his *Hebrew* of a *German*, or a *Dutch Jew*; for the

I took out my Pocket-Book and wrote down these two Words, and was upon Thorns to know what they signified, and what was the Design of the Medal. I was going to ask both, when Mr. *F*——'s Character, which I just now set down, check'd my Curiosity. I thought if it was proper for me to know these, the Complaisance of the Gentlemen would inform us; and I might conclude if they left us in our Ignorance, I should have been impertinently curious in my Questions. But Mr. *Brown* soon put me out of Pain. Taking again the Medal into his Hand, he said, We ought to explain this Piece to the Ladies: I will therefore acquaint them that it is called by the *Jews* the *Shield of David*; which is the *English* of the two *Hebrew* Words you heard Mr. *B*—— pronounce: And they look upon the carrying this about them a Safeguard against all Dangers, especially against Fire; by enclosing it in a Piece of Bread, or making these double Triangles and the Letters you see here chased, which (I will interpret to you) upon Bread, carrying it three times round, and then casting it into the Fire, repeating this Verse which is round the Edge as often as the Word *Mogine, (Shield)* is found in the *Psalms*. The Verse is the second of the eleventh of *Numbers*.* *And the People cryed unto Moses, and when Moses prayed unto the Lord, the Fire was quenched.* In the middle of the double Triangle the Word *Agla* is chased, which is one of the Names of God, composed of the initial Let-

the *Spanish*, *Portuguese*, and *Italian Jews* pronounce quite different, and would read מגן דוד

Magen David.

* ויצעק העם אל משה ויתפלל משה אל־יהוה ותשקע האש

ters of these Words *Ato, Gibour, Lignowlome, Ye-dowoi.** This last Word in the *Hebrew* begins with *A*, which they call *Aleph*, and takes it's Sound from the Vowel marked under it. The *English* of the Words is, *Thou, O Lord, art eternally powerful.* In the Angles is marked *Jehovah*, or as they † pronounce it *Yihowvoh*.

Sir, said I, you have done me a singular Pleasure in this Explanation; I was curious to know for what this Medal was made, and what was the Inscription. I ey'd it again very attentively, and return'd it to Mr. *Broughton*. Mr. *Brown* desired he would let him view it once more, and leaving the Room with it, did not return till we were at the Tea-Table. He then gave Mr. *Broughton* his Piece of Gold, and me two Pieces of Paper, saying, as I observ'd, Madam, you ex-

amin'd the *Shield of* David very attentively, I have drawn you two Copies, for fear one should be

† He must mean the *German Jews* pronounce it so

be lost. I return'd him Thanks, and was highly obliged for this Instance of Good-nature; one of these Copies you will find enclos'd, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

What an Advantage have the Men over our Sex! certainly the greatest Pleasure Life can afford, as well as the greatest Benefit, is Knowledge; and from that, cruel Custom debars us. At the Tea-Table Mr. *B*—— ask'd the Gentleman by what Accident he had got Possession of the Curiosity he had obliged us with the Sight of. Sir, answer'd he, a travelling *Dutch Jew*, who lay at the Bull in *Maidstone*, unfortunately, one Fair-day, receiv'd a Kick in the Stomach from a Horse which a Jockey was shewing. He was taken up speechless, put into a warm Bed, and a Surgeon sent for, but he expir'd before he came.

He had no Papers, by which any one could gather where his Friends might be heard of, wherefore the Master of the Inn advertis'd this Accident, and laid by his Effects, which were of no great Value. Hearing no News from any one in eighteen Months, he made a publick Sale of the *Jew*'s Pacquet. This *Shield of* David was in the unfortunate Man's Fob, (but proved no Protection) and I bought it for the Weight of the Gold.

Some little Time after we had drunk Tea Mr. *Broughton* and Mr. *Brown* taking Leave, my dear Master and Father took an Airing on Horseback, my Mother amus'd herself with her Family Affairs, and I in reading and writing till Supper-time. My dear Master and Father were but just return'd by the Time it was ready, for they made a Visit to Mr. *Wheeler*, when they were out.

After Supper *Jonathan* told my Master that a Servant of Lord *Davers*'s was come with a Letter, he was call'd into the Parlour, and let us

know

know his Lord and Lady were at *Tunbridge-Wells*, and design'd to be with us the next Day. Having answer'd the Questions Mr. *B*——— ask'd him, he gave him a couple of Letters; one was from my Lord, the other from my Lady; they had each of them one enclos'd, and directed to me. I here transcribe the four Letters; my Lord's two were as follows.

Dear Brother,

'TIS impossible for me to be within a few Days Journey of you, and to deny myself the Pleasure of embracing both yourself, and that excellent young Lady your Spouse, whose Virtues I admire and revere. My Wife and Self will set out To-morrow early for your new Purchase, where I will shew you a new Woman in Lady Davers, *but an old Friend, a very affectionate Brother, and a sincere humble Servant in*

DAVERS.

My dear Sister,

WERE I to return you the Thanks you deserve from me for the Obligation your excellent Character has lain me under, I should fatigue both you and myself. Your Life has made the haughty Lady Davers *a most reasonable Woman, and she as much emulates and admires your Virtues, as she once despised the Humility of your Birth. How much I revere them, and how greatly I honour you, is impossible for me to express, I indeed want Words;*

but

but assure you, it is from the Bottom of my Heart, and not from Form, that I subscribe myself,

Madam, my dear Sister,

Your truly affectionate Brother,
Admirer, and
Most humble Servant,
DAVERS.

P. S. *My Brother will let you know we intend ourselves the Pleasure of embracing you To-morrow.*

My Lady's Letters are as follows.

My dear Brother.

I AM sensible, from your Silence, that I lie under the uneasy Weight of your Displeasure; nay, I am sensible my foolish Pride, and unreasonable Behaviour, while at your Seat in Bedfordshire, *merit the severe Infliction of your Resentment. Tho' 'tis intolerable, I must with Confusion acknowledge 'tis but just. However, do not continue my Punishment beyond the Date of my Repentance, of which I will To-morrow give you convincing Proof, when I have the Satisfaction to enfold you in the longing Arms of*

Dear Brother,
Your most affectionate Sister,
and most humble Servant,
B. DAVERS.

P. S. *I know the enclos'd will be most acceptable from your Hand; pray give it, with my Respects and Love to your exemplary Spouse my Sister, your charming Pamela.*

To Mrs. *B*—— my Sister.

Madam and Sister,

THE virtuous Pamela *has at length triumph'd over the senseless Pride of the self-sufficient Peeress; the Greatness of Soul in the humble Maid-*

en

in has trampled under Foot the Arrogance of Lady Davers, *and the Evenness of Temper in the exalted Wife, her Prudence, which shews no Change in so great a Change of Fortune, has baffled my Resentment, disarm'd my Rage, and turn'd my Anger to Praise and Admiration. Yes, Sister, you have conquer'd, and I acknowledge your Virtues merit the Reward which has crown'd them; forgive me what has pass'd, I did not know you, and I ask Pardon because I now do; as a Proof of this Knowledge, I entreat you to engage my dear Brother to forget how ill I behav'd to his* Pamela, *to whom I am*

A very sincere Friend,
Affectionate Sister, and
Very humble Servant,
B. DAVERS.

Is this possible, cry'd I! O my *Pamela*, answer'd my dear Master, my Sister is still in Character, these haughty Spirits are always in Extremes. I know my Lord's Good-nature, and I am satisfy'd his Endeavours have seconded my Indifference, which I have carry'd on with Pain to myself, to bring her to Reason. Nay I fear, so well am I acquainted with my Sister, that I must continue under some Restraint, lest my shewing the real Love I have for her should again blow up her Pride, the only Fault she can be tax'd with, and make her intolerable.

My Dear Sir, said I, she was never angry at my want of Fortune, her Mortification was my humble Birth; that Obstacle to a thorough Reconciliation being remov'd, I hope, by the Respect and Deference I shall always shew your Sister, I shall by Degrees obtain her Ladyship's Favour. 'Tis indeed, answer'd he, what I did not reflect on; we cannot boast a Descent from more ancient,

more

more virtuous Ancestors than my *Pamela*'s on either Side, whether the *Andrews* or the *Jinks*; for they both came in with the Conqueror. I am too well acquainted with History to be ignorant of their Worth and Antiquity. Lady *Andrews* and Lady *Davers* visit each other when in Town, and Mrs. *Jinks* knew my Sister at *Bath*. I am glad they will be here To-morrow, it happens luckily.

Indeed, said my Father, we ought rather to be proud of the Virtues than the Titles of our Ancestors. When I say proud, I mean hold them in higher Esteem, and make it demonstrable we do, by copying after, or endeavouring to excel them. I remember two Lines, which I think are in *Ogelby*, or *Oglevy*'s Translation of *Juvenal*, ('tis so long since I was Master of Books I have forgot the Names of Authors), which made an Impression on my Mind, and are,

The Father's Statue, which with Pride is shewn,
Proves the Disgrace of a degen'rate Son.

And truly it would be just the hereditary Title should cease, when the Virtue by which it was acquired is not also inherited.

You seem, said my dear Master, to suppose, what I can't admit, that Titles and Honours, or Posts of Dignity, have been ever the Acquisitions of Virtue; whereas History will prove they have been attendant on successful and artful Villainy. Some Men possibly have had a Ribbon given them for deserving a Halter, and an *Oppressor* of his *Country* has been complimented with the Appellation of *Father of his Country*.

I will allow, Sir, replied my dear Father, a wrong-headed, self-interested, griping, wicked Minister, may be found in History, who has misled

miſlead his Prince, under the ſovereign's and the People's appear two diſtinct and ſeparate Intereſts, has endeavour'd to aggrandize the Crown, by ſtretching the Prerogative at the Expence of the Subjects Rights and Liberties; but, Sir, what have been the fatal Conſequences of ſuch impoliti-ck Procedures, and how long have the Honours, or even the Families of ſuch ignorant Politicians ſubſiſted? I could name you more than one who have riſen upon the Ruins they have made, but ſhew me one of their Family exiſting, at leaſt not left and buried among the very Dregs of the People, if in Being.

That Miniſter is a wiſe Man, an honeſt Subject, and a faithful Subject to his Prince, who repreſents to him, that his and his People's Intereſts are inſeparable, as indeed they are; and 'tis impoſſible they can ever be divided and the one ſet up againſt the other, but the Conſequences muſt be fatal. The *Engliſh* have great Patience, and bear long; but they too well know the Value of their Liberty not to make a Miniſter whoſe Folly or Wickedneſs prompts him to attempt raviſhing from them this ineſtimable Jewel, ſenſible of their Reſentment, and that they will not eaſily ſuffer it to be torn from them.

As I found my dear Mr. *B*——— and my Father entering upon Politicks I withdrew to my Chamber; for as 'tis not probable, my dear *Jervis*, we ſhall ever have a Parliament of Women, I am not ſolicitous about State Affairs or the Conſtitutions of particular Countries.

To-morrow *Evening* I ſhall give you an Account of what happen'd, but I think it now Time to bid you adieu.——Heaven protect and bleſs you my dear Friend.

Saturday

Saturday Evening. This Day, my dear *Parents*, at about half an Hour past One, Sir *Simon*, Cousin *Jinks*, and their Ladies, stopp'd at our Door in their respective Coaches, each with six Horses, and (which I interpreted doing Honour to my dear Parents and Self) with twelve Servants on Horseback in their best Liveries, seven in Sir *Simon's*, five (beside their respective Coachmen and Postilions) in that of Cousin *Jinks*. They order'd their Equipages to an Inn about half a Mile distant, but Mr. *Colbrand*, who had his Instructions, would not suffer any but the Coachmen and Postilions to go, and also charg'd them to dine at our House. I was at Piquet with my dear Master when they arriv'd, dress'd, as Mr. *B*—— desir'd, in the richest Cloaths I have, with all the Jewels he calls mine.

My dear Master receiv'd them with his usual Politeness; a visible Satisfaction diffus'd itself over his Countenance. He thank'd them in a very agreeable manner (though the Turn he gave his Compliment has slipp'd my Memory, which I am sorry for) for the Honour done us, and the friendly Regard shewn in this Visit to good Mr. *Andrews*, his Wife, and to his dear *Pamela*. The Ladies, when seated, were prevail'd upon to take a Rusk, and each a Glass of *Frontignac*; the Gentlemen eat a Piece of Bread, and drank a Glass of *Champagne*: after which I waited on them into the Garden. Having taken a Turn or two we plac'd ourselves in the Summer-house, I there acquainted them with the Visit we this Day expected from Lady *Davers*.----I am really sorry, said I, for the Confusion which Reflection will put her into, when she hears your Ladyships honour me with the Appellation of Kinswoman. Her Passion, when she first knew that her Brother had rais'd me to

the honour of being his Wife, was so violent, that she treated me with Language very unbecoming her own Character, and with the highest Indignities she could possibly put upon me.

I know her Ladyship's haughty Spirit, replied Cousin *Jinks*, and though I am not ill-natur'd, I shall see her Confusion without Pain. I shall, instead of being uneasy for what she must necessarily suffer from inward Reproach, be pleas'd at her Mortification, as her Pride well deserves it.

Indeed, answer'd Lady *Andrews*, to mortify her Ladyship (who, set aside her Arrogance, is a valuable Woman) is but common Justice. Tho' 'tis impossible for me to shew you greater Respect, or more Affection, than your Merits and our Nearness in Blood exact, yet I am resolv'd to be particular in both.

You speak, my dear Lady, said Cousin *Jinks*, both my Sentiments and Resolution; we will impart our Design to our Masters, that they may second us.

I answer'd, that I was greatly oblig'd for this Mark of their Goodness to my Parents and Self; but her Ladyship's own Good nature would make it unnecessary; she never is in a Passion but suffers more after than the Object of her Anger does by it. Indeed while she was at Mr. *B*---'s Seat in *Bedfordshire*, she behav'd with Civility, but with a very cold and haughty Reservedness, which she could not then get the better of, tho' I am satisfy'd she had many a hard Struggle with her Pride to oblige her Brother, on whom, she in a manner doats.

It was with great Mortification that she saw me at the Head, or even at the Table where she sat, but it was what she was forc'd to bear. My Parents, who knew her Temper, and apprehend-

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ed Inſults, came as little as poſſible in her way, and Mr. *B*——— was ſo good to allow them to eat in a Room by themſelves, where the Table and Attendance ſpoke the moſt obliging Reſpect.

My Lord is very different from my Lady; he has good Senſe, and no Pride; he treated me as Mr. *B*———'s Wife, and honour'd me with the Appellation of Siſter which not ſeldom brought the Blood into Lady *Davers*'s Face, and gave her terrible Agitations, as ſhe durſt not ſhew, before her Brother, how much ſhe was ſhock'd.

Mr. *B*—— obſerv'd every thing, and as he was ſenſible I could not be blind to this contemptuous Treatment, us'd often to excuſe her; tell me Time, Reaſon, and my Prudence, would change the Scene, and deſire I would bear with her impertinent Folly, to ſpeak his Words, which he pity'd, as he look'd upon it a Diſeaſe of the Mind ſhe could not eaſily conquer.

Mr. *B*—— Yeſterday receiv'd theſe Letters, (which I ſhew'd) and I am ſatisfy'd I am indebted to the Method his Tenderneſs for me oblig'd him to take, though he at the ſame time ſuffer'd by the Coldneſs he ſhew'd to a Siſter whom he tenderly loves, and I am certain I owe a great deal to my Lord's Good-nature and Arguments, that her Ladyſhip has ſubmitted to the Condeſcenſions you will obſerve in her Letters.

They read them, and lifted up their Eyes as in Admiration. Conſider, Ladies, ſaid I, her Ladyſhip's own Eaſe is at Stake, for ſhe can enjoy no Peace while her Brother treats her with the leaſt Slight. Mrs. *Jinks* anſwer'd,

And how eaſily might ſhe have prevented his Coldneſs, and the Mortification ſhe muſt have been under to have her Pride thus humbled, would ſhe

have liſten'd to Reaſon, and done Juſtice to your Beauty and Virtue? Did Ladies of Rank and Quality know what a Grace Affability adds to all their Words and Actions, how it inſinuates them into the good Opinion of all with whom they are acquainted, or have any Concerns to manage; how it compels Love and Reſpect; and, on the contrary, how contemptible Pride renders, even the greateſt, in the Eyes of the very meaneſt People; what a ſecret Hate it makes them conceive, and how it expoſes them to ridiculous Criticiſms, and makes them the Butt of every one's Rage and Reſentment: we ſhould ſee this Vice, this odious Vice, which has neither Pleaſure nor Profit to recommend it, and which is rais'd on the Baſis of an over-bearing Conceit of our own Merit, baniſh'd from among the *Great*. Among the truly Great indeed it is ſeldom found, and commonly neſtles in with ſuch only, who, conſcious of their own little Worth, think to make themſelves ſome amends, by treating others with the Contempt they themſelves deſerve and ſeldom fail of having return'd upon them.

You ſay very true, Couſin, anſwer'd my Lady, this Vice is ſeldom among the well-born and well-bred; nay, 'tis an Obſervation made by the loweſt People, for nothing is more common than to hear them ſay, you may ſee ſuch a one is a Gentleman or a Gentlewoman, he or ſhe is ſo courteous: This makes Lady *Davers's* Pride more aſtoniſhing, for few are better born or have had more Care beſtow'd on their Education.

Well, reply'd my Couſin *Jinks*, my Couſin here has no Reaſon to give her the right Hand on the Score of Family, whether on the Male or Female Side, or in Point of Alliances.

Madam,

Madam, said I, her Ladyship did not know I had that Honour. True, answer'd Mrs. *Jinks*, but she knew you was her Brother's Wife, who, without a Coronet, is a Gentleman of a more ancient Family than her Lord, Master of a larger Fortune, and might, would he have accepted it, have had a Title a Degree above a Viscount: This is notoriously known he has more than once refused, and, by so doing, has given Proof of admirable good Sense, and great Probity.

Having convers'd sometime in the Summer-house we went into the Parlour, where Sir *Simon*, Mr. *Jinks*, and my Father were engag'd at Ombre, Mr. *Brown* and my dear Master in a Party of Piquet.

I propos'd following the Example, which the Ladies agreeing to, we were going to sit down to Quadrille, but my dear Sir, objected to it.

No, no, said he, one of you Ladies shall come to our Table, and we will play at Ombre, one shall take Sir *Simon's*, or Mr. *Jinks's* Place at theirs, and then one of those Gentlemen will be happy in the Conversation of two of you. Mother, said he, you will do us the Favour of your Company, for tho' I don't take you to be the worst, yet you are the most indolent Player, your Thoughts are always much better employ'd.

My Mother made up the Number at his Table. Mrs. *Jinks* took Sir *Simon* by the Shoulder, bid him make Place for his Elder, and go play with the two Girls. We play'd till about Three o'Clock, when my Lord and Lady, their Horses all in a Foam, came to the Gate, with his Nephew, and nine Servants on Horseback.

Mr. *B*——— receiv'd them at the Gate, handed my Lady out of her Chariot, and embrac'd her very affectionately; he then embrac'd his Lord-

ſhip, made his Nephew a ſhort Compliment, and handed his Siſter into the Hall. I met her in the Middle of it, ſaluted her, which ſhe ſuffer'd with a viſible Conſtraint upon herſelf, and, taking her Hand to conduct her into the Parlour, ſaid, I was very ſenſible of the Honour ſhe did me in this great Condeſcenſion. Why, *Pamela*, ſaid ſhe, every body gives you ſo good a Character, you behave ſo prudently, my Brother is ſo fond of you, and my Lord ſo much your Friend, that I muſt, Girl, whether I will or not, love thee, and call thee Siſ--ter, or your doating Husband there won't do me the ſame Honour; and my Lord ſays, my good Senſe will be call'd in queſtion. Egad, and ſo it will, Madam, cry'd Maſter *Jackey*.

My Mother was coming to ſalute her Ladyſhip, of which ſhe being aware, turn'd away with a diſdainful Air, and ſaid, how do you do, Goody *Andrews*, I did not at firſt ſee you. Then directing herſelf to me, continued, ſo, Siſ--ter,—— well, 'tis out, and I am not choak'd.

Lady *Andrews* ſaid, my Couſin *B*——, Madam, will not diſhonour the Appellation.

Lady *Andrews!* cry'd my Siſ--ter, I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, I really, Madam, did not diſtinguiſh your Ladyſhip. Mrs. *Jinks*, I am your very humble Servant, I ſhould have ſooner paid you my Compliments, but this Girl here, my Siſ--ter, had quite engroſs'd me.

'Tis no wonder, Madam, your Ladyſhip is not ſingular in that Point, reply'd Couſin *Jinks*, my Couſin *B*—— has Beauty to attract our Eyes, Wit to charm the Mind, Senſe to engage our Attention, and a Prudence, in all her Actions, to cauſe our Wonder, and compel our Reſpect and Eſteem.

By

By my Conſcience, Madam, cry'd my Lord, you ſpeak my very Sentiments of my dear Siſter, whom I have not yet ſaluted; which he and his Nephew after him did in a very reſpectful Manner, and then ſaluted the reſt of the Company.

Jonathan came in to lay the Cloth, and the Cards being removed we ſate down, and Lady *Davers* ſaid to my dear Maſter, One thing ſurprizes me. I did not know our Family had the Honour of being ally'd to theſe Ladies who compliment your Wife with the Title of Couſin.

Madam, ſaid Lady *Andrews*, we are proud the Virtues of one of our Family has procured us the Honour of being ally'd to a Gentleman of Mr. *B*——'s great Worth.

I ſuppoſe Madam, the Accident of the ſame Name, anſwer'd Lady *Davers*, has given Ground for ſo great a Condeſcenſion: But I am afraid your Complaiſance may hurt that Prudence which Mrs. *Jinks* juſt now commended, and make the Girl—— I beg Pardon my Siſ——ter, proud.

Mr. *B*—— ſate and laughed in his Sleeve; I ſaw he was highly delighted with the Scene.

Never fear, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Jinks*, Pride is the Vice of narrow Minds, and a weak Genius. And added Sir *Simon*, much ſeldomer found in the nobly born than the upſtart Favourites of Fortune.

Indeed, ſaid Mrs. *Jinks*, Affability is the Characteriſtick of the true Perſon of Quality——

By my Conſcience, Madam, cry'd my Lord, you are right; nay you are all right in your Definitions. I maintain it, a Man of good Senſe cannot be proud.

And a Woman of good Breeding, though but of a moderate Senſe, ſaid Lady *Andrews*, whatever Haughtineſs ſhe may have mixed in with the other Parts of her Compoſition, will endeavour to conceal

ceal it: For when all is done, Good-breeding is no more than artificial good Nature.

Then, ſaid Lady *Davers*, there is no Allowance for conſcious Merit or Virtue, or ſuperiour Birth or Fortune?

Yes, yes, criy'd Mr. *B*———, theſe we allow for in weak People, but they can never be productive of Pride in any other. Witneſs my *Pamela*; where is there a Tongue ſo vile as will venture to tax her with Pride? And who is there ſo vain as to ſay they out-ſhine her in Virtue, in----

Hold Brother, there is a Curb upon Pride in her which Perſons as virtuous may be free from.

If you mean want of Birth, you are under a groſs Miſtake: 'Tis commonly (as you have heard granted by the whole Company) the Upſtart, the Wretch who raiſed from a Dunghil, grown giddy with his good Fortune, that is moſt ſubject to the mean Vice of the Soul.

Then your *Pamela* is an Exception, Brother---Juſt here the firſt Courſe was brought in, and we taking our Places, my Lady asked my dear Mr. *B*——— if Goodman and Goody *Andrews* were to dine with her Lord and her.

I hope, ſaid ſhe ſoftly, I am as good as you: Don't behave in a Manner which you will repent, and for which you will be covered with Confuſion.---Take my Advice.---This Houſe is Mrs. *Andrew*'s Houſe.

Had I known it, Brother, I ſhould have ſpared the Viſit. My Mother, as Mr. *B*——— always made her, from the firſt Day we came hither, ſat at the head of the Table, and did the Honour of the Houſe as Miſtreſs.

My Mother asked her Ladyſhip if ſhe ſhould have the Honour to ſerve her from the Diſh next her Hand? She anſwer'd, Thank-ye, Goody *Andrews*,

drews, I will beg the Favour of my Brother to help me. I shan't eat much.

Lady *Andrews* colour'd at the Answer, and said, My Cousin *Andrews*, Madam, has left the Goody in *Bedfordshire*, where she took it up. We treat her here with the Respect and Title she has a just Claim to from her Merit which rather gives Lustre to than derives one from her Birth.

Said Lady *Duvers*, I believe she will hardly boast of her Birth indeed; and fell into a most contemptuous Laugh.

Her Ladyship makes a right Judgment of my Cousin *Andrews*'s good Sense, said Mrs. *Jinks*. She cannot be proud of what is not owing to herself; though to make no particular Comparison, she has as much Ground for Vanity on that Head, as they who value themselves most on being accidentally descended from an ancient Stock.

My Lady colour'd at this prodigiously, for she took it to herself; but Cousin *Jinks* proceeded. We are far from thinking we do my Cousin *Andrews* Honour in owning her and her Husband very near Relations to both Sir *Simon*'s and our Family; as they are, to all the Quality and Gentry of *Kent*, and Mr. *Andrews* in particular, to some of the most illustrious Families in *Sweden*, as will be allowed by all who knew the Baron *de Storme* his Mother's Father.

This, Madam, said Mr. *Jinks*, is an undeniable Truth. Mr. *Andrews* and his Spouse, that Lady whom your Ladyship calls Goody, are the nearest Relations Sir *Simon* and I have; and they do Honour to both Families.

My Lady seem'd to drop from the Clouds into a new World; my Lord listen'd with visible Pleasure, and the Lordling *Jackey* gaped with his Mouth

Mouth open, juſt as I have ſeen a Country Fellow at a Puppet-ſhew.

Siſter, ſaid my dear Mr. *B*——, you ſeem ſurpriz'd, and indeed 'tis no Wonder. It is aſtoniſhing to find ſo maſculine a Virtue in this Gentleman and his Lady, as to be able to bear up againſt Adverſity and Contempt with ſuch Fortitude, that nothing was ſtrong enough to wreſt from them this Secret. Call to mind your own Treatment both of them and my dear *Pamela*, and acknowledge they as far out-go you in good Senſe, in a generous Contempt of worldly Vanity, and in Strength of Reſolution, as you fancy'd you out-ſhone them in the Advantage of a fortuitous Birth. I may perhaps anger you with a Retroſpection, but 'tis neceſſary for the Cure of the only Failing you are taxed with, and which throws a Blemiſh over a Number of Virtues.

Look back to the Origin of moſt great Families, and we ſhall find the Leathern Breeches: I would be underſtood that they have ſprung from ſomething Mean, and that is eſteem'd the nobleſt which can be ranked the longeſt in the Degree of the Gentry. The firſt who raiſed ours was a common Soldier in the Army of *Edward* the third. He was the Son of a Guantlet-maker, or Blackſmith, if you think it more Honour. This Soldier, was for his Bravery in that Monarch's Wars in *France*, diſtinguiſh'd by him, and gradually raiſed to the Command of a Regiment, to which his Son ſucceeded, and by copying after his Father, became a General, and commanded a Flying-Camp. He grew in great Favour with that warlike Prince; married a Woman of Family and Fortune, and laid the Foundation of that which by Succeſſion I now enjoy. I need not proceed.

The

The Family of the *Andrews* and that of the *Jinks* both came in with *William the Conqueror*, and had great Posts in his Army; so that they are earlier much on the List of Gentry, reckon on their Side since the Conquest only, than we can pretend to be: But they can both count, long before that Period, great Men in their Families. Hence 'tis evident that *Pamela* on both Father and Mother's Side, for Mrs. *Andrews* is a *Jinks*, this *Wench*, this *Girl*, this *painted Dirt*, this *Beggar's Brat*, is a Gentlewoman, by many Kings Reigns of more ancient Descent, from more noble Blood, than the *imperious Lady Davers*, *the haughty Viscountess*, *the furious Peeress*, who disdain'd to own her Brother's Wife (her Superiour in Birth, and greatly, greatly so, in the Endowments of her Mind) for a Sister. ——Pardon me, my Lord, for this Liberty with your Lady, 'tis the last I shall take: Either her good Sense will never give me a future Opportunity, or her Pride convince me she is irreclaimable by Reason, and therefore unworthy of my Affection or Concern. I love her with a Fondness which nothing but she herself can diminish; but love my Ease, and I love my *Pamela*, I won't say more than my Sister, but much, much more than myself. Nay, I love every thing that pleases her, and every one who values or even mentions her with Regard.

I find Brother, said my Lady, you had prepar'd a Roast for me, and your Knowledge of my Visit enabled you to pray the Assistance of these Ladies. Here she burst out into a Flood of Tears. He took her round the Neck, kissed her, and answered: No, my dear Sister, these Ladies honour you, and the good Company intended me this Mark of their Freindship a Day before I had your Letters.

O my dear *Jervis*, what Pain was I in to see my Lady thus (as she call'd it) roasted; I could almost have beat my Lord, for I thought he shewed a malicious Pleasure in seeing her Pride thus attacked from every Quarter. She had not one in the Company but seem'd combined against her, except *Jackey*, and as they say he was struck all on a Heap, and had not a Word to throw at a Dog. He had, you'll see, his Turn of Mortification; for *Jackey*, tho' he is not quite Seven and Twenty, stands much upon Punctilio, and is not a little proud of his being a Lord's Son.

My Lord said, poor *Bab*, thy Brother is a most mortifying ill-natur'd Wretch, to rake back into Things that have been so long forgotten in the World, and bring thee a Blacksmith for an Ancestor. 'Tis monstrous, barbarous Usage; 'tis meer Spight, Envy and burning Malice: But I will comfort thee, dear *Bab*; don't cry, my Child; take thy Finger out of its Neye, it is a naughty paw-paw Brother, to abuse known Sister at such a wicked rate; but to make thee amends, know, if thy Father was a Blacksmith, it was of the better Sort, he wrought for the executive Part of the Body, the *Hand*; and thou art better born than thy Husband, for my Ancestor wrought for a Part I am asham'd to mention: Yes, *Bab*, he was a Breeches-maker.

How, my Lord, said *Jackey*, your Ancestor a Breeches-maker? Ay, *Jackey*, neither better nor worse, and I will tell you what you don't know, he made his and my Fortune, consequently, at the Battle of *Agincourt*; for there the *English* pull'd off their Breeches, for a certain Reason, which you may find in History, and left them with the Baggage. Now some brave *Frenchmen*, there being only Women and Boys with this Bag-

gage,

age, had the Courage to fall upon, kill them, and steal the Soldier's Breeches; by which Misfortune to the Army, my Ancestor had so much Business to repair the Damage by altering and fitting those of the *Frenchmen*, killed in the Battle, to the Posteriors of the *English* Conquerors, that he laid the Foundation of the Fortune I now enjoy.

The Company smiled at my Lord's manner of comforting his Lady; and she said, I find my Lord too joins in turning me into Ridicule: But that was needless. These Ladies and my Brother had already turned my Eyes inward upon myself and I appear as contemptible in my own Sight, as I am sensible I have all along been in that of others. Oh, my dearest Sister, (taking me about the Neck and bathing my Face with her Tears) I can't doubt your Goodness to forgive me, who had the heroick Patience to bear my Insults. Pardon me, thou Miracle of thy Sex, pardon one, who (tho' intoxicated with Pride) despised thy Humility, yet ever admir'd and rever'd thy Virtue, and with Pleasure gazed upon the Charms of thy Person, which pleaded hard in thy Behalf: and whenever I view'd thee disarm'd my Resentment, and almost reconcil'd me to the Step my Brother had taken. Pardon me, my dear Brother, all the Uneasiness my impertinent Pride has given you: But, Oh, with what Confusion do I look upon Mr. and Mrs. *Andrews*, whom I have treated in a manner so unbecoming their Character and Merit; and how can I expect Pardon from these Gentlemen and Ladies, whom I have insulted in the Persons of their Relations?

Madam, reply'd my Father, you ought to suffer no Confusion on our Accounts. You never intended to insult Mr. and Mrs. *Andrews*, and

therefore they ought not to resent your treating the *Goodman* and *Goody* in a manner you thought suitable to their mean Station. You have done us no Injury, I assure your Ladyship, not so much, as to once ruffle our Tempers; we have learned to bear with the World, and never attempted to reform it.

There spoke the Philosopher, said my Lord. There, my dear *Bab*, in those few Words you have an excellent Lecture, and a most genteel Reprimand. Egad, I took Notice of that, cry'd *Jackey*, for Mr. *Andrews* has very civily told my Aunt, neither her Pride nor Anger was worth his minding; and egad, I think so, when Folks are unreasonable.

Jackey, said my Lady, if you are so penetrating as to discover such Meaning in what Mr. *Andrews* said, you ought to have had the Manners to have left his Sense as you found it, and not to rudely have lifted the Veil which his good Breeding had cast over it.

Madam, reply'd my Father, what I said of being unmoved, was with Regard to our being habituated so long to Misfortunes that we were in a manner insensible to any new that could befal us. Mr. *Andrews*, you discover as much Humanity as good Sense, answer'd Lady *Davers*, and you shall find me, by a different Behaviour, endeavour to gain yours and Mrs. *Andrews*'s good Opinion.

'Tis, Madam, reply'd my Mother, what your Ladyship never forfeited. Your Ladyship is a good and charitable Lady; but as you are not yet an Angel, and nothing mortal is perfect, we should be unjust did we suffer the little Sallies of Passion (for which you had great Provocation, at least you had Reason to think so) in the least to obscure

obscure the Number of Virtues conspicuous in your Ladyship's Life.

O Mrs. *Andrews*, said Lady *Davers*, you are all Goodness. Shall we, rather will you and Mr. *Andrews* forget the past? I am sure my charming Sister will. I stand Guarantee, said my dear Mr. *B*——, for a lasting Peace from hence forward. Egad, cry'd *Jackey*, and so will I; for never in my Life fell I in with such a Set of reasonable good Souls. I have more Pardons to beg, continued Lady *Davers*. No, reply'd Mrs. *Jinks*, your Ladyship has made greater Reparation than was required; tho' give me leave to say, not more than might be expected from your own good Sense.

I hope, said Lady *Andrews*, an uninterrupted Harmony will be the Consequence. Believe me, reply'd Lady *Davers*, I was never sensible of Pleasure equal to what I feel in finding my dear *Pamela*, my lovely Sister, every way deserving of my Brother. Egad, said *Jackey*, I believe you never spoke a truer Word in your Life: But give me leave to say, Aunt, as well as you love your Brother, you are better pleas'd to find *Pamela*, as you call her, a Gentlewoman, than you were with the Knowledge of her being a prudent Wife.

Fie, *Jackey*, cry'd my Lord, you there shot a Bolt. Egad, my Lord, I speak my Mind.——I know my Aunt: But no more of that. Turning to a Servant, and calling for a Glass of Wine, he drank to Lady *Andrews*, Peace and Harmony to Mr. *B*—— and his Lady's Family. They all approved the Toast, we Women were obliged to drink it; my Lady *Davers* grew chearful, recovered her Stomach, eat pretty heartily, and before Dinner was ended was excellent good Company.

You may believe I must necessarily have omitted some Passages, though I wrote this before I went to-bed that I might not forget more. You may guess, my dear *Jervis*, at the Satisfaction I find in this thorough, and I hope lasting Reconciliation, better than I can describe it; for it is the greatest imaginable to my dear Master, who has twenty times this Day embraced and called Lady *Davers* his good Sister.

Our Relations staid as long as they could to get to Sir *Simon*'s before the close of Day. Lady *Davers* was very chearful and entertaining in her Conversation.——The whole Company seem'd pleased with one another; and even *Jackey* was, to my great Surprize, sprightly without being impertinent; and now and then witty without pumping. He told Lady *Davers*, that she might see in this Company what a charming Influence good Nature has, and observe her own Power to give Pleasure by the Gaiety her good Humour had inspir'd. Stop there, *Jackey*, reply'd her Ladyship. Why so? cry'd Mr. *B*——, I think he has made you a genteel Complement. Not a very mannerly one, Brother, since 'tis at the Expence of all the rest of this Company. Pardon us, Madam, I will take upon me to answer for my Relations, reply'd Lady *Andrews*. We all allow the Complement just; for 'tis your Ladyship's good Humour and Complaisance that enlivens this little Circle. Madam, the Complement you make me, reply'd my Sister, (for now she will let me call her nothing else, and she has the Word always in her Mouth) speaks your Ladyship remarkable for both those agreeable Qualities. And no Body more so, cry'd *Jackey*, than Lady *Davers*. *Jackey*, *Jackey*, said she, I expect to pay for your Incense. To make use of a coarse Proverb, that

Boy

Boy never gave me Roaſt-meat, but he beat me with the Spit. I ſee no Tendency, ſaid Mr. *B*--, to his ſaying any thing diſobliging, and perhaps Siſter, your Delicacy is a little to great. Egad, Uncle, you have hit the Nail on the Head, to anſwer my Aunt's Proverb. She don't love to be told of her Faults; and ſhe calls this Proof of my Value for her, Impertinence. Her Ladyſhip loves Truth in every thing but what regards herſelf; and, egad, becauſe I tell it her, ſhe'll call me a ſawcy Boy and I know not what: Nay, never frown Aunt, I'll be hang'd, nay, I'll be d----d, if my Uncle don't think what I ſay, right. Did not I tell you, cry'd Lady *Davers*,—— I thought, continu'd *Jackey*, I deſerved a low Curteſey from her, for ſaying one Day, it was Pity Lady *Davers* ſhould ever be angry, (indeed ſhe was not then quite compoſed, her Spirits were in a little hurry) for it gave the Air of a North-Eaſter to the fineſt Woman in *England*, and egad, if I had not had a good Share of Heels, ſhe would have ſlapped my Chaps for me. Mr. *B*—— and the reſt of the Company, nay, even my Lady could not help ſmiling at the ſorrowful Tone in which *Jackey* ſpoke this: And my Siſter cry'd, Well, *Jackey*, you ſhall ſee a thorough Reformation; you ſhall tell me my Faults with Freedom, and I will hear them with Patience: Nay, I will thank you for your Reprehenſions. Egad Madam, it is well for Mr. *B*——, your Ladyſhip's Servants did not hear this. Why ſo? ſaid Mr. *B*——. Why ſo? anſwered *Jackey*, why they would have been ſo tranſported, they would have all got drunk for Joy, and your Strong-Beer would have ſuffer'd ſeverely. They'd have made your Barrels as noiſy as themſelves. They would not have left you a Drop, and would have

beat a Peace of War on the Heads of your re-sounding Casks. I see, *Jackey*, said my Lady *Davers*, you have a mind I should give this Company a Proof of my Change. By my Conscience, answered my Lord, my Nephew is not far from the Mark; for let me tell you, my dear *Bab*, if you get the better of your too great Vivacity, you have not another Fault to correct, at last that I can discover, and no Lady would be more loved and honoured by her Family, from your Steward to your Scullion.

Well, my Lord, said she, I will rather convince you by my Endeavours than make you large Promises. *Jackey* will be an excellent Touch-stone to try my Patience.——Egad, Madam, my Endeavours shan't be wanting, and if you will but promise to restrain the Activity of your Hands, for though they are very pretty, soft and white, I don't much care to feel them in the manner you sometimes honour me, I won't fail being a faithful Monitor. Uncle *B*——, that fine Lady there, your Sister, and my Aunt, has the lightest, and at the same time the heaviest Fingers, a Paradox I can reconcile, of any Lady of her Quality in *England*.

Did I not tell this good Company *Jackey* would be an excellent Touch-stone, said her Ladyship.——Egad, Madam, for all your promis'd Reformation, I would not have ventur'd to have said thus much by ourselves, without it was in a large Room, you at one End, and I at the other with the Door in Hand.

The Company could not forbear laughing at *Jackey*'s Precaution, my Sister herself smil'd. *Jackey* continu'd, my Lord, your great Dining-Room shall be our Probation Room, and if my Lady will come up every Afternoon I will give her

a Lecture on that excellent Virtue Patience, and then furnish her Impertinence for her Practice. O my Conscience I believe thou wilt, Boy, answer'd Lady *Davers*, thou hast given the Company good Proof of thy Capacity that way.

When our Relations took Leave it was in a very affectionate Manner. Mr. *B*——— said, he hoped the Pleasure of seeing them in Town, and if they would honour him with Notice of their Arrival, his *Pamela* and he would not fail in paying their Respects.

When they were driven off, and I return'd, Lady *Davers* catch'd me in her Arms, call'd me her dear, her charming Sister: She made a Number of Excuses and Compliments to my Father and Mother, which they answer'd with Good-manners and Gravity: She would needs see the House; after that, my Mother and I must take a Turn in the Garden with her. She is now as fond of, as she was formerly averse from me, and by her Civilities to my Parents seems to endeavour to obliterate her former Behaviour. My dear Mr. *B*——— is so charm'd with her Carriage, that I believe he has hugg'd and kiss'd her twenty times since the Company went, and she as often has made me the same Caresses. As I stepp'd out to give the Maid some Orders about her Ladyship's Room, my dear Mr. *B*——— clapp'd a large single Brilliant Stone Ring on my Finger; I have heard it valued at two hundred Pounds. My *Pamela*, my dear Life, said he, take an Opportunity to change this with the Ring my Sister wears, it is not a Present from my Lord, I was by when she bought it for forty Pounds.

After Supper, as she had me by the Hand, I lifted it, and giving her a gentle Squeeze, suddenly brought it to my Mouth and kiss'd it; she pulled

pulled it away, and catching me round the Neck, kiſs'd me two or three times before ſhe would let me go. O, Madam, ſaid I, what Pleaſure do you afford me by this Goodneſs; I may now venture to eaſe my Heart, and declare its Sentiments by ſaying to you I do, and ever did tenderly love you, though my Reſpect hitherto hindered me from taking the Liberty which your preſent Condeſcenſion has encouraged. I again took her Hand in mine. My dear Siſter, ſaid ſhe, if a reciprocal Tenderneſs can continue me that Love, it will know no End.

I thanked her Ladyſhip, and looking at her Ring, ſaid, this Stone has a fine Water; (I had turned the Diamond of my Ring to the Inſide of my Hand, and only the Hoop ſet with brilliant Sparks appeared) do you like it, my Dear? anſwered Lady *Davers*. I replied, more, Madam, for the ſake of the Wearer than for the Value of the Stone. She immediately took it off her Finger, and ſaid, then oblige me in wearing it for my ſake.

Madam, I cannot refuſe your obliging Preſent; but if I am happy enough to enjoy the Honour of your Regard, you will condeſcend to wear this Hoop for your *Pamela*'s ſake.——Give it me, my dear Siſter, I will never part with it. But let me put it on, ſaid I, ſince you are ſo good. Your Brother made me his by ſuch a Ceremony, Oh may this make me looked upon as yours, entirely devoted to, and fond of you, and when you look upon it, Oh think that you hold a Place in my Heart next that dear Benefactor, and my tenderly beloved Parents.

I had put on her Ring, and ſaying this, ſlipped mine on her Finger, the Stone inward. When ſhe felt it, lifting up her Hand, and turning the Ring

Ring round, she cried, Oh the little Cheat, look you, my Lord, how she has tricked me. By my Conscience, said he, looking on the Ring, I wonder you suffer yourself to be so imposed on, my dear *Bab*. *Jackey* took her Hand, and viewing the Ring, cried out a Bite, a Bite, egad she has fairly taken you in. Why your Ring is worth forty Pounds which she has got, and palmed one upon you not worth——I believe——Let me see——No, not worth above a couple of Hundred. Egad, send for a Constable, Aunt.

No, *Jackey*, I'll revenge myself on the little dear Trickster, and catching me round the Neck, she almost smothered me with Kisses. Hark-ye, said Mr. *B*——, though I own my Wife has monstrously imposed on you, I can't sit still, and see her so cruelly used: He instantly got up, took us both in his Arms, and kissed us oftner than I can tell you, but not once oftner than I liked.

Why this, said my Lord, is right, may nothing ever interrupt this Harmony. I told my Lady, that I believed she must be sensible of some Fatigue after her Journey, that her Chamber was ready, and my Mother and I would wait on her Ladyship whenever she was disposed for Rest. You naughty Girl what made you mention the Word Fatigue; I am so charmed with thee I should not have remembered I was weary, if you had not put me in mind of it, but I can't be angry with you, or ever think your Opinion wrong, so if you will, my dear Sister, I'll e'en go to Bed. My Mother and I, with two Servants, waited on her to her Chamber, after she had kissed my dear Master, and wished the Company good Night. My Mother stay'd about a Minute with her, but I till she was in Bed. I offered to help in undressing her, but she would not allow it,

and

and said many endearing Things. When she was lain down, having before taken my Leave of the Gentlemen, I retired to my Chamber, and sat me down to this Letter, which I don't yet think long enough. My Lord, my dear Master, and *Jackey*, are drinking a Bottle, and perhaps I shall hear no News of my Bedfellow these two Hours, tho' it is almost ten o'Clock. I pray the Omnipotent Goodness that my Life may in some measure deserve a Continuance of these Blessings, that I may never forget they are the pure Effects of his merciful and infinite Bounty, and may the bearing constantly in mind his ineffable Benevolence, and my own Unworthiness ever keep me constant in my Duty both to God and Man. May the Almighty, my dear *Jervis*, ever keep you under his Protection, I indeed make it my hearty Prayer, and I should be ungrateful did I ever forget you when I prostrate myself before the Throne of divine Mercy. Adieu, my dear Friend.

Sunday Evening. As soon as I was dressed and come down, seeing the Gentlemen in the Hall, I went and paid my Respects to my Lady, who was almost ready to leave her Chamber. She embraced and kissed me, and having answered to my Questions, which were those of course, how she had reposed, and such like, she enquired after my Health with seeming Affection, and asked me if our Minister was a good Preacher.——I believe your Ladyship will think him so, because Mr. *B*——— gives him that Character.——Nay then I am sure I shall find him so, for he is a very good Judge, and will flatter nobody. The World accounts my Brother a Man of Learning, and I can witness he will speak his Sentiments very freely, or be silent, he has both ways made me shed many a briny Tear.

He

He is a dear good Man, but for all that he has been angry with, and often ſeverely reprimanded me for a violent Temper; yet my greateſt Paſſions in compariſon of his, when provoked, is like a Summer's Breeze to a Winter's Storm. Lord keep me out of that Tempeſt, ſaid I, which would prove the Wreck of all my Happineſs.——I don't fear it falling upon you; but take my Advice, my dear Siſter, whenever you ſee him angry, let who, or what will have enflamed him, don't interpoſe, keep out of his way. When he ſees his Paſſion has that Effect, and that 'tis terrible to you, it will make him ſtrive to conquer it, and ſuch a Procedure will be more efficacious than the moſt convincing Reaſon, which indeed can never weigh with Madmen, and who is in a Paſſion is quite mad for the Time.

I thank your Ladyſhip, and will treaſure up and practiſe your Advice. Does your Ladyſhip know the Day of the Month? No, my dear Siſter; but before I ask you the Reaſon of that Queſtion, I muſt tell you, if you don't ſubſtitute *Siſter* for *Ladyſhip* I will never anſwer you. Lady *Davers* and *Pamela* could never agree, tho' I hope, I am ſure as to one, there is a ſincere Affection between Mr. *B*——'s Lady and Mr. *B*---'s Siſter. Believe me, Madam, ſaid I, you may anſwer for two; but what you command is a Liberty.——Fiddle-faddle, cried ſhe, now I don't believe but you are a little Hypocrite, when you ſay you love me.---Madam, you will change that Thought, when I aſſure you, next my dear Maſter and Parents, I hold your Ladyſhip moſt dear; and when I have told you that this is Sacrament Day, I beg your Ladyſhip won't take it ill, if I don't wait on you from Church, and prefer the Duty I owe to my Creator to the Reſpect due to your Ladyſhip. She

catch'd

catch'd me in her Arms, and kissing me, said, Oh how fortunate is my Brother in the Possession of so much Goodness.

When her Ladyship was dressed I waited on her to the Parlour, she made my Father and Mother an obliging Compliment, and they sat down to Breakfast; I was readily excused. *Pamela*, said my dear Master, my lovely *Pamela*, tell me, do you love my Sister? Sir, said I, I have already protested to her Ladyship I do very sincerely, I repeat it to you with Pleasure.——And you heartily forgive all that's past? Her Ladyship, Sir, never really injured me, for it was her Passion, not her Sentiments, that made her Tongue censure my Virtue when I own'd the Honour you had done me; but, Sir, I hope you don't think I so little know my Duty, or am so wicked, as to dare approach the Altar with Rancour in my Heart, and you know I this Day intend to receive. Had my Lady brought the greatest Misfortune upon, that can befal me, your Neglect, I should even forgive her that terrible Infliction.

You take my Questions too seriously, my Angel, I asked them previously to a Favour I have to beg.——And what is there in your *Pamela*'s Power that you cannot, my dear Sir, command?——You will then give me a Proof of your Love and thorough Reconciliation?——Any, Sir, you can require.——Then let me shew her the Papers I have read, and the Sequel. I blush'd, and my Lady asked if it was a Journal. On Mr. *B*——'s Answer, she cried, Oh, my dear Sister, don't deny me this Mark of your Affection. Madam, said I, I can deny nothing to either Brother or Sister; but as I hold your Esteem extremely dear, I fear my Remarks may lessen it; indeed you will be convinced, when you have read them, you

might

might have employ'd your Time much better, Come, come, Mrs. Critick, pray don't ſpeak ſo ſlightingly of my Wife's Works, anſwered Mr. *B*——, I know they will, they muſt agreeably entertain my Siſter.

I hope, ſaid my Lord, my darling *Siſter* won't deny me the ſame Satisfaction.——If I thought they could give you any I ſhould indeed find a very ſenſible Pleaſure, for I am greatly indebted to your Lordſhip's Goodneſs. I am a much greater Debtor to your Virtues, my lovely Siſter, replied he, you don't know how much they have contributed to my Happineſs.——Egad, Uncle, ſo they have, for my Aunt *B*---'s Conduct has ſhamed my Aunt Lady *Davers* into a reaſonable Woman, and now, my Lord, you and Mr. *B*—— may boaſt you have the two fineſt, and two beſt Wives on this Side, or under the Sun, which you pleaſe.——*Jackey*, ſaid Lady *Davers*, I ſuppoſe you tagg'd that Compliment, for fear of my light heavy Fingers; but there was no Occaſion, Child, I can now hear Truth, and won't wrong my Siſter by denying your Aſſertion, and that ſhe is ſo.——Egad, Madam, give me leave to kiſs you for this, my Uncle may make what Uſe he will of his great Dining-Room, I find we ſhan't want it: Saying this, he took Lady *Davers*'s Hand, and kiſſed it.

My Mother, who managed the Tea-Table, was very ſerious; ſhe took nothing, as ſhe deſigned to receive, and hardly ſpoke. My Father walked in the Garden, and ſmoaked his Pipe till it was Church-time, of which, coming in, he gave us Notice, and we all walk'd thither.

At our Return I found Lady *Davers* in her Chamber reading my Papers. She obligingly ſaid, ſhe feared ſhe ſhould never be eaſy without her dear *Pamela*, either in her Sight or her Hands. She

embraced me tenderly; *Pamela*, the charming, dear *Pamela*, is entertaining, even absent. While I read your Writings, reflect on your Virtues, or contemplate the Beauty of your Form, I find Cause for Wonder and instructive Lessons.

My dear, my good Lady *Davers*, answered I, is extremely condescending, and I believe has no Equal in the Art of obliging, if not her excellent Brother.

Ay, ay, replied my Lady, I will make my Complaints to that excellent Brother; I'll immediately let him know how you treat me; you shall see his Justice will make him take my Part, even against his naughty lovely Wife. O, Madam, what have I said or done, that your Ladyship should complain of me?——Well, if you will mend your Fault, and be a better Dear for the future, I won't tell. You treat me with a Ceremony and Distance which disgusts me; if I don't yet deserve to be called your *Sister*, yet flatter my Vanity, and suffer me to flatter myself. Let me think you do, by laying aside every other Title. Indeed, my dear, dear *Pamela*, I will merit that Appellation, and Time shall evince that I am a sincerely affectionate *Sister*.——Madam, said I——Look-ye, replied she, why Madam? is not this provoking? Oh fie, I did not think you had so much Ill-nature.——Well, my dear *Sister*, and flung my Arms round her Neck, and kissed her, since you will have me lay aside that Respect which both your Rank and Merit exact, I will give you no future Cause of Complaint. Now, said she, kissing me again, you are my dear good Sister. Come, let us take a Turn in the Orchard.

As we went through the Hall Mr. *B*——, who was there, asked where we were going? my Lady told him. I'll go with you, said he, putting himself

self in the middle, and clasping each of us round the Waste. Now, my dear Sister, continued he, I am the happiest Man in *Europe*. This Reconciliation was the only thing I ardently wished, and I know nothing more I can desire, but to see you two ever as fond of each other as I am of both.

I dare answer, replied Lady *Davers*, from my Sister's Goodness, and by the Tenderness I feel for the dear Creature, you will not be disappointed in your Wish, for I love my Sister as well as you love your Wife. And if it was possible I should, said he, still love you better for this Affection for my Charmer, who indeed deserves it. That, Brother, is needless to tell me. Where is my Lord and *Jackey*? They are with Mr. *Andrews* and Mr. *Brown* in the Garden. *Apropas*, my *Pamela*; he has preached twice every *Sunday*, once more than his Duty exacts, in Complaisance to you; here is a little Ring of about ten Guineas Value, take an Opportunity to present it him. How, Sister, did you like my young Clergyman? Mightily, dear Brother; he said a great deal in a little Compass: What is his Character? for tho' I am sorry I can say it, I have heard excellent Sermons from some Ministers of very loose Morals: I hope there are few such. I hope so too, Sister, answered my dear Master; but I assure you this is an excellent young Man in his Morals, as well as a fine Preacher. What do I talk of Morals! he is a thorough good Christian. I may, I believe, safely say he is no Man's Enemy, and has an Enemy of no Man. He is then very happy, Brother. Nay, Sister, said I, I will go farther, I believe all who know him love him. Ay, Sister? and do you love him? Yes, Sister, said I, on a double Account, for his own Merit, and because my dear Mr. *B*—— loves him. And you

love all whom your dear Mr. *B*—— loves? Indeed I do. And suppose your dear Mr. *B*—— should love a pretty Mistress? Oh, Sister, I can suppose no such thing.——Ay, but for once suppose it.——No, Sister, I will never suppose it, and if a thousand People told me such a Story, I would sooner believe that thousand base Detractors, than my dear Master capable of wronging his Honour.

That's my dear Life, said Mr. *B*——, this generous Confidence in a Wife is her greatest Security; whereas Jealousy, and groundless Uneasiness, often brings on the Misfortune dreaded. Yet, Brother, my Sister has as narrow a Compass to build this large Confidence upon, as any Wife whatever: Witness your own Endeavours to ruin that Virtue which you so much admire. But then, Sister, said I, my dear Master was under no solemn Engagement; beside, he has been since, I dare answer, sorry and ashamed to reflect that he suffered his Passion to gain so much the Ascendant over his Reason. St. *Peter* denied his Lord once, but he rather suffered Crucifixion than to be guilty of the same Baseness a second time. My dear Master kissing me, cried, my dear Advocate, how shall I reward this charming Goodness. Just as he spoke *Jonathan* came to tell us Dinner was ready, and they only waited our Pleasure. We immediately went into the House, and in the Parlour we met the Gentlemen.

At Table Lady *Davers* thank'd Mr. *Brown* for his edifying Discourse. He answered, that the Approbation of so good a Judge did him Honour. I assure you, Sir, said my Sister, your Sermon must have engaged the Attention of the most modish Congregation, and have hindered the Advantage and Pleasure they propose by going to Church,

Church, to wit, the obſerving and criticizing Dreſs. When there is a full Congregation of People of Faſhion we have ſubject Matter for Diſcourſe, not only all Dinner-time, but all the Afternoon; nay, with ſome Ladies, the Topick will ſerve to entertain Company to the following *Sunday*. Now, Sir, your preaching having the Effect I ſay, notwithſtanding we are highly delighted for the Time you are ſpeaking, when, by Experience, we come to find the Neglect we have been guilty of by our Attention to a Diſcourſe on Religion, which you muſt know is the Subject of our fine Gentlemen's Ridicule, when, I ſay, we obſerve our Neglect, and that this Negligence is, as a neceſſary Conſequence, attended by a Sterility of Matter for Table-Talk, and condemns us to an odious Silence, you would, by a polite Congregation, be exploded as a dangerous *Sermoniſer*.

Egad, Aunt, that's a charming Word, I fancy 'tis quite new. No, *Jackey*, Mr. Modeſty *N*--- invented it laſt *Tunbridge* Seaſon. I am willing to hope, ſaid Mr. *Brown*, this Deſcription of the polite World no more than ludicrous. The Compliment your Ladyſhip has done me the Honour to make me on my Diſcourſe, is beſt anſwered by a ſilent Bluſh.

What, Doctor, cried *Jackey*, do you think my Lady did not give you the true Picture of a well-bred Congregation? *Doctor*, Sir, is a Title I have no Claim to. Pho! I know a great many aſſume it, anſwered *Jackey*, who have Right to it by their Degrees, that are no Doctors, I mean Teachers. Why there's Dr. *Waddle*, Rector of the Pariſh where my Lord's Seat is. Why he has two good Benefices, lives very genteely, keeps a good Table, a Cellar of good Wine, a Pack of

Harriers, a Stable of Horſes, ſetting Dogs and Pointers, let's nobody go from his Houſe ſober, but was never himſelf ſeen drunk, for he will make no more of ſix Bottles than a Whale of a Pint of Sea Water; he follows his Sports all the Seaſon, is in *London* all the Winter, and in the Pulpit---never. Egad, I wonder he is not a B---p already, he is well qualified, for he underſtands the Conſtitution, can talk well, and nobody loves his Eaſe and Intereſt better. I believe he will ſoon be put into a S—, for he frequents the Court, and never fails being at the Levee of a certain great Perſon, but mum for that, little ſaid is ſoon amended.

Sir, replied Mr. *Brown*, if the Character of Dr. *Waddle* is not drawn as a Specimen of your prolifick Brain, it would have been more charitable in you not to have expoſed it; even common Humanity teaches us to caſt a Veil over the Failings of our Neighbours.

Egad, Sir, and common Prudence teaches Gentlemen of your Cloth, that they ought to give no ground for Cenſure. A luxurious Clergyman is in my Eyes as odious as a fine Lady drunk; but the Doctor put me off from what I was going to ſay in Juſtification of my Aunt's Deſcription.

You muſt know, Sir, when we go to Church, but it is now almoſt out of Faſhion with the Gentlemen, the firſt thing we do is to ſalute the Company, and take all poſſible Care to make our Inattention to the Service remarkably conſpicuous. Why, Sir, I never minded a Word the Parſon ſaid in my Life before to-day; and, egad, excuſe me, I ſhould have minded you as little, had your Church afforded any thing new for my Entertainment. I looked round, and when I ſaw not ſo much as one pretty-faced Girl in the Congrega-

tion,

tion, or the Preſence of my two Aunts made me think ſo, Egad, thinks I, I had as good hear what the young Gentleman in the Pulpit has to ſay to us, for I found in myſelf no Inclination to doze, I roſe ſo late.

Jackey, Jackey, ſaid Lady *Dowers*, your Tongue runs too faſt for your Wit to keep pace with it. I am ſure this rattling Nonſenſe is very diſagreeable to the Company, and I obſerve, in particular, it ſhocks my Siſter and good Mr. *Brown*. See, anſwered *Jackey*, what it is to throw away one's Wit on ſplenetick People, fond of muſty obſolete Morals. Nonſenſe, Aunt! Egad I thank you for that Compliment with all my Heart. Now, Aunt, I will prove 'tis good Senſe, ſheer Wit, and that I never ſhined more in my Life. Firſt, it is good Senſe, becauſe 'tis a literal true Account of Practice. Secondly, 'tis Wit, ay, ſheer Wit, becauſe it ſhews a Diſregard to the Church: beſide, it proves that I have no manner of Regard whether 'tis agreeable or not to the Company, and I pleaſe myſelf. If my Diſcourſe was penn'd down and read to ſome of our tip-top Wits, egad, they would, one and all, allow me a bright Fellow for it; conſequently I ſhone in what I ſaid. So your humble Servant with your Nonſenſe, you have a mind to mortify and put me out of Conceit with myſelf; but egad, Aunt, I defy your Malice, by which you only ſhew your own Want of Taſte.

By my Conſcience *Jack*, cry'd my Lord, thou may'ſt defy the whole World as well as thy Aunt. Ay, Ay, my Lord, anſwer'd *Jackey*, I have always your Lordſhip's good Word. I find Sir, ſaid Mr. *Brown*, you gay Gentlemen turn Religion to ſome Account, if it does not ſerve for your Inſtruction, it does for your Diverſion.

Egad

Egad Sir, that's true; for if it was not for Religion and the Clergy, our Converſation would be as flat as that of the Ladies without Detraction. We ſhould have but one Topick for our *Wit*, that I won't mention: and you know Variety is the greateſt Pleaſure in Life.

Then you think Sir, the Ladies cannot converſe without Calumny? ſaid I. Really Aunt, I never heard them bright but when they pull'd one another to Pieces, and, egad, then they ſhine; their Eyes ſparkle and expreſs a Vivacity, which heightens the natural Charms of their Perſons.---- It gives them an Opportunity to ſhew the Fertility (as Mr. *Brown* terms it) of their Invention, their Command of Words, their Volubility in Speaking, and the Keeneſs of their Wit. When I was laſt in Town, I made a Viſit to the Counteſs of ——— there I met no leſs than a dozen Ladies; and egad I never heard ſo much Wit in my *Life*: They made a *Lucreece* a *Meſſalina*; Piety, Hypocriſy; Charity, Oſtentation; prudent Œconomy, ſtingy Avarice; Modeſty, Affectation; Conjugal Affection, a matrimonial Cloak for private Intrigue. Plainneſs in Dreſs, was Cynical; Equipage was intolerable Vanity; Generoſity, Profuſeneſs; Hoſpitality, egregious Folly; a plentiful Table, was Luxury. In ſhort, not an Acquaintance, not an Action of that Acquaintance paſſed without canvaſſing.

Your Ladyſhip, continued *Jackey*, knows Mr. *Beadly*? Yes *Jackey*, a very agreeable good-natur'd Companion; he has Learning to entertain his male Friends, and Wit to make him acceptable to, and divert the Ladies.

Egad, your Ladyſhip quite miſtakes him. Now, ſuppoſe me Lady *Keen*, for I will mention him in her Words. Ah, poor *Tom Beadly*, he's

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a very weak Man, and by his much talking seems to fear that you should not discover him. What else can be the Reason that he tires the Company wherever he comes, with a meanless Discourse which he hardly ever puts an End to, even when he has driven his inattentive Hearers out of the Room, and is left to the Entertainment of his own Voice? And you think this witty, said my Lady, do you *Jackey*? Why, don't your Ladyship? Don't it shew a great deal of quick ready Wit and Invention? It shews, in my Opinion, a very bad Heart, a very vile Principle, answer'd my Lady.

Detraction, said my Lord, is a most odious Vice; but the Censurer commonly is paid in his own Coin. Egad, my Lord, well observ'd, cry'd *Jackey*, These Ladies were very impartial; they did not spare one another; for when any of them went off, she was immediately taken to Pieces. Lady *Keen*, said one, has always fancy'd she could palm her ill Nature on the World for Wit, and that the censuring others would give an Opinion of her own Virtue and Conduct. Poor Lady, the quick-sighted World is not so easily imposed on; nor did she manage her Intrigue with that Art she flatter'd herself: And abundance more which I have forgot. Egad, I always thought she had been a Model of Virtue, 'till I heard, from these Ladies, that her Father's Butler had made her a Mother before she married my Lord.

Fie *Jackey*, cry'd my Lady, never again utter such a monstrous Falshood. I believe Lady *Keen* as vertuous as any Woman upon Earth.——Egad, Madam, according to the Characters of a great many so called, so she may, at least, as any Woman of Quality, and yet this Story be true. There were few Ladies of Note who were not taken to Pieces;

Pieces; your Ladyship indeed escaped the Imputation, possibly in Regard to me.

I will be hang'd, said Lord *Davers*, if *Jack* did not fall in with some Members of the Lying-Clubb. You must know there is a Clubb of Ladies, who call themselves the Sisterhood. This World gives them the Title I have mentioned, from their laudable Practice. These have a President, and they meet weekly, but never twice in the same House. They engage to revenge any imaginary or real Insult or Neglect offered to any of the Sisters: and to this End at their Meetings, when any Sister has lain her Grievance before the Board, they then consult how they may blast the Character of the Object of their Resentment. And when they have invented some Calumny which they think may gain Credit, every Sister is oblig'd to propagate the Lie, with the utmost Industry whisper it in all Companies, and with all possible Art endeavour at its being received as an undoubted Truth. As this Sisterhood is pretty numerous, and composed of City as well as Court Ladies, they will publish a scandalous Story and spread it over the whole Town in an instant of Time.

My Lord, said my Mother, this is so diabolical, that I hope 'tis a Scandal thrown upon our Sex, I assure you, Madam, answer'd my Lord, 'tis said, that the Discovery of such an Institution was made by a Sister of the Clubb, who repented; and tho' she would name none of the Sisterhood, own'd to my Sister that she had been a Member of this infernal Society.

Egad, my Lord, cry'd *Jackey*, the Society of Lyars is a very great Body; for the Scriptures say all Men are Lyars. But we may distinguish them in different Classes: As there are your political Lyars,

Lyars, your vain-boasting Lyars, your malicious Lyars, your unnecessary, otherwise your natural Lyars, and your mercantile Lyars.

But, *Jack*, said my Lord, let me advise you never to propagate any Story you hear either from these Ladies or any one else injurious to any Person's Character: For if you should get your Throat cut, I should place you among the foolish Lyars. I can tell you, there is not a more likely Man to do you that Piece of Service than Lord *Kew*, if he should hear you had spread such a villainous Story of his Lady, though she is not without Faults, and who among us is? All unprejudiced People having any Regard to Truth, mention her as a Woman of strict Virtue.

Egad, my Lord, answer'd he, I'll take your Advice, for I should be apt to cut any Man's Throat that should asperse my Aunt. That's my good *Jackey*, cry'd my Sister. Remember that every Lady's Reputation is equally dear to them, and let Justice and Humanity give you a Hatred to Calumny. Saying this she turned to me and said, Dear Sister, can't we prevail on that Husband of yours to stay a few Days with us at the Wells?

Sister, answer'd Mr. *B*——, it would be a singular Pleasure to me, if my Affairs would permit my Stay. Well then, since that can be, do, there's a dear Brother, and I will love you dearly, do, leave my Sister with us. Look-ye, Lady *Davers*, I have often told you, and told you Truth at the same Time, that I love you tenderly; but I never said that I love you better than myself.—— Leave my *Pamela!* quotha, why you dont't know what you ask.——How could I live a Day without her?

Egad,

Egad, cried *Jackey*, I never thought to have heard such a Question from a Husband after the first Month.---Mr. *B*--- and his Lady would make one in love with Matrimony.---Well, Brother, said Lady *Davers*, I am answered. I own it was not reasonable to desire you should prefer my Happiness to your own.

You have a mind Sister, said I, to try if you can make me blush. No, my dear, answer'd my Lord, I am certain my Wife speaks her Sentiments: She really thinks herself happy in the Company of her charming Sister. Mr. *B*---- seeing I indeed blush'd, asked my Lord what Stay he intended to make at *Tunbridge?* This diverted the Discourse, and carry'd them to different Subjects.

In the Afternoon Mr. *Brown* gave us a fine Discourse upon Calumny. I wish, tho' no Body is more averse from that Vice than yourself, that I could send it you. *Jackey* was every now and then push'd by my Lady, and he could not help giving his Attention. I wish the Sermon may have had a good Effect upon him, I am sure it made him look sillily enough; from which I gather, that I believe it hit him home.

We passed the Evening till Bed-time in a very agreeable Conversation. My Lady, to borrow *Jackey*'s Phrase, shone. Indeed she entertain'd the Company with equal Wit and good Humour. *Jackey* was very diverting, for his Tongue often ran him out of the Compass of his Understanding, and occasion'd his making several Blunders that afforded a good deal of Mirth; which was the greater, as he was ignorant of his Mistakes, and imagin'd we laughed at his Wit. When I retir'd to my Chamber, I sate me down to write to my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, whom I shall remember in my Prayers, and whom I pray the Almighty to bless

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and protect. Adieu my dear Friend for this Night.

Monday Night. This Morning at Breakfast, my Sister asked *Jackey*, how he lik'd the Figure of a Detractor, as Mr. *Brown* had yesterday painted it? Egad, Madam, said he, I never was so attentive to a Sermon in my Life.——I am sure never any made such an Impression on me.----Like the Figure!---Egad, he who would not avoid making such a one in the Eyes of the World, must be in love with the Devil. Don't you think, *Jackey*, said my Sister, a Calumniator a very dangerous Person for a Companion? Egad, Madam, worse than a Pick-pocket. And, *Jackey*, repliedshe, is it not just to warn ones Friends to avoid such People? Egad, Madam, that's not a Question? Well then, *Jackey*, continued her Ladyship, you must give my Sister and me the Names of those Ladies who were so much delighted in tearing to Pieces the Characters of their Acquaintance. Won't that be telling Tales out of School, answered he? No, *Jackey*, it will be marking a Quick-sand which had swallowed up several Vessels, that others may shun it, seeing the Buoy. Well, Madam, said *Jackey*, I will write down and give you the Names, but you must never betray me.——Trust to our Honour, *Jackey*. I do, answered he. I am sure they will all visit my Aunt *B*—— when she goes to Town for the Winter. They had her upon the Carpet, and are impatient to see her.——Pray, Sir, what could they say of me? cry'd I, smiling. What could they say, Madam? Why, they could say what they had a mind to. You will oblige me, reply'd I, in letting me know what they did say. Egad, you will be angry may-be, and so will my Uncle *B*——. No, Sir, reply'd my dear Master, such Wretches as you yesterday spoke them, are below Resentment, they are Objects of Con-

tempt: It would be doing them Honour, and perhaps giving them Pleasure, could they know they were capable of provoking Anger.

Why, since you will have it,---The Countess of ——, asked me how I liked my new Aunt, and if she was handsome? I answered, No. How! cry'd she, in a Surprize, not handsome? No, said I. Who is she like? cry'd Lady *Keen*. I answered, No Body. Phoo, this is fooling.---Come, Mr.—— tell us what sort of a Creature this is that Mr. *B*—— has dug up from the Bottom of a Muck-hill, said the Countess. Ay, said Lady *M*——, draw us her Picture. First you say she is not handsome. I did; because she is beautiful beyond Description: To say barely handsome would be wronging her. And I told you too, she was like no Body; for the Beauties of her Mind and Person will not admit Comparison with any thing mortal. Oh, Sir, said I, you will make me fear that you can flatter as much as those Ladies you mention can vilify. Egad, Madam, I speak my Thoughts; and I appeal to all this Company, especially to Uncle *B*——, if what I say is not Truth? The Truth, and nothing but the Truth, said my Sister. My Lord and my dear Master maintain'd that *Jackey* had not exaggerated.---Egad, Aunt *B*——, cried he, you don't use me well, to have so bad an Opinion of me; I don't deserve it at your Hands; and I expect Satisfaction before I'll speak a Word more. Saying this, he rose as in a Huff, put on his Hat with a fierce Air, and walked from the Table. Well, Sir, I reply'd, I beg Pardon. I am satisfied, said *Jackey*, and whirling his Hat away, sate down again. Where, did I leave your Ladyship? cry'd *Jackey*, looking at me. Sir, said I, you left me at the *Muck-hill*: True: Uncle *B*—— had just dug you out.

When

I had described you as before, Lady *Keen* cried out, O the ill-bred Monster! what do you make of the Company. Egad said I, your Ladyship may abuse me if you please: But I love to speak Truth. The Company is composed of very fine Ladies; but they are Women, and I am speaking of an Angel.

By my Troth *Jackey*, cried my Sister, I'll kiss thee for that (and so she did) you never spoke with so much Judgment before or since.----Pardon me Madam, said he, I have indeed, for I have said the same Thing a hundred Times, and I am sure, I think Aunt *B*——— deserves all the Good that can be said of her.

Mr. ———, said my dear Master, you have found the Road to my Heart. I shall ever love you for your Justice:——Nay, said the Countess, continued *Jackey*, she is allow'd to be tolerably handsome; but they say she need not be told so. Well, I can't but commend the Wench, for making so good a Market of her Baby-Face. She saw the Woodcock was nooſed, and would not let him escape. Methinks, said Lady *Keen*, Mr. *B*——— might have had her on easier Terms, by marrying the Bauble to his Chaplain. Oh, cry'd Lady ---- Mr. *B*——— is none of your over-thinking Men. He has shewn that he is no deep Politician; for if I have been informed right, his House-keeper in *Lincolnshire* is a thorough-paced Bawd; did all she could to gratify her Master's Passion, and would no doubt, for Money, be as industrious to debauch his Wife, as she was to ruin his Maid? yet (I beg Pardon for what follows, Sir, said *Jackey*) the Fool, the Oaf keeps her in his Service. My dear Master knit his Brows, and bit his Lips. Really, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I could have kiſſed

Jackey Tell-Truths for what he said. Between you and me, I have observed *Jackey*, when his Tongue is set a going, does not much consider what he brings out. Would you think, my dear *Jervis*, that I could ever be pleas'd to see my dear Master nettled? yet I own I was this Time; though indeed, indeed my good Friend, I heartily forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*. 'Tis true, I am not fond of her, and she has, I fancy, too much Sense to think I possibly can. However, I am resolved to treat her civily, as long as my dear Master shall think fit to keep her. But I won't longer postpone your Pleasure, by delaying to give you Mr. *B*-----'s Answer. He paus'd a Moment: *Well*, said he, if these Ladies were as just in their censuring of others, as they were in condemning me, I think they would be a useful Society, did they publish their Animadversions. But the *Fool*, the *Oaf*, can never doubt his *Pamela*'s Virtue, and is therefore more excuseable in not punishing a Woman for the Fault he himself had prevailed on her to commit. However, though I know my little Angel's Goodness can forgive this Woman, yet I am satisfied she must see her in her House with some Reluctance, and for that Reason, Mr. *Longman* has, in his Instructions, Orders to discharge her, with a Piece of Money to put her into some way of Life, before we go into *Lincolnshire*.

Indeed, Brother, answered Lady *Davers*, you have done very prudently; and I am sure your *Pamela* will never quarrel with you for discharging her House-keeper, without having first consulted her on that Head. I consulted, as I always shall do, her Ease, reply'd my dear Master. I cried out, Every thing you say or do is an additional Obligation lain on me, who am, and ever shall be,

be, incapable of making an adequate Return. You over-pay, my *Pamela*, all I can say or do, by your endearing Goodneſs, anſwer'd he. But, pray Sir, addreſſing himſelf to *Jackey*, go on. I dare ſay you cannot mortify my Charmer: Conſcious Virtue cannot be ſhock'd by the Efforts of malicious Envy.

To proceed then, continued he, Lady *Keen* ſaid, the little *Minx*, they tell me, gives herſelf moſt intolerable Airs of Quality. Ay, anſwered the Counteſs, and of Devotion too! Well, ſaid Lady *Sneerall*, how ſhall we return the Obligation Mr. *B*—— has lain us under, by deſcending ſo much below *himſelf* to bring to Light, from the greateſt Obſcurity, ſo much Virtue to be a Pattern to Ladies of Quality? By my troth, cried Lady *Francis Sparrer*, we ought to leave that Care to our Huſbands, they are alone to reap the immmediate Benefit of our copying after this Model of Virtue. We alas! muſt truſt for our Reward till we are got into another World—Ay, ſaid the Counteſs, the Concern ought to be that of our Husbands; and even they won't be under any Obligation till Mr. *B*--- has produced among us this Jewel which he found in the Hog-waſh.

Lady —— looking on her Watch, ſaid, ſhe was under an Engagement which deny'd her the longer Enjoyment of the good Company: She made her Honours, left the Room, and the Ladies dropping Aunt *B*——, fell Tooth and Nail on the departed Baroneſs.

Lady *Sneerall* was the next who went off, and gave me an Opportunity of learning her Character, which in few Words was that of a Prude, a falſe-affected Wit, an awkard Ape of Quality, and an Upſtart; the Vanity of whoſe Father had ſhut him up in a Jail, by fooliſhly and knaviſhly giving the

Produce of many Years Induſtry, and his Creditors Money, to Lord *Sneerall*, a Bankrupt, that his Daughter might have a Coronet. He was, it ſeems, a Laceman in the City. I own I thought her Quality did not ſit eaſy upon her; and I obſerved by her Countenance that ſhe applauded her own Wit; at leaſt I could not help thinking ſo.

I thanked *Jackey* for obliging me with the Picture thoſe Ladies had drawn for me. My Siſter and I went to her Chamber, where we chatted till it was Dinner-time. She told me who compoſed the Company at the Wells, and gave me, I dare ſay, impartial Characters of the Ladies ſhe had left there. Do my Lady Juſtice, ſhe is ſo far from ill-natured, that ſhe will rather cover over, than expoſe any one's Faults. She told me what Ladies ſhe was ſatisfied would viſit me when I ſhould come to Town for the Seaſon, and named thoſe, who, to uſe her own Words, were moſt worthy of my Acquaintance.

We paſſed the Afternoon in walking, and at Cards, while the Gentlemen took an Airing to ſhew my Lord the Eſtate. As we are to ſet out To-morrow, my Lady and I retired to our reſpective Chambers earlier than we had done before, and I wrote this Letter to my dear Mrs. *Jervis*. Adieu, my dear Friend; pray for me, as I never fail praying for you.

Tueſday. We were all dreſs'd, and in the Parlour by a little after Five, where we found at our Entrance Mr. *Brown*, who came to wiſh us a good Journey, ſitting with my dear Parents. Breakfaſt was ready, and we took ſome Chocolate. I thanked Mr. *Brown* for obliging me with his excellent Afternoon Diſcourſes, and entreated him to wear the Ring I then preſented him, as a Token of the Senſe I had of the Favour. He anſwered,

swered, he would, if he durst, refuse the Honour done him; but it ill became him to dispute the good Pleasure of his Superiors and Patrons, making a low Bow to Mr. *B*——— and me.

When my Lord's Equipage was come from the Inn, for we had not room for either his Servants or Horses, we took our Leave of my dear Parents; *Mr. B*——— in such a respectful manner, that I could not restrain my Tears of joyful Gratitude: 'Tis impossible for me to paint you this Scene. When my Father gave me his parting Embrace and Blessing, he said, my dear Child, always bear in mind that the Continuance of these Blessings, which infinite Bounty has showered on you and us, in a great measure depends upon ourselves. Let us not forfeit them by a Neglect of our Duty; and if infinite Wisdom, for Reasons we ought not to dare to enquire into, sees fit to deprive us of them, let us learn to submit with the most humble Resignation. Remember he humbles the Prince with the Beggar, and takes the most abject from the Dunghill to set him among Princes. Ever keep in mind the Meanness from which he has raised you, and that he can again reduce you to the same low and contemptible Ebb of Fortune. Let nothing be an Excuse for neglecting the Duty you owe your Creator, and I am certain you will, in some measure, repay the great Debt due to this your generous Benefactor by being a dutiful, observant, and obliging Wife.——I could answer him with my Tears only.

My Lord and Lady being got into, and their Chariot driven off, Mr. *B*——— put me into his Coach, embraced my dear Parents, promised to see them once or twice a Year, and getting in, ordered *Robin* to follow my Lord.

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We arrived at *Tunbridge-Wells*, and lodge with my Lord and Lady at Mrs. *Penny*'s, 'tis a noble Houſe, and well furniſhed. We drove gently all the Way, and though I felt no Fatigue, my dear Maſter would have Supper early that I might the ſooner go to Reſt. We are now my Lord's Gueſts. He keeps a very elegant Table, and has two Cooks, one *French*, and one *Engliſhman*, in his Retinue. Heavens protect my dear Mrs. *Jervis*. Adieu, my good Friend.

Wedneſday. After Breakfaſt we went to the Walks, where we ſaw a great deal of good Company: ſome came for the ſake of the Waters, others for the Diverſions theſe publick Meetings commonly afford. My Lady made me put in for a Raffle with her; Lady *S*. Mr. *M*. her Huſband, an *Iriſh* Gentleman of a good Eſtate, Miſtreſs *G*. Daughter of a City Knight, who is a Merchant and Oilman, with Mrs. *I*. remarkable for her good Humour and Fat: She is never out of Temper, and is of a Size, that the Side of her Coach muſt open to receive her.

The Raffle was for a Gold Snuff-Box of thirty-five Guineas. We were looking round for a ſeventh, when my Lord and my dear Maſter paſſed the Shop; Mrs. *I*. called to my Lord, and told him we were diſtreſſed to make up the Raffle, he put in his five Guineas, wan the Box, and made me a Preſent of it.

After Dinner my Siſter asked me to take an Airing in the Chariot. We drove upon the Heath, attended by two Servants on Horſeback. We had been on the Heath about half an Hour, when a good genteel Man, with a Paper in his Hand, asked one of the Servants if that was not Lord *Davers*'s Chariot? being anſwered it was, he came to the Door, made us a low Bow, and preſented

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my Sister the Paper, which was a Petition to this Purport. That he was an unfortunate Man and obliged to take to a Course of Life which he abhorred. That he was tender of frightening Ladies, and therefore presented his Petition, not to compel, but to ask their Charity, though indeed he did not use the same Precaution with his own Sex. When my Lady had read it, she seemed frighten'd and whisper'd, giving it to me, Sister we are robb'd. As I hope to be saved this is a Highwayman. Saying so, she pulled out her Purse in which were seven Guineas, and taking off her Watch, said, here Sir is all I have about me. My Sister is with Child; pray, Sir, don't frighten her. Not for the World Madam, replied he, keep your Watch, I never meddle with Ladies Ornaments, I am satisfied with their charitable Benevolence. I hope the other Lady will by her Generosity give me Reason to thank and pray for her. I took out my Purse, but had no more than three Guineas, which I gave him with his Petition, saying, indeed, Sir, there is all I have.

Ladies, said he, I return you a thousand Thanks, I wish you a pleasant Airing, and immediately went off. As he was mounted on a fine Horse he soon got out of Sight. The Servants, who were about fifty Paces behind, thought it some Gentleman who had Business with their Lady, especially when he rode by the Chariot Side, which did not stop. I don't know whence I had the Courage, but I was not in the least frighten'd, though my Sister was more than she was willing I should perceive.

When we got home, and told my Lord and Mr. *B*— what we paid for our Airing, they both laughed at the genteel manner of the Man's robbing. Mr. *B*— said, if he could know and meet

meet the Man, he would sooner give him something to assist, than prosecute him. My Lord was in the same of thinking. *Jackey* came in when we were talking of this, and my Sister cried, Oh, *Jackey*, if we could have found you to 'squire us we should not have been robbed, as we have been of ten Guineas. As I hope, said he, the Loss will ruin neither of you, I am very glad I was not to be found; egad, I have a good deal more in my Purse, and the Gentleman might have asked my Charity. I am very compassionate, Aunt, and 'tis probable I should have given my Gold rather than have put him to the Expence of his Lead.

But, *Jackey*, you ride with Pistols.---True, Aunt, there's ten Guineas more saved; egad, I was a lucky Dog to be out of the way, for as my Pistols have Silver Furniture, may be the Gentleman might have liked them, and it would have been Ill-manners to have refused them.

Ay, but *Jackey*, he would have been afraid if he had seen you with us with Pistols. Egad, that's a Question, Aunt, replied *Jackey*. Now, Madam, 'tis possible he was rather desperate. Suppose me, on the other Hand, a little Quixotish: He says, d---n ye, deliver, with a Pistol in his Hand ready cock'd: I fire, and miss him; he fires, and lodges a Brace of Balls in my Head; what a pretty Figure I should make! but let us say I kill him, and come off unhurt. Why, I send a poor Wretch headlong to the Devil, because his Necessity is too hard for his Honesty. Egad, Madam, I should never enjoy myself after: I should damn a poor Creature to save a little Money I should not miss if lost, which may perhaps relieve his Wants, and put him in a way of being

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an honeſt Man for the future. Egad, Madam, I would have none but Houſe-breakers, cruel Robbers and Murderers hanged. I believe he's a good honeſt Fellow that borrow'd your ten Guineas, and I ſhould be glad to take a Bottle with him. By my Conſcience, ſaid my Lord, my Nephew talks like a Man of Conſideration, and he's not often thus guilty of deviating.

When we went to the Dancing-room on the Walks in the Evening: The News of our having been robbed brought upon us ſo many impertinent Queſtions, ſo many tireſome Compliments, and ſuch Expreſſions of Terror from ſome Ladies, who would certainly have died with the Fright had the Misfortune fallen to their Lot, that they drove us home ſooner than we had propoſed.

After Supper I went pretty early to my Chamber, and having written this to my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I am now going to prepare for Bed. I pray the Almighty to have you in his keeping. I forgot to tell you Mrs. *Worden* is here. Her Submiſſions and Compliments on my Family are quite fatiguing. Adieu, my dear Friend.

Thurſday. My dear Maſter and I are now at *Seven-oak*. This Morning we took Leave of my Lord, Lady, and *Jackey*; they ſeemed really ſorry we could not make a longer Stay: My Siſter in particular ſhewed me a very tender Affection, and could not help letting drop ſome Tears when ſhe bid us the laſt Adieu. My dear Maſter propoſes to be in *London* To-morrow Night, we ſhall ſet out from hence early in the Morning.

When my dear Mr. *B*--- had handed me into the Room where we ſhall lie, he took a Turn in the Town and I repoſed myſelf on the Bed till I was told that Supper was ready, and my dear Mr. *B*——, with another Gentleman whom he had met in the Town,

Town, and brought to sup with him, waited for me in the Parlour. I immediately went down; but how great was my Surprize, when Mr. *B*—— presented to me, under the Title of Capt. ——, his Friend, and an honest Gentleman, the very Person who had robbed us!

The Gentleman perceived it, I am sure, and could not but know me again. However, I recovered myself as suddenly as I could, and made him a Compliment as Mr. *B*——'s Friend. My dear Master seemed to have a Value for our Guest. When Supper was over, and the Servants gone, Mr. *B*—— said, shaking him by the Hand, Dear *Will*, here is only my Wife present, do Things go any thing better, does my Lord —— do for you as becomes so near a Relation? Faith, Sir, answered he, I have found more Friendship from Strangers in Blood, than from my nearest Kinsmen, though all Men of Title and Fortune.

I could not help eyeing him, and I did it, as much as possible by Stealth, but found he had catched my Looks fixed upon him once or twice, and that it gave him some Confusion, wherefore I soon made an Excuse, and retired to my Chamber. Adieu, my dear *Jervis*.

Friday. Last Night when Mr. *B*——'s Guest was gone, and he in Bed, I asked who was the Captain that had supped with us? He answered, an honest Gentleman of a very noble Family; but who suffers very much on account of his former Love for Play: His Relations make him now and then paultry Presents; but I believe indeed his Acquaintance are kinder to him: He is going to *London*, and has been some Days at my Lord ——'s, about two Miles distant from *Tunbridge Wells*. Pray tell me, said I, did you make him any Present?

Why,

Why, my dear *Pamela*? I have a Curiosity to know; if that Curiosity is impertinent I have done with it. Not at all, my Charmer; I made him a Present of ten Guineas? Does Lady *Davers* know this Gentleman? I believe, my dear *Pamela*, she never saw him. Yes, yes, she has seen him, said I, and made him a Present too: I saw her give him seven Guineas Yesterday, and as I was ashamed not to follow her charitable Example, I gave him three Guineas, all the Money I had.

This is saying my honest Captain robbed you? As sure, my dear Sir, as your Sister and your *Pamela* were robbed. I am sorry, my dear, you are so positive, as I am loath to think a Gentleman of his Birth, and one whom all his Intimates distinguish by the Epithet of *honest*, capable of falling so low; but you call to my Mind his one Day justifying as legal the plundering all who had more Money than himself. I drew no Consequence from what he had advanced, as I thought it said merely to amuse the Company.

I don't, said I, conceive what he could say to justify an Action which the Laws of God forbid, and those of every civilized Nation condemn as criminal and punish with the most infamous Death. He laid it down, answered Mr. *B*---, as an undeniable Proposition, that God brought no Man into the World to starve him, it being inconsistent with his infinite Mercy to give any Creature Existence only to make it wretched, and perish miserably. That as the Light of the Sun, the Benefit of the Air which we respire, and the Waters which we drink are general, not peculiar, Blessings, and designed for the Advantage of all Mankind; so was also the Earth, the only Element that could be parcelled out and appropriated; could

the other be divided among those who have shared and taken to themselves the Land, no doubt but they would deny any Part of it to the Poor but on hard Conditions, as we see they do their Grounds, though every Man has a natural Right to as much as will support him and his Family: That Fraud, or Force, or both, carried on from Generation to Generation, had divided us into two Classes, and made the one great, the other mean, and therefore if a poor Man, driven to want the Necessaries of Life, makes free with the rich and powerful, he only makes a Reprizal on what Nature had given him a Right to, and which was monopolized by a few tyrannical Usurpers, who, after they had combined to rob the rest of Mankind and engross to themselves a Blessing design'd by Providence for the Support of all, had also united and made Penal Laws to secure their Possessions; and while they transmitted all that the World calls Good to their own indolent Generations, entail'd Misery on the Poor, whom they rid with the Bit of Conscience in their Mouths, the Saddle of the Law on their Backs, and the Spurs of future Retributions in their Sides, which made them gently bear the Burthen of their oppressive Riders.

How, Sir, said I, wou'd the Gentleman like this Reasoning in another, had he himself an easy Fortune? But, does not the Almighty in his Commandments forbid Stealing, nay, even the Coveting of what belongs to another? Was there not always a Subordination among Men, always Governors and Subjects, Masters and Servants, Rich and Poor? His Argument wou'd introduce incessant Confusion, a continual War-fare; and Murders wou'd lay waste a Nation, tho' ever so populous: or if an End, to the Desolation, was by general Consent agreed to be consulted, what other

Means

Means cou'd be propoſed than what is now practiſed and has been agreed to in all Nations and in all Ages; to wit, wholeſome and coercive Laws to reſtrain the Violent, and protect the Weak?

My dear *Pamela*, a Perſon propoſing to relieve his Wants by unjuſtifiable Means, will at firſt find ſome inward Checks, ſome Struggles with his Conſcience; this he endeavours to quiet by the moſt plauſible Reaſons his Wit and Invention can produce; and, no doubt, this Gentleman, who cannot bear to live below the Rank of his Birth, has by the falſe Way of Reaſoning I have repeated, made his Conſcience eaſy, and he apprehends no Danger but from the Law; for his Perſonal Bravery no one can diſpute, he has given too many Proofs of it. Mr. ——, my Lord's Nephew, (as this Gentleman is the Highwayman, the Word ſhocks me) was right in ſuppoſing the Robber might not be afraid of his Piſtols; however, I am glad he did not frighten you, and that he behav'd with the Generoſity and Decency he did. I am glad you were robb'd by, and knew him. 'Tis poſſible theſe two Accidents may alarm his Relations, who fearing for the Honour of their Name, may make him an Allowance, that will put an End to this abominable dangerous and ſcandalous as well as wicked Courſe of Life. I will find Means to let them know the Road he is in, which leads him to inevitable Deſtruction, and muſt bring a Blemiſh upon them.

We ſate out this Morning early, drove gently, and reach'd Mr. *B*——'s Houſe in Town in the Evening; he propoſes to go to *Lincolnſhire* on *Monday* next, if I think, I can bear the Fatigue. I am, Heaven be praiſed, by this Driving about the Country in better Health than ever, and not in the leaſt fatigued.

At our Arrival a Servant brought a Letter directed to my dear Maſter, in which was one incloſed to me. I ſend you the Copies, ſo need not ſay from whom they came: That to my Maſter runs thus:

SIR,

THE Obligations we owe you, muſt have been abundantly leſs conſiderable in themſelves, and your Favours beſtow'd in a much leſs generous Manner, if I cou'd have hoped to make any Return of Acknowledgments in the leaſt adequate. It is certain you expected none, by having render'd it impoſſible for us to make any: However, our Gratitude ſhall ever make you the Subject of our Bleſſings; and our conſtant Prayers ſhall be, that the Almighty may ſhower the greateſt upon you: That you may long, long enjoy whatever is deſirable in this, and eternal Happineſs in the Life to come. Theſe are, and ſhall never ceaſe being the Morning and Evening Prayers of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,
Moſt affectionate,
And moſt devoted,
Humble Servants,
John and *Elizabeth Andrews.*

Our dear Child,

THOUGH we hope you can never forget the many Mercies you have experienced from our great Creator, and the many Obligations we have to the generous Mr. B—— *our common Benefactor, who*

who has raiſed you to Eaſe and Affluence; yet our dear Pamela, *you will not think our Concern, when you conſider our inceſſant Tenderneſs, too great in obſerving to you that we have often ſeen the very Reaſons for our Gratitude become the Grounds of the moſt ungrateful Neglect. An unexpected and ſudden Fortune has obliterated a mean Birth; and neceſſitous Circumſtances, has baniſh'd Humility and introduced Arrogance; many have forgot the God to whom they owed the Mercy, and have not ſeldom turn'd their Backs upon the Friends to whom they were indebted for the greateſt Favours.*

Our dear Child, check the very firſt Attack of Vanity, and bar the Doors of your Heart, that Pride may not get the leaſt Admittance; that Vice is eaſier repelled than expelled: be ever on your Guard in Company, and take Care of the Contagion of Example. Never, our dear Child, depend upon your own Strength, but rely upon the Divine Aſſiſtance only, which, we hope you will never fail to implore, and which we are ſure will never be refuſed to thoſe who ask with Fervour and Humility.

As you are not now to be taught your Duty to a merciful God, and that to an indulgent Husband, we ſhall only exhort you to keep ſteady in the Performance of both, and recommend you to the Divine Protection. We are,

Dear Child,

Your affectionate Parents,

J. and *E. Andrews.*

My dear *Pamela*, ſaid my tender Maſter, we ſhould loſe the Reſpect due to theſe good Parents, in delaying, tho' but for a Poſt, to give them the Satisfaction of knowing you are ſafe arrived and well. Mr. *Andrews*, I perceive, thought it needleſs to give us a Hint of this, by making an En-

quiry after our Journey and Health, he trusts to your Affection and my good Manners to give them this Account without being put in mind of our Duty.

As I shall be busy all Day to-morrow, and my Affairs may make me guilty of ill Manners, I will immediately write. Which he did in the following Lines.

Sir and Madam,

I received at our Arrival in Town the Favour of yours, which I should have read with greater Pleasure, had you treated me more like a Son, who has done that, only, which was incumbent on him. Your Ease I assure you will always contribute to mine and your Daughter's Happiness; the dear Creature is in perfect good Health, and we have had a very pleasant Journey. I wish you both all Happiness, and shall often trouble you with my Letters. I beg for the future you will treat me less like a Stranger, and allow me the Honour to subscribe myself with sincere Respect,

Your affectionate Son, and
Very humble Servant.

Mr. *B*—— left his Letter to be enclos'd in mine. We retir'd to our Chamber pretty early: My dear Master went into his Closet, and looked over some Papers, which Employment took him up an Hour's Time; and I, in the Interim, wrote the above. My dear Mrs. *Jervis* adieu; believe me your unalterable Friend and constant Beads-Woman, *P. B*——.

Saturday.

Saturday. After my dear Mr. B—— went out, which was immediately after Breakfaſt, I ſat down and anſwered my dear Parent's Letter. This is the Copy.

My dear Parents,

THE Concern you ſhew for my Happineſs is no more than what I might reaſonably expect from that inceſſant Tenderneſs to which I have been indebted from my Infancy, and to which I own my preſent ſurprizing good Fortune. I beg you will often continue the ſame Goodneſs, and give me the Aſſiſtance of your pious and parental Advice, to which I ſhall, I hope, always pay the Deference I ought. I am fully ſatisfied of the Danger of truſting to our own Strength, and the fatal Example of St. Peter *will ever be a* memento *to me. I ſhall often read your Letters, and I queſtion not, with the Divine Aſſiſtance which I humbly pray for, ſhall avoid the dangerous Shelves and Quickſands you mention in yours.*

I *was ſurprized and ſorry we did not ſee Sir* Simon, *Couſin* Jinks *and their good Ladies at the Wells; I hope no croſs Accident deprived us of that Pleaſure, with which I had agreeably flatter'd myſelf.*

Lady Davers *and ſelf were robb'd in taking the Air on the Heath; but it was after ſo genteel a manner, that I was not frighted, and neither of us grudged the Trifle loſt: The polite Gentleman refuſing to take our Watches. His Words were, that he never medled with Ladies Ornaments. This very Perſon ſupped with Mr.* B—— *at* Sevenoak. *I knew him again: He is a Man of Family, a handſome Perſon, well-bred, but poor.*

As

At our taking leave of Lord and Lady Davers, *they both expreſs'd for me a very particular Regard; my Lady a very tender Affection. We lay one Night on the Road, and had a ſafe, eaſy, and pleaſant Journey.*

When you ſee any of our good Relations to whom I have the Honour to be known, Mr. B——— *joins me in deſiring you will make them a Tender of our moſt humble Reſpects. He alſo prays you to aſſure Mr.* Brown *of his Eſteem and Friendſhip.*

Do me the Favour to give my humble Service to the Reverend Gentleman, and remind him that he promis'd me the Characters of Couſin Jinks; *he muſt have forgot it, as indeed I did, when I was leaving* Kent.

My dear Parents, aſſure yourſelves I make you all the Return I am capable of, for I never fail Morning and Night to pray the Almighty to protect you. Though Mr. B——— *writes to you, he has ordered me to give his very humble Service to both. I conclude with begging your Bleſſing,*

My dear and tenderly beloved
Father and Mother,
Your affectionate and
Dutiful Daughter,
P. B.

My dear Maſter returned at three, after Dinner he called for Pen, Ink and Paper, and wrote the Letter here copy'd.

My dear Siſter,

THO' I am in ſome Hurry, as I ſet out next Monday, *I would not omit acquainting you with our ſafe Arrival in Town after an eaſy, pleaſant Journey,*

Journey, in perfect good Health, as I am ſatisfied the Account will be agreeable to you. I flatter myſelf my dear Pamela *will write to you, and as ſhe has more Leiſure, you may expect ſhe will be more particular. My beſt Reſpects attend my Lord; my warmeſt Affections, my dear Siſter, and my humble Service Mr.——— his Lordſhip's Nephew. I wiſh you Health to reliſh the Diverſions of the Place where you now are. I am, dear Siſter,*

Your affectionate Brother, and
Moſt humble Servant———

He gave me this Letter, and ſaid, I am ſure your Siſter *Davers* would think herſelf obliged if you would write to her. I am ſure, anſwered I, there is nothing in my Power I would not do, to have the Honour and Pleaſure of obliging my dear Maſter's Siſter; nay, any one Perſon for whom he ſhews the leaſt Regard.

He embraced me, and ſaid I was always his good, his charming *Pamela*. Then ordering a Chair to the Door, continued, I will return time enough to ſup with my Angel. When he was gone out, I ſate down and wrote this Letter.

Dear Madam,

WHEN I conſider, on the one Hand, your Ladyſhip's great Goodneſs, on the other how little I merit the condeſcending Tenderneſs with which you have commanded my moſt humble Reſpect, and affectionate Acknowledgments, I confeſs, I receive ſome little Mortification, as I am in Juſtice obliged to attribute theſe Marks of your Friendſhip entirely to your Ladyſhip's good Nature and Affection for your moſt generous and moſt valuable Brother. However,

Madam,

Madam, I will endeavour by my obſervant Reſpect to be ſome way worthy of the Honour your Ladyſhip does me, and to deſerve a Continuance of your Regard, which I prize as a Happineſs next that of my dearly beloved Maſter, whoſe Letter to your Ladyſhip, I encloſe by his Command.

As I have alſo received his Orders to be particular, your Ladyſhip will, I hope, excuſe me, if my Fear of diſobeying him makes me troubleſome to you, [I hear, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, gave her an Account of the Captain's Supping with us, and concluded.] *As I fear I have by this tired your Ladyſhip's Patience, I ſhall, with all poſſible Reſpect and Deference, ſubſcribe myſelf,*

Dear Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obliged,
Moſt affectionate Siſter,
Moſt humble and
Obedient Servant,
P. B.

P. S. *May I preſume to entreat your Ladyſhip's making an Offer of my humble Reſpects to my Lord and his Nephew acceptable? Yes, I am ſure Lady* Davers *will excuſe the Liberty, ſince her Goodneſs has encouraged it.*

Indeed, my dear *Jervis* I reſpect and honour Lady *Davers* as the Daughter of my good Lady and Miſtreſs deceaſed, whoſe Memory I ſhall always gratefully revere: For to her Goodneſs I owe all the genteel Education I have, and what is much more valuable, thoſe Sentiments of Virtue, Honour, and Juſtice, Humanity, Charity, and Humility, which though firſt inſtilled by my good Parents, her Ladyſhip ripen'd by her Precepts and Example;

Example; and I love her Ladyſhip, as ſhe is the Siſter of my dear Maſter.

A little before ſix a Hackney-Coach ſtopped at the Door, out of which alighted Mr. *B*—— and two Perſons who look'd like Traders. One of theſe and *John* brought a Box into the Parlour, into which Mr. *B*———, followed by the other, was already come. After ſaluting me, and the other making me a Complement on my Marriage, Mr. *B*——— ſaid, *John*, ſet Mr. *C*——— a Chair. Then turning to me, my dear, ſaid he, I have been to execute a Commiſſion for our Friends in *Kent*. The Faſhion of their Family Plate is quite old.----But I would have your Approbation before I ordered the engraving of the Arms.——*John*, open the Box. But the Journeyman, as I perceived he was, prevented him by being the nimbler of the two.

Mr. *C*——— ſet upon the Table two Caſes of Silver-handled Knives, Forks, and Spoons, a dozen of every Sort in each Box; one was for the Diſ-ſerve. After theſe he ſet on all the Plate neceſſary for a Side-board handſomely furniſh'd.

Dear Sir, ſaid I, won't our Friends be diſpleaſed at your laying out ſo much Money? I will run the Riſque of that, anſwered he, do you like the Faſhion, or do you obſerve any thing wanting? The Faſhion, reply'd I, is very handſome, and far from finding any thing deficient, I think many things ſuperfluous. Mr. *C*----- who is a Man of ſtrict Probity, anſwer'd my dear, ſays there is nothing but what is neceſſary; and if I was no Judge, I ſhould pin my Faith on his Sleeve: For his Intereſt will never let his Tongue run counter to his Conſcience. If he was not here I ſhould ſay more. Mr. *C*----- anſwered with a Bow. My dear, ſaid he, next Winter you may have Opportunity

tunity to serve him, pray let none slip, for he is a Man I value. To-morrow I have taken the Liberty to promise you will keep me Company and dine with him, that you may know his House. He proceeded, on my making an assenting Bow. Mr. *C*----- get the Arms engraven as soon as possible, and send the Plate according to the Directions I have given you. Let your young Man take it back in the Coach, and do you pleasure us with your Company at Supper. Sir, answered Mr. *C*---, I should gladly accept the Honour offered me, were I not engaged about this Time on Business of Consequence, therefore I hope you will excuse me. Business, reply'd Mr. *B*——, must be preferred to Ceremony. Mr. *C*----- having taking his leave, and no one with my dear Master and self, I cry'd, Dear Sir, when will your Liberality put an End to the daily Blushes with which it covers me? Why, Sir, such an Expence of what, if I may say so, is needless for my humble Parents, dependent on your Bounty, and on that alone?

My dear *Pamela*, I think it necessary; the Expence is to be measured by the Fortune from which it is made. I own it might be called profuse in better Men than I am, but I look upon it scarce worth mentioning. Beside, my dear *Pamela*, continued he smiling, as you are the only Child they have, 'tis possible they may leave you sole Heir, and 'twill be an Honour to me to have the Arms of the *Andrews* and *Jinks* mixed in with my Plate.

You are, I see, Sir, disposed to be merry with my being an Heiress.----Indeed, I have heard, and your way of Living proves you are Master of a very great Estate in Land as well as of great Sums of Money; but I never durst presume to enquire into Particulars as I think it ill becomes an obsevant Wife to desire to know more of her Husband's

Husband's Affairs than he pleases to acquaint her with.

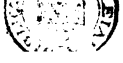
And what Estate, my Charmer, have you heard I was Master of? I have heard, my dear Sir, that you have a larger than Lord *Davers*, and he is said to have Twelve Thousand Pound a Year. He has, my little Angel, a Rent-Roll of such a Revenue: But he is agreeing with a Purchaser to sell off Two Thousand a Year, and then he will have a better Income: To this I have with much Persuasion induced him.

He owes Forty Thousand Pound, for which he pays Interest, and a considerable Land-Tax, to have the Name of possessing the Land, whence arises this Interest-Money. In fact, 'tis only for the Name, as the Mortgagee swallows the Income. Now if he sells the Land and pays the Debt, he will pay for his own clear Revenue alone as it may be taxed. Besides, this Estate lying within half a Day's Journey of *London*, exposes him to a prodigious Expence, such as really makes that Seat a Burthen to the whole Estate. If it were mine, I should either pull down the House and demolish the Gardens, or place a Farmer in the one, and turn the other into Meadow.

You see, my dear *Jervis*, whatever Estate Mr. *B*——— has, he is a great Œconomist.----Indeed, the greatest Fortune would easily be ruined if the Owner, instead of looking into his Affairs himself, left every thing to the Management of Stewards; was above examining Accounts, and too thoughtless or too indolent to balance his Income with his Expences, and proportion the latter to the former.

Mr. *B*——— not only observed this, but farther said, there was not a more eating Canker in an Estate than a Tradesman's Book. Of this,

continued he, I will give you two Inſtances. A certain Perſon of great Quality went to the Shop of Mr. ——, in *King-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, to chuſe a Pice of Silk. When his Grace had fixed upon one, he asked the Price. My Lord, ſaid Mr. ——, does your Grace book it or pay ready Money? Why, Mr. ——, where's the Difference? Only my Lord this, I will not take under four Pound ten a Yard ready Money; but if I book it I muſt ſet down nine Pounds a Yard: For you Perſons of Quality who do pay, are ſo very long-winded, that if we did not charge our Book-Debts at a hundred *per Cent*, we Tradeſmen muſt infallibly break. Thank you Mr. ——, ſaid the Duke, for the Information, I will profit by it.—— I aſſure your Grace, it would be for the Intereſt of both the Perſon of Quality and Trader, if we kept no Books.——Well, I owe you nothing, Mr. ——, and I aſſure you I never will. Pardon me, my Lord, your Grace owes me 500 *l.*—— How! and turning to his Steward who was with him, did not I order you to pay every Tradeſman out of the laſt half Year's Rent? My Lord, anſwered the Steward, the Money would not hold out. I paid as far as it would go, reſerving the neceſſary for your Grace's Family. I and my Family ſhall either Part, or they ſhall live with me upon an *Iriſh* Diet, Potatoes and Butter-Milk, before I will pay ſuch exorbitant Intereſt.——Sure you have Money enough to diſcharge the Debt due to Mr. ——. Yes, my Lord, a great deal more, but —— I will have no *but*——pay him this Day. 'Tis no Wonder I always wanted Money, and never wanted a Levy of Dunns. I will take a new Courſe, and from hence forward I charge you, Sir, to order that nothing enters my Doors but what the Houſe-Stewards pays for.



I myſelf, my dear *Pamela*, about ten Years ſince was at the Shop of this ſame Mr. —— to buy a Brocade for a Waiſtcoat and Breeches, as was then the Faſhion. I choſe a Silk, and Mr. —— called for a Pair of Sciſſars, having been told by my Taylor who was with me, that he muſt have eight Yards, and bid his Servant book 'Squire *B*—— eight Yards of Brocade, at ſeven Pounds a Yard. Hold, ſaid I, no Booking, (tho' I was a Lad I apprehended contracting Debts) I will pay ready Money. On that Account Sir, anſwer'd he, I will 'bate ten Shillings: I thought it too dear at that Price, and was going away. To make ſhort, before I got into my Mother's Coach, which waited, he fell to four Pound a Yard. This gave me ſuch a diſadvantageous Idea of the Probity of the Man, that I refuſed to deal with him, drove off to another Shop, where I bought for five Pound a Yard a Silk twice as rich. I have never, and I never will run into any Man's Books, and if Lord *Davers* had reſolved the ſame, he would not have purchaſed a great many Superfluities, or have owed the Sum which now obliges him to lop off a Part of his Eſtate.

Men who run in Debt and have a Principle to pay, are, my dear *Pamela*, to uſe no ſeverer Term inconſiderate: And ſuch as make uſe of their Credit without any Deſign of paying, are worſe than Highwaymen, and 'tis pity there is not a Law to puniſh them as the worſt of Robbers: For they not only plunder an induſtrious Family, but are guilty of a black Ingratitude, by making a Tradeſman ſuffer for his good Opinion of them. My dear Angel, you are a Stranger to the Town, and very young; you may ſee a great many fine Things which may take your Fancy; I ſhall be pleaſed with your gratifying your Inclinations,

and shall never think much at your purchasing any thing that you have a mind to have, do but keep my Name out of Shop-Books. Never scruple asking me for Money, you shall never be deny'd, and never called to Account how you have disposed of it: I know your Prudence.

I answered, his Generosity had made me so a liberal an Allowance, that I should think myself blame-worthy did I throw away a quarter Part of his Bounty in Trifles, and hoped I should never so ill answer the Trust his Goodness had reposed in me, as to divert his Benevolence to unhappy Objects, to other Uses.

Saying this, I pulled out my Pocket-book, and proceeded. I hope Sir, my Accounts will approve me a good Steward. I open'd it and read——An Account of the Charities of my dear Master from——He clapped too the Book, and embracing me, said, No more, my Charmer, 'tis the only thing of your Writing which I should not read with Pleasure: this, I own, I can neither look into nor hear with any Satisfaction, for I can't bear to be adorned with borrow'd Virtues. Let us talk of something else.——Do you think you are well enough recover'd from your last, to undertake a fresh Journey on *Monday?*

My dear Sir, I find no Fatigue; but can I be sensible of any while in your engaging Company? Methinks I could be always on the Road, if I had always you by my Side. My lovely *Pamela*, reply'd he, the most trifling Question will afford you a Subject to say something obliging and endearing.

Just as he said this, somebody knocked at the Door, and *John* coming in said it was Doctor *Williams* of *Lincolnshire*. Desire him, said my dear Master, to walk in, and rising, met the Clergyman

Clergyman at the Parlour-Door. Doctor, said he, I am glad to see you. What brought you to Town? and how did you know I was here?

Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, I am glad to see your Honour and good Lady in the perfect Health your respective Looks speak you both. In Answer to your Questions——Right Doctor, cry'd Mr. *B*-----, I love Method; therefore before you answer those Questions, pray sit down.---*John*, set the Doctor a Chair. He being seated, went on. In answer to your Questions, I must premise that an Aunt of mine, a Maiden Gentlewoman worth some Money, lately departed this Life and left her Fortune in the Hands of a Banker, in trust, to be equally divided between the Children of her two Sisters *Jure repræsentationis*.---Pray Sir, said I, what is that? (I wrote down the Words in my Pocket-Book, and Mr. *B*----- seeing me, read and corrected my Spelling, which he said was wrong) Madam, answered Mr. *Williams*, the Words signify according to, or by Right of Representation.

I was advertised of her Death, and desired to come to Town. The Money she left was twelve hundred Pounds. Now, I am the only Offspring of one Sister; the other Sister left three Children, and the Banker would have given every one of us three hundred Pounds. This Sum I refused to take, and insisted on one half, and the other half I averred was to be divided among the Children of the other Sister. This the Banker and they thought unjust, and threat'ned me with a Law-Suit.

I was sorry to hear this, as our Cloth lies under the Imputation of being litigious. It is a Scandal, I hope, unjustly cast upon us. I considered your bountiful Goodness, my generous Patron, had

provided me with a ſufficiency, and that my Relations were poor: But on the other Hand I thought if I departed from my Right, I ſhould rather be laughed at than thanked, and therefore anſwer'd, that they had better conſult ſome Counſellor learned in the Law than ſquander the Money left them in Hopes to get more than what they could juſtly claim.

The Banker ſaid my Advice was ſalutary. In a Word, we at length agreed to refer the Diſpute to two Counſel, one on their, and one on my Side. This Afternoon we met at a Tavern oppoſite to St. *Clements Danes*, and our Caſe being lain before the Lawyers, they all agreed (having read the Will) that one half belonged to me: and added, that all the Judges would be of the ſame Opinion. This Award they drew up in Form and ſigned, and as we had entered into Arbitration Bonds, my Relations could not refuſe ſtanding to it. They were, I found, uneaſy: but we parted good Friends. I told them I conſidered the Difference of our Circumſtances, that mine were by God's Mercy, and my Patron's Goodneſs, as eaſy as I wiſhed theirs. That I did not indeed care to be wrangled or frightened out of my Right, but could willingly give it up to aſſiſt them, and would conſent to take no more than a Quarter inſtead of a half Share.

They ſeem'd ſurprized, returned me grateful Thanks, and the Banker and Counſellors applauded what I had done. The Banker gave me three hundred Pounds in Bank Notes, and I gave him a Receipt in full. When I parted from my Company to go to my Lodgings, I ſaw your Honour get into a Hackney-Coach, ſtanding at a Goldſmith's Door, and two Men follow you.

I went

I went strait to my Lodgings, took up my Treasure, a much greater Sum than ever I was at one Time Master of, and thinking it my Duty, I then walked hither to know if your Honour had any Commands for *Lincolnshire*, whither I intend to return on *Monday* next. I have now Sir, answered your two Questions.

Doctor, said my Master, we also set out for the same County on the same Day, and if our easy Journies will not tire your Patience, we should be glad of your Company. I would offer you a Place in my Coach was there one vacant. Sir, you do me great Honour, reply'd he, I shall be proud to make one of your Retinue.

Supper was brought in, and I took Notice the Doctor (for he has now a Scarf having taken his Degrees) behaved with great Reservedness; he spoke very little, hardly at all to, and scarcely ever looked upon, me. He staid about half an Hour after the Table was removed, and then took his Leave, saying he would wait on us *Monday* Morning to enjoy the Honour offered him.

When he was gone my dear Master said, My dear *Pamela*, did you remark the Doctor's Behaviour? I will be hang'd if the foolish Parson is not afraid of making me jealous. Oh dear Sir, answered I, don't tax him with so mean a Thought of you. Nay, it is possibly taxing him unjustly with monstrous Vanity, reply'd my Master. May-be this Stiffness in his Carriage is owing to his new Scarf, which he has not worn long enough to have sit easy upon him. If that's the reason, Time will get the better of his Starchness.

When Mr. *B*——— went to his Closet I sat down to write this to my dear Friend Mrs. *Jervis*, to whom I wish all Happiness, both in the present

present and a future State. I shall quit you here, to recommend you in my Petitions to infinite Mercy, Goodness and Power. Adieu.

P. B.

Sunday Evening. After having performed my Morning Duty I went to Breakfast with my dear Master, after which, as I could not go to Church, I asked him if his Town-house afforded no Entertainment for the Mind?——You want some Book, my *Pamela*, and rising, went to a Cabinet, took out a Key, and giving it me, said, the Room up two Pair of Stairs which looks upon the Green-Park, was my Mother's; this Key opens the Closet, where you will find a great many Books to your Taste, which I will sell you for——a Kiss, my Charmer, and, taking me in his Arms he kiss'd, and bid me go and examine my Purchase; I made him a low Curtesy, and said he was so obliging a Bookseller, and asked so little, that I could not in Conscience but give him more than he had required, and taking him round the Neck I gave him half a dozen Kisses. He held me in his Arms, and said he could not in Conscience take so much, and would return what was over and above the Price he had set, and kissed me till I was almost stifled. Well, my Charmer, said he, you know what Coin is current with me; I can furnish you with Toys, Silks, Laces, *&c.* as well as Books, for I am a Jack-of-all-Trades, pray let me have your Custom, nobody shall use you better. I replied, I give you my Word, Sir, I will deal with nobody else.——My dear *Pamela*, I dare give my Oath of it, I am now stepping out, but will soon return and take you to my honest Friend Mr. *C*——'s, a worthier Man breathes not.

He

He went into a Chair, and I up to the Cloſet, which is large enough for a handſome Bed-Chamber, but I need not tell you either this, or the Number of devout Books it contains. I laid my Hands (by Accident) on *Herbert's Divine Poems*. As I had heard it ridiculed for a ſilly Production, and his writing Verſes in the Form of Croſſes and Altars, *&c.* laughed at, I had the Curioſity to read a little; but muſt own, I cannot join with the Wits who make a Jeſt of this pious Author who, I think, ſhews us a Heart penetrated with the Almighty's Goodneſs and Mercies, and who in his Writings breaths fervent Love and humble Gratitude; who thinks greatly of his Creator, and meanly of himſelf. As to his Conceits, I think them pretty *Memento*'s of the great unſpeakable Love of God in our Redemption. I was ſo pleaſed with their repreſenting to my Mind that ineffable Bounty, that invaluable Victim, who though the Author of Life, ſuffered Death to make us, by a Reconciliation with our offended God, capable of that Immortality we had forfeited by the Fall of our firſt Parents. I was, I ſay, ſo pleaſed, that I have endeavoured to imitate this way of writing, as you will ſee.

O holy Lamb,
O glorious King,
Poor as I am,
Yet will I sing
Thy Praise. To thee I'll grateful lift my flowing Eyes,
Nor wilt thou, O my God, my Poverty despise.
To Man undone,
Thy Mercy sent
Thine only Son;
The Innocent,
Our Miseries move
(O wond'rous Love)
To quit the Skies,
Immortal Joys,
On Earth to bear
A Life of Care.
For us he dies
A Sacrifice,
And Bliss foregoes
For Life of Woes,
And he whose Breath
Gave all Things Birth,
For us on Earth
Submits to Death.
The Heav'nly Host
Must sing thy Praise
For I am lost

In Wonder and Amaze.

I am ſatisfied I ſhould be cenſured by many, were this to be ſeen, as childiſh and pleaſed with Trifles. I don't pretend to a ſtrong Judgment, I am far from ſuch Arrogance; but, my dear *Jervis*, can we ſee the Croſs without reflecting on our Redeemer's Sufferings? and can we call them to mind, without Love and Gratitude? If theſe fond Conceits, as I have heard them called, have theſe Effects, in my Opinion far from being childiſh, they are excellent Monitors to keep us ſteady in our Duty that we loſe not that happy Immortality which our bleſſed Lord regained for us at the Price of his moſt precious Blood. This little Book entertained me in an inſtructive and agreeable manner till my dear Maſter returned.

My dear *Pamela*, ſaid he, we ſhall cauſe ſome Diſorder in my Friend *C*——'s Family if we exceed Two o'Clock, which, or a little after is commonly Dinner-time in and about the City: Wherefore, if you pleaſe, I will wait on you. I have one of *Blunt*'s Coaches to attend us. I anſwered, that I was ready to obey his Commands. He put me into the Coach and in ſtepping in himſelf ordered that no Servant ſhould go with us.

Mr. *C*—— received us with a chearful Countenance and ſeem'd really pleaſed with our being his Gueſts. When my dear Maſter was a *Weſtminſter* Scholar, it was this Goldſmith who paid him the Money for his Board, Books, Cloaths, and Pocket. My Lady, to accuſtom him to the Uſe and Value of Money, would have all his Expences paſs through his own Hands. Thus when he came to his Fortune, Money was nothing new to him and he was not tempted to ſquander it in Baubles.

Mr. *C*—— gave us two Courſes of ſeven Diſhes each, and a handſome Diſ-ſerve. His Dinner was

elegant

elegant and very well dreſſed; his Wine *French*, and Mr. *B*—— ſaid excellent; but the moſt agreeable Part of the Entertainment to me was the old Gentleman's Chearfulneſs, and the Pleaſure with which he eyed Mr. *B*——, whom he looked upon as a foſter Child.

We returned home a little before Eight; Supper was on Table at Nine, and we withdrew before Ten. To-morrow, my dear *Jervis*, we ſet out for *Lincolnſhire*, where we ſhall make but a ſhort Stay, and then take our Journey to *Bedfordſhire*, to continue at that Seat till the Meeting of the Parliament. Adieu, my dear Friend. You may expect to hear from me by the firſt Opportunity.

P. B.

Friday Evening. Laſt Night, my dear Friend, we came ſafe, and in perfect Health to my dear Maſter's Seat in *Lincolnſhire*; but that I may be a little methodical, I ſhall begin at our ſetting out, which was on *Monday* about Six in the Morning, half an Hour before which Time Mr. *Williams* came on Horſeback, and after taking a Diſh of Chocolate we turned our Backs on the famous Metropolis, LONDON.

The Particulars of our Journey are not worth relating: The firſt thirty Miles we drove with a Set of *Blunt's* Horſes, and Mr. *B*——, who had ſent his own before on *Friday*, diſcharged and ſent theſe back. We went but eaſy Journies, as you may gueſs by our having been four Days on the Road.

When we arrived a very genteel Gentlewoman met and welcomed us: My dear Maſter ſaluted her, and asked if her Aunt was well. Then turning to me, ſaid, my dear *Pamela*, this is your

new

new Houſekeeper, and I dare ſay you will not like her the worſe for being Mrs. *Jervis*'s Niece. My dear Sir, replied I, every Action of your Life loads me with a freſh Obligation. I ſaluted her and found an immediate Inclination to love her, both from the Good-nature viſible in her Countenance, and from her being ſo near a Relation to my dear Friend.

I had forgot to tell you that good Mr. *Longman* met us at *Stamford*, and all Mr. *B*——'s Tenants at about two Miles diſtant from his Seat, where, at our Arrival, Mr. *Longman* regaled them, and ſent Money to the Ringers, who had ſet the Bells a going the Moment we came in Sight.

Dr. *Williams* ſupped with us, and lay laſt Night at my dear Maſter's, but took Leave this Morning as ſoon as Breakfaſt was over, to return to his Pariſh: He was hardly gone but the Rev. Mr. *Peters* came to make us his Compliments on our Arrival, and ſaid his Spouſe would do herſelf the Honour to wait on me when ſhe thought I had recovered from the Fatigue of my Journey. He made but a very ſhort Stay, and I thought his Looks ſpoke him under the Preſſure of ſome weighty Misfortune. I took Notice of this to my dear Mr. *B*——, and he ſaid, my Charmer, you have read him rightly, for certainly a greater cannot happen to a Parent; his only Daughter, a Girl about Fifteen, is ruined by his Coachman, and is big with Child.

And is that an Affair, ſaid I, to make Mr. *Peters* uneaſy? How! ſaid he, could I have expected ſuch a Queſtion from the humane *Pamela*? Sir, replied I, what I ſaid was to remind you how trifling a Matter the Ruin of a Child appeared to him, when it was the Caſe of a poor Parent. I

am really sorry he experiences the Affliction my dear Parents must have sunk under, had not the Almighty protected me, and touched your dear Heart. Give me leave, my dear Sir, to shew you in how different a Light one and the same Misfortune appears when it is another's, or our own. In doing this I entreat you to believe me that I have no manner of Resentment, and far from exulting in this terrible Infliction on the poor Gentleman, that from the Bottom of my Heart I pity him; pray Heaven to assuage his Grief, and give him and his poor Lady Constancy to get the better of it with a Christian Courage. I got up saying this, and going to my Room brought down the Letter Mr. *Williams* had written to me in my great Distress, when I was abandoned by the World, and had no Hopes of Protection but from Heaven. Indeed the only one that will not fail the Innocent, and which we ought to relie on, tho' we may be allowed to ask human Succour.

This Letter contains, you may remember, the Discourse between Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Peters*; but as you may have forgot it, and I will not give you the Trouble to look into the Transcript you complimented me in making of my Papers, I will copy what I desired Mr. *B*——— to read, *viz.*

"I have hinted your Case to Mr. *Peters*, the "Minister of this Parish; but I am concerned to "say; that he imputed selfish Views to me, as if "I would make an Interest in your Affections, "by my Zeal. And when I represented the Du-"ties of our Function, and the like, and pro-"tested my Disinterestedness, he coldly said, I "was very good; but was a young Man, and "knew little of the World: And tho' 'twas a

"Thing

"Thing to be lamented, yet when he and I fell "about to reform Mankind in this reſpect, we "ſhould have enough upon our Hands; for, he "ſaid, it was too common and faſhionable a "Caſe to be withſtood by a private Clergyman or "two: And then he uttered ſome Reflections "upon the Conduct of the preſent Fathers of the "Church, in regard to the firſt Perſonages of the "Realm, as a Juſtification of his Coldneſs on this "ſcore.

"I repreſented the different Circumſtances of "your Affair; that other Women lived evilly by "their own Conſent; but to ſerve you, was to "ſave an Innocence that had but few Examples; "and then I ſhew'd him your Letter.

"He ſaid it was prettily written, and he was "ſorry for you; and that your good Intentions "ought to be encouraged; but what, ſaid he, "would you have *me* do, Mr. *Williams?* Why, "ſuppoſe, Sir, ſaid I, you give her Shelter in "your Houſe, with your Spouſe and Niece, till "ſhe can get to her Friends!——What, and "imbroil myſelf with a Man of Mr. *B*——'s "Power and Fortune! No, not I, I'll aſſure "you!——And I would have you conſider what "you are about. Beſides, ſhe owns, continued "he, that he promiſes to do honourably by her; "and her Shyneſs will procure her good Terms "enough; for he is no covetous nor wicked "Gentleman, except in this Caſe, and 'tis what "all young Gentlemen will do."

My dear Maſter ſhook his Head, and ſaid, this Unconcern for *Virtue in Diſtreſs* is terribly come home to him, you have not heard his whole Miſfortune. His Neice, (who had two thouſand Pounds) when Mr. *Peters* would have patched up

his Shame by marrying his Daughter to his Servant, declared she had been six Months his Coachman's Wife.

Poor Gentleman, said I, his Misfortunes are really deplorable——I heartily condole with him. But let us, my *Pamela*, reply'd Mr. *B*——, quit this melancholy Subject.——You don't ask what is become of your Friend Miss *Jewkes*? I don't suppose, said I, but your Generosity, Sir, provided for her Support when you dismissed her.

She had before, answer'd she, provided for herself. She has been privately married to a Servant of Farmer *Brindle's*, one of my Tenants, these ten Months. He is a hale, lusty, strong, robust Fellow, of about twenty-five, who, expecting to have a Fortune in Miss *Jewkes*, but finding himself disappointed, he beats her much oftner than I fancy she could herself hope to be caressed.

Longman one Morning seeing him come out of her Bed-Chamber, discovered the Secret, and made it a Handle to discharge her, having allowed her Accounts, in which, he says, he proved to her Face that she had cheated me at least twenty *per Cent* out of all the Money that had passed through her Hands, though she had not twenty Pounds in the World to bless her. I had ordered *Longman* to give her a hundred Pounds; but he said, that as she had been her own Carver and did not trust to my Generosity, he witheld the Present, designing her as it would not near make a Compensation for what she had cheated.

That after she was put out of the House, she went to her Husband, who had taken a Farm of twenty Pound a Year near *Stamford*, being assisted by the Master of the Post-House, where he had formerly been Hostler. That her Husband stripped her of all her Silk Cloaths, put her into

into Stuffs suitable to her present Circumstances, and makes her a very Slave.

Longman one Day after she was gone from hence, was talking to a Neighbour of her dishoneſt Management in my Family, and wondered what she could have done with her Money! The Man answered, he could account for it.——She has, said he, a Baſtard Daughter, whom she has hitherto kept like a Gentlewoman at the Boarding-School at *Lincoln*. All her Money went to keep this Girl fine.——How know you that? reply'd *Longman*.——I'll tell you, answered the other.——I have the Care of Mr. *Bradford*'s Eſtate near that City, which obliges my going there often, and I paid for the Girl's Board and Cloaths with that Money Mrs. *Jewkes* gave me for that End.——I ſuſpected how the Affair was, and one Evening when she was at my Houſe, and had got a little Sup in her Eye, for you know she wou'd now and then give Nature a Fillip, I put it home to her, and she fairly owned the whole Truth, and that the Girl was by a Trooper who quartered at her Siſter's while she was Bar-keeper.——You know her Siſter keeps an Inn at ——.

You ſee, my *Pamela*, Heaven revenges your Injuries, and the Woman who contributed all she could to your Ruin, is herſelf expoſed to that and Shame. I pray God forgive her, ſaid I, and may her preſent Puniſhment produce in her an unfeigned Penitence and ſecure her future Happineſs.——As I had ſaid this, a Servant came from Sir *Simon Darnford* with the Compliments of his Family; and another from Lady *Jones* on the ſame Errand.

After Dinner my dear Maſter went to his Library, ſent for Mr. *Longman*, and was lock'd up with him all the Afternoon. I retired to my

Chamber, where I read some Time and then began this Letter to my dear Mrs. *Jervis*. I am highly pleased at the agreeable Change in the Family, and that instead of having a wicked Woman always before my Eyes, whom I can forgive, but like better at a Distance, I now have a Woman of Virtue (for I am sure such she must be, having been, as I am informed, brought up by you) to converse with.

Just here came in Mrs. *Vaughan* your Niece to ask if I pleased to order any thing in particular, and to shew me the Bill of Fare she had made for Supper. Mrs. *Vaughan*, said I, pray draw a Chair and sit down. She made a Courtesy and answered, I have been taught, Madam, 'tis ill Manners to dispute the Will of our Superiors, especially of such as have a Right to command us: and taking a Chair, she made a very low Courtesy and sate down.——I am writing, Mrs. *Vaughan*, to my dear Friend your good Aunt, and as you came in, had just made Mention of you.——Read those Lines. She read, and returned them with a Courtesy, saying, Your Ladyship is extremely good and obliging; but I am not surprized at yours answering the Character all who have the Honour of your Acquaintance, or that of belonging to, give your Ladyship.

Mrs. *Vaughan*, said I, if you have had my Character, you must have heard I abominate nothing more than Flattery: nay, what borders upon it, alarms and sets me upon my Guard. I love and esteem your Aunt, and if you think my good Opinion worth gaining, it must be by your Vigilance in the Trust my dear Master has reposed in you, and in never offering me any Incense. I have no Alteration to make in your Bill of Fare, and you need not for the future give yourself any

Trouble,

Trouble to confult my Appetite, which I thank Heaven, is grown nothing more delicate by my Change of Fortune. Mrs. *B*—— can ſtill be pleaſed with what contented the humble *Pamela*. If my dear Maſter is content, you will always find me ſatisfied.

Your Neice made me no Anſwer, but riſing with a Curteſy, left the Room. Soon after *Rachel* brought me Word that Mr. *B*—— had left the Library and was in the Parlour. I immediately went down, and he embracing me, ſaid, How has my Charmer paſſed her Time while Buſineſs denyed me the Pleaſure of being with her? I anſwered, that I had read the greater Part of the Time he was in the Library: but, continued I, you might enable me to paſs ſome of my Time, while I am deprived of the Pleaſure and Advantage of your dear Converſation, more agreeably, as I cannot always be intent on Books.---And how, my charming *Pamela*? You cannot give me greater Satisfaction than an Opportunity to oblige you. I would, if poſſible, go before your Wiſhes. I have, Sir, ſaid I, been ſilent a long while and not reminded you of an obliging Promiſe you made me: For, as I have heard you ſay, a Man of Prudence will deliberate before he engages his Word, and a Man of Honour, let what may be the Conſequence, will never break it when once given, as I know you both. I feared being impertinent in reminding you of a certain Promiſe you made your *Pamela*. What was it my Angel?----And does not, ſaid I, my dear Sir remember? Be it what it will, anſwered he, you may depend on my Performance; and if, my Charmer, it has ſlip'd my Memory, do me the Juſtice to believe it was not Want of the moſt tender Affection and moſt ardent Deſire to pleaſe you, but to Buſineſs.

For,

For, my lovely Bride, (a Bride thou'lt always be to me) a Man of Fortune who will look into his Affairs, has not ſo much idle Time on his Hands as the World may imagine. I have, perhaps, as honeſt a Steward as ever had the Management of an Eſtate, in Mr. *Longman*; but it behoves me, notwithſtanding, to be as much Maſter of my Affairs as he is; or, how ſhould I regulate my Expences, and keep a Medium, that I may not incur on the one Hand, the Character of a parſimonious Man, or on the other, that of a Spend-Thrift? How ſhould I know if my Table is hoſpitable or profuſe; my Equipage becoming my Fortune or extravagant? Beſide, ſhould Mr. *Longman* die or quit my Service, how do I know whether an honeſt Man or a Knave may ſucceed him; and if I was ignorant of my own Affairs, and a new Steward ſhould prove of the latter Claſs, what an Opportunity ſhould I give him of making his own Fortune upon the Ruins of mine?——But, my dear Life, this has led me from the Subject.——Tell me what Promiſe I have made and not performed?

You may remember, my dear Sir, when you carried me to Breakfaſt at a certain Place where I ſaw ſome pretty Miſſes who were at a Boarding-School, that among them——Oh, my obliging dear, ſaid he, embracing and kiſſing me, I have never forgot the Promiſe I then made you, but reflect, my Life, I have had no Opportunity to make it good. We ſhall make but a ſhort Stay here, before we go to *Bedfordſhire*, I will there give you Miſs *Goodwin* into your Tuition, and you ſhall take her to Town with you, and do with, and for her, juſt what your own innate Goodneſs ſhall prompt you to. Nay, I will make ſuch an Allowance for her Education in particular,

particular, as you shall think requisite. My dear, dear Sir, said I, 'tis impossible for me to say how greatly you oblige me.——*Abraham* came and told us Supper was upon Table in another Parlour.——Mr. *B*——— ordered him to call Mr. *Longman* to keep us Company. Indeed, he never fails sending for the good Old Gentleman when no Strangers are at the House.

At Supper, I said to Mr. *Longman*, I am heartily sorry to hear the Misfortunes which have attended good Mr. *Peters*'s Family.——Ay, Madam, reply'd he, they are dreadful Calamities.——When I was told the Particulars, as the Child related them, I could not help reflecting on his Discourse with Doctor *Williams*. He finds Lewdness is not confined to the Circle of the Gentry; that the lowest People can be as wicked as their Betters; and Servants bid Defiance to the Gallows as well as their Masters.——What mean you, said Mr. *B*———, by bidding Defiance to the Gallows? I mean, reply'd the good Old Man, perpetrating Crimes, which the Laws punish with Death; as Violation of an innocent Virgin.——I was afraid this Subject should be carried farther, as I know Mr. *Longman* very often speaks his Mind with a Freedom which Mr. *B*——— could not bear with in any other, and to turn the Discourse, I asked if it would be impertinent to desire he would acquaint me with the Particulars of these Misfortunes?

Madam, said he, the Story Miss *Peters* tells is very short.——She was at the Boarding-School at *Lincoln*, from whence her Father sent his Chariot to bring her, and the Coachman, being on the Heath, and no Body in Sight, forced her. But this she refused to make Oath of, before the Justice.

The

The Neice of this Reverend Gentleman has made Oath, that she has more than once catch'd her Cousin in the Coachman's Room; and suspected that she had Thoughts of marrying him, but did not believe any thing criminal had passed between them till it was now but too apparent that her Cousin had wanted Prudence, and then she suspected her Husband, the Coachman, was the Author of her Misfortune. That she taxed her with it, and she could not long deny, her Suspicion being just. That she the Niece, then reproached her Husband with his Ingratitude to her who had stoop'd so low to raise him to an easy Fortune, and his Baseness to his Master. He answered, he was sorry for what had pass'd, which had never been if Miss had not encouraged him. That as to what regarded her as his Wife, he acknowledged the Honour done him; but that this Commerce was begun before he had any Reason to expect the Happiness he owed to her Generosity. That he was so far from desiring to continue it, he would leave his Place to get rid of his young Mistress, and desired her, Mr. *Peters*'s Neice, to prepare to go off with him, and that they had designed so to do, when her Aunt discovered, and her Cousin did not deny, that she was with Child.

What, said I, is become of the Coachman and young Lady who married him? As Miss *Peters*, reply'd he, would not swear this Story of a Rape, and could not deny what the Neice swore and I have repeated, the Justice could do no more than take Sureties of him. Nay, it was his private Opinion, that Miss had rather tempted the Fellow, than the Fellow her. As to the Niece, she did not hesitate at declaring she loved her Uncle's Coachman, and as she could not live without him, she herself had proposed their Marriage.

Pray,

Pray, [illegible] is the Fellow handsome? In my Eye, [illegible] Mr. *Longman*, he is the Reverse. He and the young Lady have left Mr. *Peters*'s, and taken a large Farm near *Huntingdon*, which is stocked with Part of her Fortune.

I went to my Chamber soon after Supper, continued this Letter, and wrote the following to my dear Parents.

My dear Parents,

WE left London *on* Monday, *and got safe and well to Mr.* B——'s *Seat in* Lincolnshire *on* Thursday *Evening. I bless God he is the same tender indulgent dear Gentleman I found him the first Day that he honoured me with the Title of Mrs.* B——. *My constant Prayers and Care shall be to give him no Cause to repent his Condescension and Goodness, or to alter his Behaviour to me.*

The Almighty is infinitely merciful, but such a Series of Prosperity without any cross Accident to ruffle it, makes me ever upon my Guard against, and prepared to meet with Constancy and humble Resignation to the Divine Will, whatever Misfortune may break in upon my present happy Tranquility. The greatest would be a Decay of my dear Mr. B——'s *Affection; which gracious Heaven avert, for I doubt my having Courage to support so dreadful a Trial, in Comparison of which, the being reduced to my former Poverty and servile Condition, I should hardly term a Misfortune.*

But, my dear Parents, I have no Reason given me to apprehend any Tempest will ruffle my present Calm of Life; they are the common Vicissitudes of the World, to which I am liable, that alarm me.

Mr.

Mr. B——'s *Tenderneſs promiſes me a Continuance of the Bleſſings I now enjoy, and O may the divine Aſſiſtance make me worthy of them.*

A very Terrible Misfortune has happened in the Family of the Reverend Mr. Peters, *the reading the following Account will, I am ſatisfied, excite your Compaſſion. I pray Heaven comfort the unfortunate Couple, who are deprived of that they hoped, from an only and tenderly beloved Child.*

[I here, my dear *Jervis*, gave them the Account you have, and concluded with begging their Prayers.]---Aſſure yourſelf you are never forgot in mine, and that to the utmoſt of her Power you will find an unalterable Friend in

P. B.

Saturday Evening.

My dear Mrs. *Jervis*, this Morning my dear Mr. *B*—— got on Horſeback, and took an Airing for a couple of Hours after Breakfaſt; he had not been long returned, when Sir *Simon Darnford* came in, without our having any previous Notice; he had no Servant with him, rode directly into the Stables, where he himſelf put up his Horſe, and came, without meeting any body, through the Hall into the Parlour, where I was ſitting on my dear Maſter's Knee, with one Arm round his Neck.

So ſo, young Lady, have I catch'd you? ſaid he; theſe are pretty Familiarities indeed. Adad, 'tis no Wonder your fine taper Shape is ſpoiled. My dear Maſter and I 'roſe up, the Gentlemen ſaluted each other like friendly Neighbours, and Sir *Simon* ſaluting me, I aſked after the Health of his Family?

Thank Heavens, my pretty Neighbour, ſaid he, we are all well, and my Girls, in particular, grown

grown more sprightly than usual on your coming down. If *my very humble* Service, and *my Respects*, and many more of these Messages, and good Wishes and Congratulations, had been but as weighty as so many Corks, adud, I must have either led or driven my Horse before me, for the poor Beast would never have been able to have brought them and me too. I am highly obliged, answered I, for the Honour the Ladies of your Family do me in their kind Remembrance and good Wishes.——Adad, not a Whit, not a Whit, my charming Neighbour, said Sir *Simon*. As we never saw any thing so lovely, 'tis impossible you can ever slip out of our Memory; and as we never met with any one so deserving, 'tis as impossible not to love you: and we cannot help wishing well to what we love.——I find, Sir *Simon*, said I, you are resolved to put an End to my conversing with you, by putting it out of my Power to make an Answer.——Adad, I speak my Sentiments, and those of all who know you, and I am very sure those of my good Neighbour here. Indeed, Sir, reply'd Mr. *B*——, my dear *Pamela* is every way good.

Well, Madam, I am come to see if a Visit from my old Woman and our Girls, will not be troublesome this Afternoon? Far from it, Sir *Simon*, my Lady and the young Ladies will do me Pleasure and Honour.——Well, Mr. *B*——, said Sir *Simon*, have you forgot your old Custom of obliging your Neighbours, when you came down, with what new Pamphlets were published at *London*?

My dear Mr. *B*——— answered, that his Bookseller had sent him down a Packet, which he had not opened; but would fetch it out of his Library and lay in Sight in the Parlour, that

one of Sir *Simon's* Servants might take them home.—When you have read them, Sir, it will be Time enough. Really, Sir *Simon*, I don't know when I may have that Leisure.——But why need you go yourself——? I trust no Servant in my Library but Mr. *Longman*.----I will be instantly with you.

When my dear Master left us, Sir *Simon* said to me, Madam, I suffered some severe Reprimands from Lady *Darnford*, and a Remorse of Conscience for not having granted you an Azyle in my House when Mr. *Williams* acquainted me with your Distress, and asked my Protection of your Innocence: I hope what I have undergone; a Reflection, that possibly, it was the Will of God I should be insensible to your Sufferings, and the Good to which Omnipotence turned the Evil, will make me find an easy Pardon with a Lady of your Humanity and Piety and avert any Misfortune falling upon me or my Family from Heaven for my Cruelty in abandoning Innocence.

Sir *Simon*, said I, there is nothing more easy than to forgive Injuries done us when we consider it is a Duty so incumbent to perform, that our not complying with it shuts us out from all Hopes of Mercy from Heaven: but you, Sir, mediately and negatively only injured me, by suffering wordly Views to blind you, to what became your Character. You have done me too much Honour, Sir, in this generous Submission to ask Pardon, for me not to give you my best Wishes and hearty Prayers for your and your Family's Prosperity.

Said Sir *Simon*, Dear Lady, your Goodness has no Equal upon Earth; and, I am certain, the Intercession of such a Saint (though I am no *Roman* Catholick) must be effecacious.

Mr.

Mr. *B*—— came in with a Pacquet which he threw on the Seat of one of the Windows, saying, My dear *Pamela*, when Lady *Darnford* does us this Afternoon, the Favour we hope, remember, should I forget, to order this Pacquet into Sir *Simon*'s Coach.

About a Quarter of an Hour after Sir *Simon* rose to take his Leave. I there enter a *Caveat*, Sir *Simon*, said Mr. *B*——, you must stay Dinner. I know your Lady and Family, if you go out, never stay past the Hour; because you have so commanded. Nay, nay, answered he, I shall need no Violence to indulge to my Inclinations.

Sir *Simon* very obligingly enquired after my good Parents, and said that he felt a very sensible Pleasure and was greatly surprized at their Christian Fortitude, when Mr. *Longman* favour'd him with their Story.

I retired to my Chamber to give *Hannah* some Orders, and left Sir *Simon* and my dear Master *B*----, on their entering upon the Subject of Publick Affairs. Sir *Simon* who is naturally of a chearful Temper, and what they call a little waggish, endeavoured to be very entertaining Company all Dinner, and though I perceived him pretty cautious of what he said, he put me more than once to the Blush. He was at length thoroughly sensible that he had given me some Uneasiness, and was compassionate enough to repress his Wit.

We had not long dined before Lady *Darnford* and her two Daughters came. After the first Complements were past, Lady *Darnford* told me no Body had received greater Satisfaction than herself by the happy Reconciliation in Mr. *B*——'s Family.

Truely, said Sir *Simon*, I must beg Mr. *B*----'s and Lady *Davers*'s Pardon, if I am so free as to say her Ladyship would have shewn more Prudence in being rather reconciled by the lovely *Pamela*'s Virtues, than by the Discovery of her Sister's Family. Does she despise the Gold and rich Silks she wears because one is dug out of the Earth, and the other the Work of a Worm? Do her Brilliant Diamonds lose any of their Lustre from a Reflection that they are hewn out of a Rock?

Indeed, we Mortals, when we will give ourselves Time to consider, appear, in the Eye of Reason, very silly Animals. We are of, almost all, the most necessitous, and are obliged to plunder others to supply our Wants. We rob the poor Sheep of it's Wool, to keep us warm; the labouring Ox we strip of it's Hide, to preserve our Feet from the rugged Ground; and when we have broken open the Earth for her Mines, and lain some glittering Dirt upon this Cloathing, and possibly, plucked the Tail of an Ostrich to adorn our Heads, how are we puffed up with Pride! How do we glory in these Spoils! which in fact are Marks of our Tyranny and Insatiableness. Adad, we are very silly Creatures. Very silly, in troth.

You are, reply'd Mr. *B*----, extremely just in your Censure, Sir *Simon*.---Nay, Mr. *B*----, answered the old Baronet, we are so mean, so foolish, that we stoop to make Use of the Excrements of Beasts, and think they contribute as much to our intrinsick Worth as they do to the gratifying our Pride. Why do the Ladies use Civet? Why sew up their Arms and Hands in Horse-Dung at Night, as I have heard some do? Why? to smell sweet and have white Hands. Foolish, very foolish.---

fooliſh----- mean, mean: Adad, I can hardly think on theſe Things ſeriouſly but I am almoſt out of Patience.

Then, again, to remark our Vanity.-----Man, forſooth, is the Lord of the Creation, and is diſtinguiſhed from the other Animals by the Gift of Reaſon. Now, let a hungry Lyon or a Tyger meet this Lord of the Creation in a Wood, or a Shark ſpy him in the Sea, and what Reſpect will any of them ſhew their Sovereign? Adad, I believe they would not conſider his Dignity, but make a Meal of his Lordſhip without the leaſt Ceremony.

Now for his Reaſon. By my troth there's little to be ſaid for it; for the brute Creation ſhews more. Few among the Brutes will run into any Exceſs, and we ſee Numbers of Men ſhorten their Days, and make the Span of Life one continued Scene of Wretchedneſs, by indulging to their irregular Appetites. How many of us want the Prudence of the Ant? Nay, who among us does not? That little Creature, in the Summer, provides its Store for the Winter Seaſon; now give me leave to ſay this Life is our Harveſt, and if we do not treaſure up while on this Side the Grave, we ſhall have a very bad *Hereafter*. I acknowledge my own Unthriftineſs in this, but I hope it is not yet too late to mend, tho' it may appear rather the Effects of Neceſſity, than any Virtue at my advanced Age; and ſo, Sir and Ladies, I have made an End of my Sermon; and my humble Service to you Mr. *B*——, I drink Health to my good Congregation. Saying this he filled and drank a Glaſs of Wine, for a Bottle was on the Table.

Indeed Sir *Simon*, ſaid I, you deſerve the Thanks of your Congregation for your excellent Diſcourſe, I return you mine in particular; I aſ-

ſure you I have not loſt a Word of it. I ſhall treaſure it up in my Mind, and apply to it on any Attack from Pride or Vanity as an excellent Antidote to their Poiſon, and an admirable Cataplaſm for the Tumor of Self-Conceit.

Adad, Madam, when I am preaching againſt Vanity you bid fair to make me vain: Who would not be proud to hear himſelf praiſed by a Lady of your ſolid Judgment and incomparable Merit?

I anſwered, I wiſh, Sir *Simon*, my Judgment may be ſolid enough to make me thoroughly acquainted with my little Merit. Lady *Darnford* ſaid, my excellent Judgment was one Part of that Merit which the World acknowledged in Mrs. *B*——. Madam, replied I, you impoſe me Silence, by putting it out of my Power to anſwer your Ladyſhip's Compliment; I wiſh indeed your Ladyſhip may always think I have ſome Merit, becauſe I ſhall be always proud of being honoured with your Friendſhip. Come, come, cried Sir *Simon*, we know you very well tho' you won't ſeem to know yourſelf; ſo don't let us grow ſerious. Here, *Nanny*, (ſpeaking to one of the young Ladies his Daughters) you ſay you have a Demand upon Mr. *B*——. Nay, that we both have, Papa, anſwer'd the other Siſter; he promiſed us the Fiddles when he was laſt here, and a Man of Honour has as much Regard for his Word given, as for his Bond. Adad, ſaid Sir *Simon*, that puts me in mind of an excellent *Spaniſh* Proverb, which ſays, *hold a Man by his Word, and a Cow by her Horns.* When Mr. *B*—— has anſwer'd, I will tell you a *Spaniſh* Punctilio in Point of Honour with regard to a Promiſe made.

Sir, anſwer'd Mr. *B*——, the young Ladies need only chuſe their Company, and appoint their Day,

Day, they shall find me as just to my Word as any *Spaniard*. So, Ladies, let me know To-morrow, after Church is done, your Resolution, and, Sir *Simon*, pray favour us with your Story. The young Ladies made their Curtesy, and Sir *Simon* began thus.

A certain *Spanish* Nobleman, whose Name does not now occur to my Memory, was Governor of a certain Town which I have forgot, but it was besieged by an Enemy which I don't remember. You see, Sir, I am very particular; but if all these Things, which now lie buried in Oblivion, were fresh in my Mind, my Story would not be one Ace-point more edifying or more entertaining, consequently they are not of Consequence.

Sir *Simon*, cried Lady *Darnford*, if you throw in so many Epifodes, I think they are called, when will you have made an End? Why never, Wife, answered the Baronet, if you bring in a number of Questions which are nothing to the Purpose. He that tells a Story judiciously will spin out what may be said in a quarter of an Hour to the Length of a Day; you are a Stranger to the modern Method. I have known an artful Speaker, when I was in Parliament, keep the House gaping and attentive for two Hours together and after that time nobody could make Head or Tail of what he had been haranguing about; and if he had not, while he was amusing us, by Emissaries got his Posse together he would have talk'd on till Night and no one in the House have been a jot the wiser.

But the Story, Papa, cried Miss *Nanny*. Hussey, said Sir *Simon*, do not interrupt me. I must convince your Mama of her want of Judgment. Now, Lady *Darnford*, this incomparable Art, which

which is call'd that of *Spinning* or *Wire-drawing*, is as uſeful to, as much eſteem'd, and practiſed by our modern Authors as our publick Orators. I can name you ſome late Productions which ſpeak their Authors great Proficients in this Art; for they will draw out to two or three Volumes what might have been ſaid in ſo many Pages. I hope you are now convinced, my Dear, that I am both methodical and modiſh in my Story, with which I proceed.

This ſame certain Governor of this nameleſs Town, beſieged by this unknown Enemy, wanted Money to pay his Gariſon, which was on the Point of coming to a general Mutiny. Now, my Dear, continued Sir *Simon*, to oblige you with Brevity I will here paſs by a fine Opportunity of being eloquent upon the Nature of Soldiers, the Foreſight of State Miniſters in ſeeing that Gariſons are well provided for, and the Œconomy neceſſary to be uſed by Governors of fortified Towns; but as I ſaid, to oblige you, I will ſacrifice this Opportunity of ſhining. Many Thanks, good Sir *Simon*, anſwer'd my Lady.——To proceed then, this certain Nobleman, who was the Governor, ſent to the Magiſtracy of the Town and asked them to lend the King a hundred thouſand Crowns. They deſired to know on what Security. I will give you one, ſaid he, and twitching off a few Hairs from one of his Whiskers, cried, there's a Security. They, fearing being plundered, took the Hairs and brought the Money. Here again I could ſhine, ſaid he, but my Vanity ſhall give place to my Complaiſance. The Town was ſaved by this Supply, but the Governor, tho' he long ſolicited, could never get the Court to repay this Money. The Town ſtill keeps theſe Hairs for a Pledge and the Governor's Family

has

has paid Intereſt for the Money above a hundred Years already. Mr. *B*—— thank'd Sir *Simon* for his Story, which, he ſaid, was well told, and romantick enough for a *Spaniſh Don*.

Indeed, ſaid I, Lady *Darnford*, I could almoſt chide you; for we have loſt, by your Means, a great many fine Remarks. Sir *Simon* cried, ſhe does not know what an Advantage ſhe has loſt to the Company, and herſelf. O, anſwered Lady *Darnford*, we all know you ſo well I ſhall be eaſily forgiven.

The Tea-Table was ſet and we took Tea. The Company was very entertaining and the Converſation on different Subjects carried on with a good deal of Spirit by the two Miſs *Darnfords*.

When they ſet out for home, my dear Maſter ſaid he had ſome Papers to look over, in his Library, and I withdrew to my Chamber, where I wrote this long Epiſtle to my dear Friend Mrs. *Jervis*.

Monday. Yeſterday, my good Friend, I 'roſe pretty early, and having perform'd the Duty incumbent on me, ſat down and read ſeveral of the Pſalms, and hope I have reaped ſome Benefit. The firſt Pſalm ſhews the laſt End of Man, which will certainly be ſuch as his Life has deſerved. God, no doubt, and I don't know if it would not be Blaſphemy to think otherwiſe, deſign'd our whole Race for Happineſs, which the holy Prophet ſhews us is to be attained to by being acquainted with, and obſerving the Laws of the Almighty. But,

My dear *Jervis*, to what Purpoſe ſhould we be ſo often admoniſh'd of our Duty; why ſhould the Almighty, by his Prophets, by his bleſſed Son and his Diſciples, ſhew us the terrible Effects of our neglecting it, and lay before us the glorious

glorious Rewards which divine Mercy will bestow on the Obedient; why should his Compassion condescend in a manner to woe us to accept a blessed Immortality, If this, I think, monstrous Tenet has any Foundation, *viz.* "That God, before "the Foundation of the World, did elect a cer-"tain Number of Men to be justified, sanctified "and glorified, who alone will be saved, and he, "leaving the rest to themselves to follow the "Imaginations of their own Hearts, which are "incessantly evil, are at length justly punished "with everlasting Destruction."

This is a terrible Tenet, my dear *Jervis*; but what Sir *Simon* on *Saturday* said was industriously propagated by a Set of Men who call themselves the *Elect*, and by this Doctrine, which they call *the Election of Grace*, they deny good Works being necessary to Salvation; and if they really hold this Faith, 'tis no Wonder they should; for they must look on all Mankind, who are not of the number of the Elect, as so many Vessels of Wrath, so many Devils incarnate, who were made to be eternally miserable, consequently Humanity shewn to such would be an Offence against God. I shall in the Afternoon return Lady *Darnford*'s and her Daughters Visit, and I will put Sir *Simon* upon giving me a farther Account of these *Sectaries*.

But to proceed in my Diary: After Breakfast my dear Master and I took an Airing till Church-time, when we went to that of the Parish; it was a Stranger who officiated, and I hope with a Devotion which was not only seeming he gave us a very good Discourse, and delivered it in an affecting manner.

After Sermon Lady *Jones* came up to, made me her Compliments, and said she would have paid

me

me a Visit to welcome me into the Country, but was afraid, as I might not have so soon recovered from the Fatigue of my Journey, she should indulge to her own Inclinations at my Expence, by being troublesome. I answer'd, that her Ladyship could never be; that I should always esteem the Honour of her Ladyship's Visits a very great Advantage as they would afford me so many Opportunities for my Improvement. She reply'd, the *Whole*, my Dear, *want no Physician*, and making me a Curtesy went to her Coach. Sir *Simon*, and the Ladies of his Family made us their Compliments, which, having return'd, we went to our respective Coaches.

When we got home I asked Mr. *B*---- if he knew the Clergyman who preached? He answered his Name is *Cleaves*, a very good Preacher, and a Man of exemplary Life. He was Curate to a Parish about five Miles off; the Living is worth about four hundred Pounds a Year, and is in the Crown. He now enjoys it, though he never aspired to it.---The Story is remarkable.

The Living being in the Crown, the Lord Chancellor presents to it. A young Gentleman of Family and Interest was, by a Nobleman, recommended to his Lordship upon the Death of the late Incumbent. The Lord Chancellor finding no Flaw in the young Clergyman's Character, who was thus recommended to him by a Person of Quality whom he was willing to oblige, promised him the Living.

Mr. *Cleaves*, who had been Curate twenty-four Years (for he is fifty Years old, though he looks not of that Age) at thirty Pound a Year, and had a large Family of Children, got the neighbouring Clergy and Gentry to give him a Character, which they did, that he might apply to the succeeding

ceeding Incumbent to continue in the Cure. With these Testimonials he went to Town, and not knowing where else, addressed himself to my Lord Chancellor by Petition, in which he acquainted his Lordship with the Time he had served the Cure, the Salary allowed him, and the great Family he had to maintain. His Lordship was so good that he sent for him to his Chamber, and read the Testimonials Mr. *Cleaves* had brought with him. After which he said, Sir, I have given my Promise of the Living to Mr. ———, and I don't question his continuing a Clergyman of so fair a Character.——I assure you I will speak to him in your Behalf.

Mr. *Cleaves* return'd his Lordship Thanks and was taking Leave, when a Servant told my Lord that the new Rector was below. Mr. *Cleaves*, said his Lordship, step into the next Room, I will call and present you to him; and do you, speaking to the Servant, desire Mr. ——— to walk up.

As soon as he came into the Room my Lord began thus, for Mr. *Cleaves* heard and saw what passed as he had left the Door in part open. Mr. ———, I have a Favour to ask you.——Your Lordship will do me Honour in commanding me. A Clergyman, continued my Lord, who serv'd Curate to the late Incumbent of ——— twenty four Years, at a small Salary, comes to me very well recommended, and desires to be continued. Now, this is what I ask you in his Behalf.——Really, my Lord, 'tis unlucky, answer'd the other, that it is not in my Power to oblige your Lordship; for I have already promised the Cure.——Pray, to whom? give me his Name and Address; this he did in Writing, and then said, I must entreat your Lordship to order my Affairs to

be

be diſpatched, for I have Buſineſs in Town which requires my Return as ſoon as poſſible after my Induction.——I will take Care, Sir, that your Buſineſs ſhall not be retarded by your Abſence. You have nothing elſe?——No, my Lord, but to return your Lordſhip Thanks. Saying this, he took Leave.

My Lord then called in Mr. *Cleaves*. Sir, ſaid he, you may poſſibly have heard how little Intereſt I have with this young Gentleman?---I heard the Sentence of Want, my Lord, paſs'd on myſelf and poor Family.——Well Sir, ſaid his Lordſhip, may I hope to ſucceed better in asking a Favour of you?——I have heard your Lordſhip's Character, anſwered Mr. *Cleaves*, and from that conclude you cannot jeſt with Miſery. Sir, replied the Chancellor, that is no Anſwer to my Queſtion. My Lord, you may command my Obedience and Diligence in whatever Manner you may pleaſe to honour me with your Orders.—— Will you, Sir, make the Clergyman whoſe Addreſs the young Gentleman left me, and whom I know a very honeſt Man, your Curate, and allow him fifty Pounds a Year, (the Salary I intended to have asked for you had I ſucceeded) and I will give you this Living. Anſwer, Sir, directly to my Queſtion.——With Joy, my Lord, nay whatever your Lordſhip ſhall pleaſe to appoint.——'Tis ſufficient for a ſingle Man, as he is, ſince you could maintain a Family on leſs. Go Sir, the Living I irrevocably give you, find him out, here take his Addreſs, and come to me in three Days, your Affairs ſhall be diſpatch'd, the young Gentleman may ſtay in Town to look after his, and you may go down to take Care of your Flock, which I find he did not trouble his Head about. I will have no Thanks, ſo am your humble Servant, I wiſh

you much Joy with all my Heart. Saying this his Lordship went into his Closet. Mr. *Craves* found out the Clergyman, and telling him what had pass'd, desired he would prepare for his Journey. At the End of three Days he went with his Curate to my Lord Chancellor's, his Business was done, and sending a Servant up to my Lord to know if he had any Commands, his Lordship sent Word he was busy, and wished them both a good Journey.

I forgot to take Notice that the young Gentleman to whom his Lordship had promised this Living, was in Possession of a very good one, but had a Dispensation for a Plurality.

Indeed Sir, said I, I applaud my Lord's Procedure in my Heart. Don't you think, my dear Sir, that these Pluralities are a Discouragement to such of the Clergy as have not Interest? Is it not hard, that a Man of Learning and Virtue should in a Manner starve, while another whose Birth and Interest are, perhaps, his only Recommendations, should have great Revenues for doing nothing? As such commonly take Care of their Flocks by Proxy.

We must not, my *Pamela*, set up for Reformers: We should lose our Labour, and be laugh'd at if we did. It has been always thus.——Pardon me, dear Sir, if I presume to say, that I have read in former Days, the Revenues of the Church were employ'd according to the Design of the first Donors. That was to repair and beautify the Temples of God; to give a decent Support to his Ministers, and to relieve the necessitous, and to these Ends, as the properest Person the whole Revenue of the Church was entrusted to its respective Priest, and not to keep a luxurious Table; Hounds; a Stable of Horses, and an Equipage.

Hold

Hold your dangerous Tongue you little Prattle-Box. If I was to inform againſt you to Gown-men of my Acquaintance they would excommunicate you. Nay they would not be content with giving you to the Devil, they would make you as black as he is, while you live. Ads my Life, what a Doctrine are you for broaching or reviving. Take Care you don't talk thus before any-body elſe.

I hope the greater Number of the Clergy are worthy good Men; but I aſſure you there are ſome *Petit Maitres* in black Gowns, as well as in tyed Wigs; Men of Wit and Gaiety, as polite and modiſh in their Principles and Practice as any Lay-man, take what Liberties he will. Should you fall under their Indignation you would be the Subject of twenty Lampoons immediately; your Picture, the Reverſe of what you are, hung up in every Pamphlet-ſhop, for ſome Time, and then be turn'd over to the Paſtry-cooks to bottom Pies. The common Fate of moſt of our young Poets Productions. Remember I give you fair Warning.

Indeed, my dear Sir, I am ſorry there are any ſuch among the Clergy.---So am I, my charming *Pamela*, but the Proverb ſays, *it is not the Habit makes the Monk.* Remember there was one Traitor among the twelve Diſciples. But how many young Gentlemen who would themſelves have choſen a red Coat, been forced to put on a black Gown, becauſe their Parents had good Livings in their Gifts? Is it to be expected, that Compulſion will make Saints? Are Learning and Capacity, Religion and Virtue attached to a perpetual Advowſon? Becauſe I can give my younger Son a Living of five hundred a Year, muſt he neceſſarily be fit for it? People may vilify the Clergy, and there are certainly ſome among them that are a

Discredit to the holy Function; but it is the Fault of the Laity, if they would present to none but worthy Subjects; if Character, not Interest, was to determine their Choice; if they would reject, even a Son, unworthy the Dignity of the Cloth, and prefer a Man of Virtue; the Invectives against the Clergy would cease; for such Rectors would admit no Curates but of their own Character, and this would make a general Reform. We should have the Clergy shining Lights, and both the young and old among them would be held in the highest Esteem, and rever'd for their Piety and Virtue.

The valuable Mr. *Brown*, said I, observed rightly that the exemplary Lives of a Number of most worthy Clergymen, shall be over-look'd, at least not much Notice taken of: But the dissolute Behaviour of one, *tho' he hath not enter'd into the Sheepfold by the Door, but has climbed up some other Way*, I mean though he has been compell'd, or has taken the Cloth with Worldly Views only, shall be made a Handle to asperse the whole Body, without Distinction.

Dinner was by this Time brought in, and my dear Master sent for good Mr. *Longman*. As we were at Table my dear Mr. *B*—— said, do you think, *Longman*, but Lady *Pamela* here is for having the Clergy as abstemious as Anchorets?—— Troth Sir, answered the good old Man, there are too many of them forced to live so, and I am sorry for it. About two Years since, your Affairs, Sir, called me into *Yorkshire*. I went in the Stage Coach. A Man rid behind, and dieted with the Coachman on what came from the Passengers Table. At *Helphardby* I happened to go into the Kitchen when these two were at Dinner, and heard the Coachman call the other Doctor.

Doctor. I asked his Reason for it. Why, Sir, said he, because he is a Minister. A Minister, said I! yes, replied the Clergyman, I am an unworthy Priest of the Church of *England*, and have a Living of ten Pounds a Year, two Days Journey on the other Side *York*. Some Affairs called me to *London*, but as I wanted Money to purchase Justice, among the Lawyers, I found by sad Experience I might as well have saved a Walk of very near two hundred Miles. The honest Coachman's Parents live in my Parish, and his Charity gave me a Place behind the Coach and has supported me on the Road, for I am indeed pennyless.

It made the Tears stand in my Eyes to see the poor Man's dejected Looks, and to hear a Minister of Christ's Doctrine talk of being obliged to the Charity of a Stage-Coachman. I left the Stage at this Town; but took an Opportunity to slip a Piece of Money into his Hand.--Prithee, said my dear Mr. *B*———, good-natur'd *Longman*, what did'st give him? I know thou hast a compassionate Heart: I am sure it was Gold. It was less, indeed, Sir, answer'd he, than I would have given him, could I have spared Money: For a Clergyman in Distress, obliged to comply with Things below the Dignity of his holy Office, for which I have the greatest Veneration, cuts me to the Heart.——Well, but let us know what your good Nature did give him? Since your Honour will know, it was a Broad-Piece, though a very small Piece, considering his Character and Distress. Methinks I could have kissed the good old Man, for his Tears were ready to gush out of his Eyes when he told the Story.----I suppose, said my dear Mr. *B*———, this was your own Money! Yes, Sir, answer'd the good old Man. Now, my *Pamela*, cried my dearest Benefactor, what do

you think of this truſty Steward of mine, who having an Opportunity of laying out my Money to Advantage, puts his own to a hundred *per Cent* Intereſt.---What do I ſay, makes a hundred-fold of it, while mine lies idle? Truly, Sir, anſwered I, no-body can condemn this Piece of Self-Intereſtedneſs. Look-ye, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Longman*, I don't deſerve this Reproach. In the firſt Place, I had no Money of your Honour's then with me. In the ſecond, I think, as I lay out ſo much of yours upon the ſame Security and with the ſame ſelfiſh Views, I think it but juſt when I have an Opportunity, to look a little to my own Profit.----Believe me, Madam, there is not this Way, a greater Uſurer than my Maſter. If I was to tell what I know,——but I am enjoined Secrecy.-----Don't mind him, my Charmer, I never do, when once I ſee him a little warm.---- The leaſt Word now, would provoke him to call me as great a Miſer as himſelf.——Nay, Sir, ſince you go ſuch Lengths, anſwered the good old Man, you are not only a greater than I am, but a greater than any I know in the *Britiſh* Dominions. I wiſh I durſt, I would prove to my Lady (notwithſtanding you are in the Flower of your Age) what an avaritious Husband ſhe has. Did I not tell you this, my *Pamela?* ſaid my dear Maſter. I anſwered, Indeed, Sir, I muſt believe Mr. *Longman*, ſince I myſelf have been your Agent in putting out your Money to unſpeakable Intereſt, and at the ſame Time on infallible Security. Nay, nay, replied he, if the Wife of my Boſom takes Part againſt me, 'tis Time to give over my Defence. You are conſcious, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Longman*, I can ſupport my Aſſertion by Evidence; ſo you are in the Right to drop the Diſpute. 'Tis prudent in a General, anſwered my dear Maſter, to

found

found a Retreat, and make the beſt he can, when he finds himſelf oppreſſed with Numbers.——Two to one, *Longman*, are great Odds.

My dear Maſter was very gay all Dinner, and I never ſaw Mr. *Longman* in ſo chearful a Humour. When it was Time we went to Church, and Mr. *Cleaves* read Prayers, but we had no Sermon. Mr. and Mrs. *Peters* ſoon after we had got home made us a Viſit. They both ſeem'd to have a ſettled Melancholy. My dear Mr. *B*—— and I took Care to let drop nothing that might indicate our Knowledge of their Misfortune, though we cannot imagine they ſuppoſe us ignorant of it. My dear obliging Spouſe when Supper was brought in, our Company being gone, ſent for Mr. *Longman*, and when I withdrew kept him to drink a Bottle 'till paſt ten.

Adieu dear *Jervis*.

P. B.

Monday. My dear *Jervis*, my Looking-Glaſs this Morning cauſed in me ſome Reflections, which produced the following Lines.

* *Here's an Inanimate will ſhew*
What, poſſibly, few care to know:
For,

* 'Tis evident that the Lady did not at the Time ſhe wrote theſe Lines, underſtand any other than her Mother Tongue, (tho' as the Papers we have by us prove ſhe made herſelf, in Proceſs of Time, Miſtreſs of ſeveral Languages) or we ſhould be apt to imagine ſhe had taken the Thought, nay the very Words from the *French* and *Italian*, and had out of two Sonnets in thoſe Languages compoſed her own. But had it been ſo, the Affectation viſible in that of the *French* is thrown out:

Miroir,

For, void of Flattery it tells,
What mortifies our Beaux and Belles.
Tho' dumb it is and motionleſs,
It ſpeaks Defects in Face or Dreſs
And every Motion does expreſs.
Tells you your Features, ſhews your Shape,
And each affected Grace will ape:
Seems what-e'er you do, to da,
Frown you at this? Why, that frowns too.
But ſhou'd you laugh at what you ſee,
That ſeems to laugh as heartily.
If you put on an Air of State,
That ſtately Air 'twill imitate.

Smile

Miroir, peinture et portrait qui donnes et qui reçois
Et qui portes en tous lieux avec toy mon Image,
Qui peux tout exprimer, excepté le langage
Et pour être animé n'as beſoin que de voix:
Tu peux ſeul me montrer, quand chez toi je me vois,
Toutes me paſſions peintes ſur mon viſage:
Tu ſais d'un pas égal mon humeur et mon âge,
Et dans leurs changemens jamais ne te deçois,
Les Mains d'un artiſan au labeur obſtinées
D'un pénible travail ſont en pluſieurs années,
Un portrait que ne peut reſembler qu'un Inſtant.
Mais toy, peintre brillant, d'un art imitable
Tu fais ſans nul effort un ouvrage inconſtant
Qui reſſemble toujours, et n'eſt jamais ſemblable.

The *Italian* runs thus:

So' una mia coſa la qual non à viva,
E par che viva: ſe gli vai dinanti,
E ſe tu ſcrivi parerà che ſcriva:
E ſe tu canti parerà che canti:
E ſe ti affacci feco in proſpettiva,
Ti diva-i tuoi diffetti tutti quanti:
E ſe ſdegnoſo gli homeri le volti,
Spariſe anch'ella, ce torna ſe ti volti.

Smile with Diſdain, and that will too
Smile as diſdainfully as you.
If it's Reproaches you can't bear,
And turn your Back, 'twill diſappear,
Seems not to heed if you take Snuff,
But walks away as much in Huff.
Happy were I cou'd I but find
A Friend to ſhew me thus my Mind,
Each weak, each vain, each idle Thought
If thus before my Eyes 'twas brought;
How ſhou'd I bluſh when I ſhou'd ſee
The Picture of Deformity.——

In dreſſing I could not help reflecting that our Minds were as much diſguiſed by our Words and Actions, as our Bodies are by our Cloaths: People very ſeldom appear what they really are. How different do our Stays, our Hoops, Shoes, Headcloaths, and the reſt of the Load of Things, in which we are bundled up, make us from what we really are. Were it not for Cuſtom, how ridiculous would our Dreſs make us. I fancy if one of us was to be dropped in full Dreſs among the Inland Inhabitants of *Africa*, they would fly her Sight, as ſome diſtorted Production of Nature; they muſt certainly look upon her as a Monſter.

In the ſame manner, if all the Craft, the Wiles, the deep Deſigns, Schemes and Projects of ſome Men's Brains were expoſed to View; were all the ſilly, romantick, fantaſtical Things, all the airy Caſtles which employ the Mind of ſome of our Sex ſet to Light, 'tis poſſible thoſe Men who bear the Character of great Probity, and ſome Ladies, who are ſaid to have good Senſe, would appear the Reverſe of what they are now thought.

As my dear Mr. *B*——'s Affection is the greateſt Bleſſing I wiſh on Earth, I am glad he reads me with

with Partiality; but I assure you, my dear *Jervis*, his Praises (tho' they are Musick to my Ear) have often mortified me, as I was self-concious he was deceived in his Opinion. I have often catch'd my Thoughts wandering on such childish Nonsense, that I have really blush'd at my own Weakness.

My Looking-Glass made me, I thought, a fine Remonstrance as I was before it endeavouring to adjust my Dress so as to make me most agreeable in the Eyes of my dear Lord and Master. You are mighty careful to adorn that perishing Body, said my dumb Monitor, which shortly must be Food for Worms, and to heighten the Graces you owe to Nature, which minutely decay and make way for those succeeding Wrinkles and Deformity old Age reserves as a Reward for your Vanity: And to what End? To please, you will say, your Husband, your Lord and Master. Speak out, have you no secret Pleasure farther than this? is there not mingled with it a Vanity you are ashamed to own? But who is this Husband, this Lord and Master? I will allow he is an excellent Man; but is he more than Man? Do you take as much Care to cultivate and adorn your Mind, to embellish that, to make your Passions and Follies subject to Reason, and to be pleasing in the Sight of your Creator, your much, infinitely much greater Lord and Master? Go, don't flatter yourself, it is not an abstracted Desire to please your Husband, you would also appear agreeable in the Eyes of all. You love Praise, indeed *Pamela* you do, and tho' you have Sense enough to disguise this Weakness of the Mind, yet believe me, you would have more Sense if you got the better of it. Come and visit me often, I scorn Flattery, and I will always shew you to yourself what you are; I will no more hide your Wrinkles

Wrinkles when you are old, than I will enviously conceal what Share of Beauty you can now lay Claim to, but which, remember, is not owing to yourself, and for that very Reason you have no Ground to be proud on that score.——Well, my dear *Jervis*, if my Looking-Glass will always hold me Discourses of this Nature, I shall be fonder of it than ever, as I hope its Admonitions will strengthen my Weakness, and correct my Errors. Perfection is not in Mortals, who is the least faulty we may say is the most perfect, and I will endeavour to be as clear as possible from my own Reproaches, which I find I am often liable to; nay, I may say I am the only one that is severe with *Pamela*, every body else treats her with Indulgence; but the Reason is obvious, I know her thoroughly, and see all those Foibles, which I fear she takes more Care to conceal from others than to correct in herself. I assure you, if I was not always tutoring her she would grow a little, impertinent, proud Hussey; but if it is possible I will get the better of her Follies, I will either master them, or she shan't be a Minute free from my Remonstrances, let her take them as she will. That I may do this, I mean conquer her Imperfections, I will constantly lay before her the Difference, the wide Difference between Time and Eternity. I will incessantly remind her what poor transitory Things are all Mortals. To-day priding themselves in their Youth, Strength, Beauty, Pow[illegible] or Riches, and in a little Space, may be T[illegible] row, mingled with the Dust [illegible] nish her to look back, [illegible] come of all the grea[illegible] cians, all the cel[illegible] she may reflect [illegible] in the succ[illegible]

Means to keep her Head from turning by the Height she has attained to, you know high Places are apt to make us dizzy, when we look down, but if we look up to Heaven there is no Danger of our falling.

This Afternoon, my dear Friend, we return'd the Visit we were indebted to Sir *Simon's* Family. When I had a fair Opportunity offer'd me, I endeavour'd to put Sir *Simon* on the Topick of the absurd Tenets now endeavour'd to be propagated; but he answer'd, Madam, the Teachers themselves differ, there is already a Schism among them, and if they don't themselves know what they hold it is impossible for us. Some of them teach that Faith alone is necessary to Salvation, that every thing else is needless, consequently good Works. Others, that good Works ought to accompany Faith, but the strongest Faith, and the best Works are to no Purpose without a Pre-Election. Let us leave these Enthusiasts to their own wild Notions, saying this, he turn'd the Discourse.

The young Ladies have pitch'd on *Thursday* for the Ball; I wish with all my Heart this Fatigue, which we are obliged to submit to, was over. We supp'd at Sir *Simon's*, and return'd by Moon-Light. When I got to my Chamber, after the Performance of my Duty, I sat me down to this Letter, which I conclude with my Prayers, that Heaven may protect you, my dear Friend. A-

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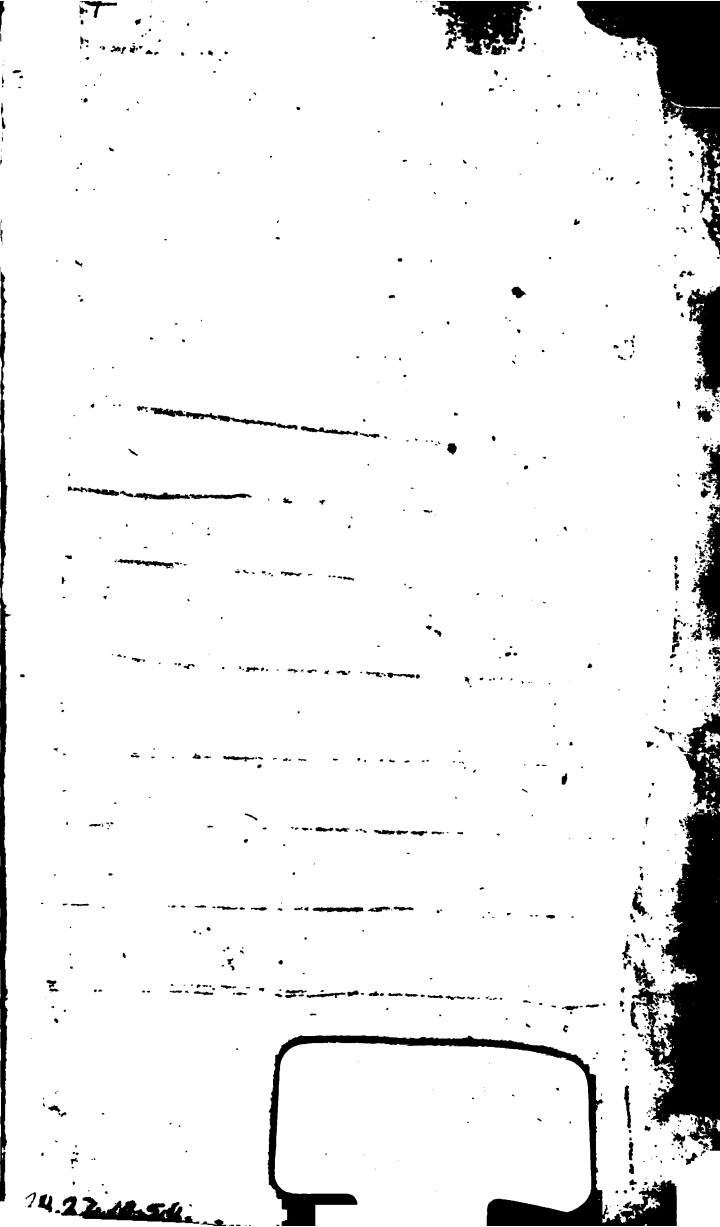
S.